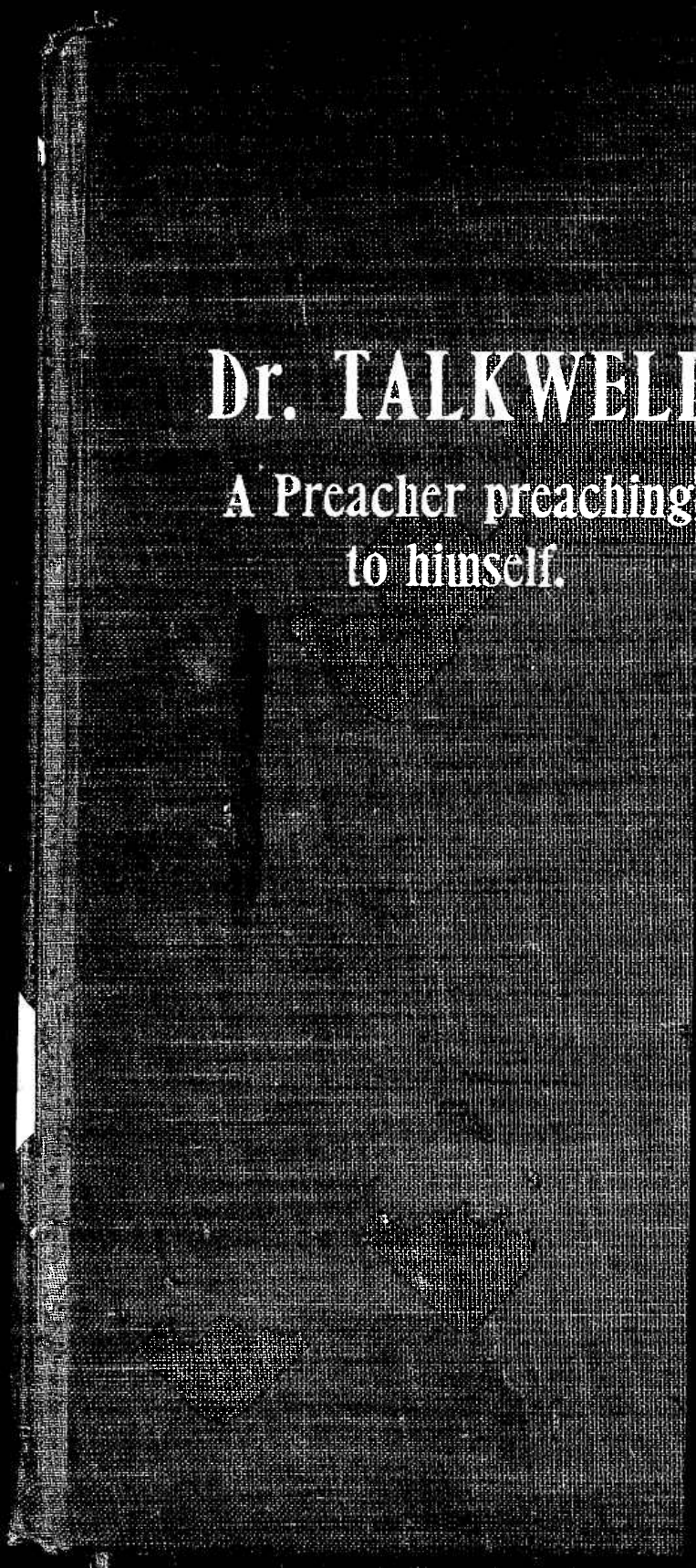
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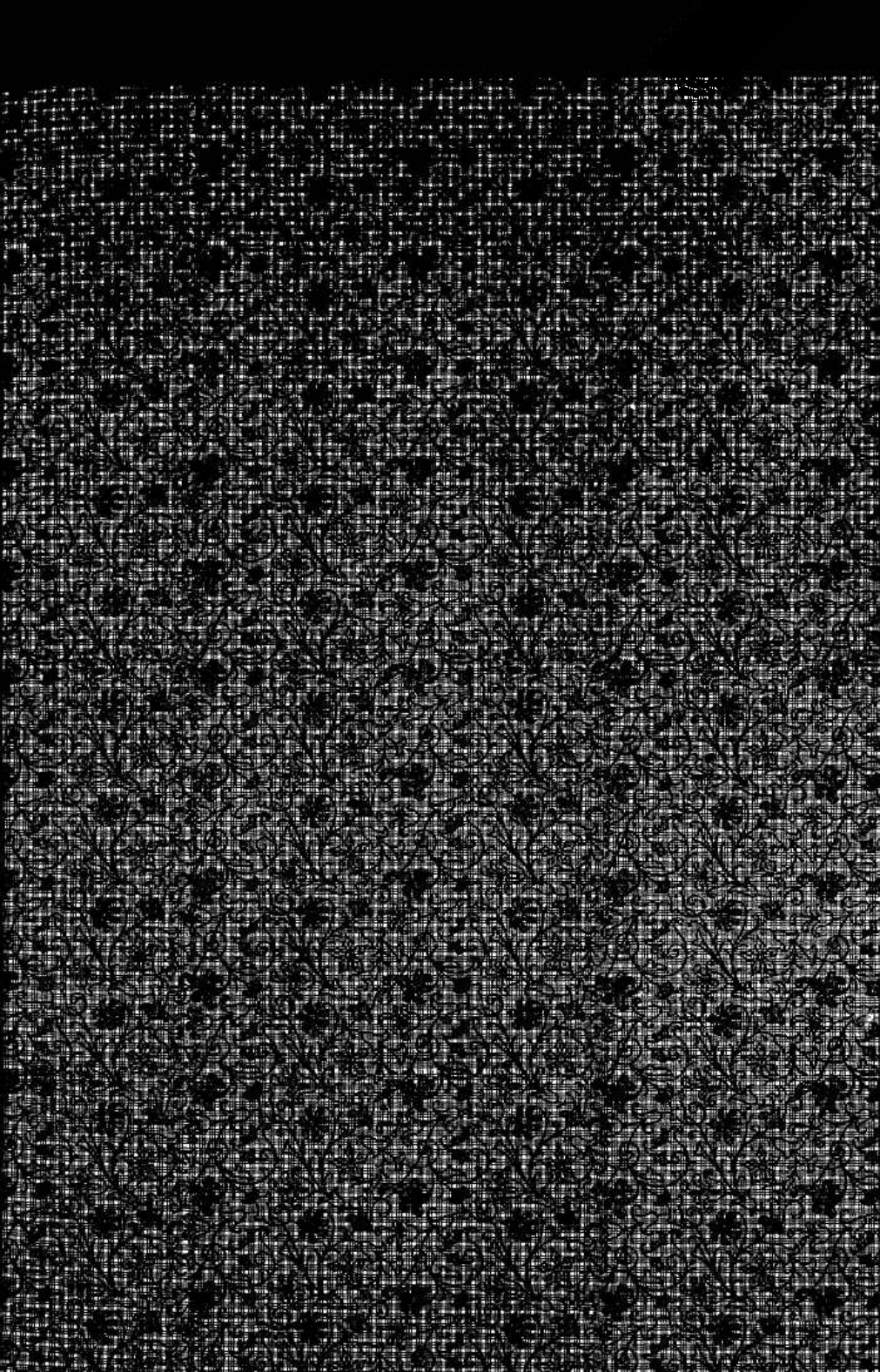

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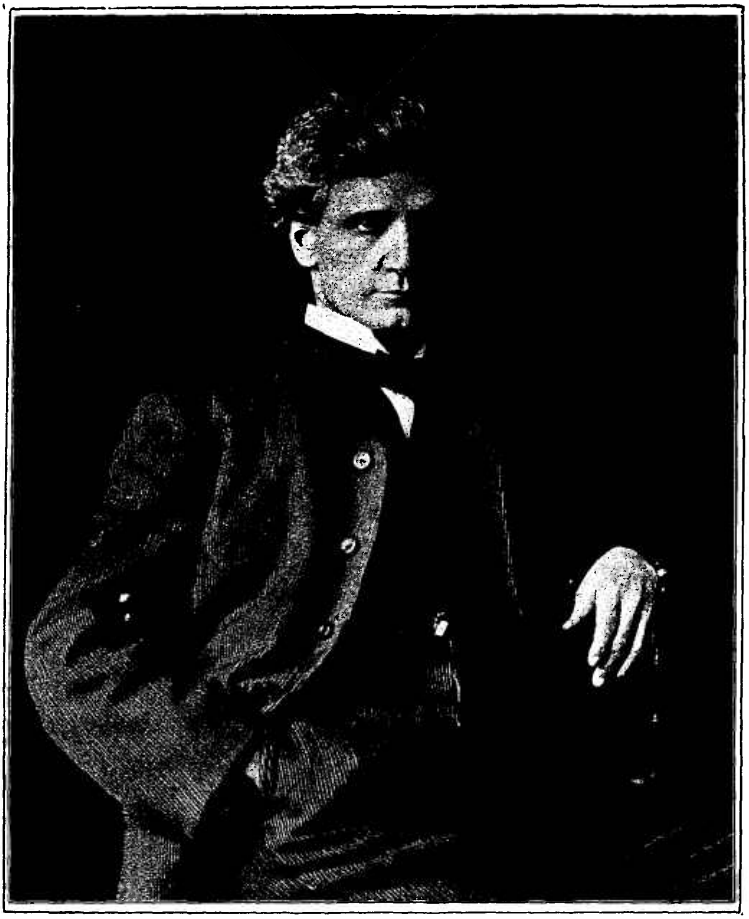

A Preacher preaching to himself.

REV. DR. TALKWELL

SKETCHES

A PREACHER PREACHING TO HIMSELF

By DR. C. S. CARR,

COLUMBUS, O.

SERIES No. I.

PUBLISHED BY
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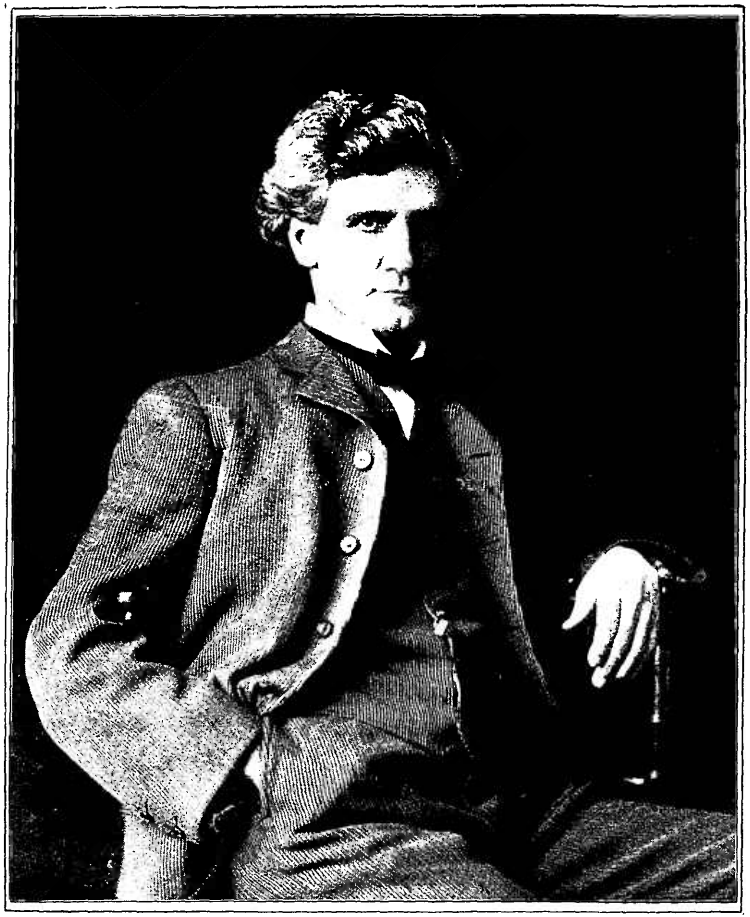
Dr. TALKWELL



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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

In placing the following pages before the reading public in this form the publisher's purpose has been to give as wide prominence as possible to a series of papers by Dr. Talkwell, which have been running in serial form in the columns of the LIGHT OF TRUTH. Extensively read as they have been, there is a rapidly increasing class of enquiring people to whom these papers would appeal, if brought to their notice, who never see the LIGHT OF TRUTH, and to that class this book is respectfully introduced, with the hope that renewed activity in reaching for the higher and better planes of religious thought may follow its perusal.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH PUB. CO.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The sketches which comprise this volume consist partly of fiction, partly of fact. The preacher, Dr. Talkwell, and the society to whom he makes his reports, these are fiction.

Behind Dr. Talkwell, however, there is a man whose home and manner of life are partly described by the sketches. This man, once a doctor, afterwards a pastor and now engaged in other business, is living as nearly as circumstances will permit the life which is ascribed to Dr. Talkwell.

In all other particulars these sketches portray facts. Every incident and character described are realities. Every letter and question, every conversation and visit are all actual occurrences. There has been no attempt made to write a story or to give these sketches any literary form. They are collected in this volume exactly as they appeared in the papers printed in the same city where they were written.

It was the original intention of the author to make them a series of character sketches of every day occurrences. He did not set out to write a treatise on sociology or theology. Whenever other sketches occur in this book they were written more for the sake of giving variety and breadth of thought to the series than any wish to enter the arena of philosophical discussion.

The author makes no claim of being a follower of Jesus. He has, however, sought to make the life of Jesus a study, and see how far such a life can be made compatible with the life

of an active business man. At the same time that he has been doing this, he has, through the assistance of the little fiction of Dr. Talkwell, been trying to imagine how far the life of a pastor of a modern church could be made to conform to that life which Jesus outlined for his disciples to live. In trying to bring his own life to the standard set by Jesus he is daily brought in contact with the difficulties which would beset any preacher who should make the same attempt.

The modern preacher insists upon calling himself a follower of Jesus. Nothing could be further from the truth. His habits, tastes, and ambitions are in direct contradiction to the habits which Jesus prescribed for his disciples. The so-called minister of the Gospel of to-day has little or nothing in common, either in practice or belief, with him they call Master. His function in society may be a good one, but by no stretch of imagination can he be made to resemble Jesus or his disciples.

"Dr. Talkwell" was once a successful preacher. He was successful in having a fine church, aristocratic audiences, and commanding a good salary. He was successful in having many friends, living a luxurious life, and holding a good position in society. In short, he was successful in everything except taking a single step in the direction of following Jesus.

At last his eyes were opened. He suddenly became aware of the farce that he was playing. He saw the utter futility of preaching pleasant platitudes to his comfortable, well-fed parishioners. He began to realize that he was not touching the lives of those to whom Jesus ministered. Shame and repentance took the place of his old pride and selfcomplacence. He resigned his pulpit and began to go among the people. He quit making sermons, but continued to talk. Every Sunday morning he stood in his pulpit where he used to preach, to tell the people his thoughts and experiences which had come to him by associating with the so-called lower classes.

This book contains a large number of these talks. They are short and to the point. They deal only with living questions of today. They are an attempt to say over again some things that Jesus said many years ago. They were not said in the interest of any sect or society. It is the hope of the author that the reader may be made better acquainted with the man Jesus. The author believes that Jesus has been grossly misrepresented by the church; that his teachings have been perverted: that his example has been ignored.

This volume is the first one of a series of talks by "Dr. Talkwell," which the author hopes to see published as rapidly as they accumulate.

C. S. CARR, M. D.,
Columbus, Ohio.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
SKETCH I.	
A City Preacher Resigns	9
SKETCH II.	
Why a City Preacher Resigned	15
SKETCH III.	
A College Made Preacher	21
SKETCH IV.	
The First Pastorate	26
SKETCH V.	
The Second Pastorate	31
SKETCH VI.	
A Country Preacher Resigns	37
SKETCH VII.	
Ye Visited Me Not	43
SKETCH VIII.	
A Reformed Parsonage	47
SKETCH IX.	
A Practical Beginning	52
SKETCH X.	
A Preacher's Emancipation	58
SKETCH XI.	
Evolution and Christianity	62
SKETCH XII.	
Love, the Only Religion	66
SKETCH XIII.	
Following the Master	70
SKETCH XIV.	
Dr. Talkwell at Home	75
SKETCH XV.	
Real Christian Work	81
SKETCH XVI.	
A Conundrum for Christians	86
SKETCH XVII.	
Public Charities	91
SKETCH XVIII.	
Wickedness Made Secure	95
SKETCH XIX.	
Kid-Glove Christianity	99
SKETCH XX.	
Primitive Religion	103
SKETCH XXI.	
Blowing Hot and Cold	107
SKETCH XXII.	
A Rich Man's Religion	112
SKETCH XXIII.	
A Talk on Alms-Giving.	116
SKETCH XXIV.	
What Did Jesus Do?	121
SKETCH XXV.	
A Useless Church	125
SKETCH XXVI.	
A Modern Heresy	134

Page

SKETCH XXVII.
How Hypocrites Pray 138

SKETCH XXVIII.
How Hypocrites Fast 143

SKETCH XXIX.
Jesus' Teachings Perverted 147

SKETCH XXX.
Dr. Talkwell's Church 151

SKETCH XXXI.
Dr. Talkwell's Congregation 156

SKETCH XXXII.
The Rich Man's Church 161

SKETCH XXXIII.
The Doctrine of Laissez Faire 167

SKETCH XXXIV.
Impotence of The Church 172

SKETCH XXXV.
Call no Man "Reverend" 177

SKETCH XXXVI.
An Ordination Sermon 183

SKETCH XXXVII.
What is the Church Doing? 188

SKETCH XXXVIII.
The Sunday Theatre 193

SKETCH XXXIX.
Up-to-Date Theology 199

SKETCH XL.
The Young Peoples' Meeting 204

SKETCH XLI.
Missionary Heretics 210

SKETCH XLII.
Faith in Works 215

SKETCH XLIII.
Obsession (Demonology) 221

SKETCH XLIV.
Divorce and Adultery 227

SKETCH XLV.
Science and Theology 232

SKETCH XLVI.
Dr. Talkwell's Secular Church 238

SKETCH XLVII.
The Church and the Saloon 244

SKETCH XLVIII.
A Revival of Christianity 251

SKETCH XLIX.
The Irreverence of Sunday Schools 256

SKETCH L.
Lotteries 261

SKETCH LI.
Theology and Religion 266

SKETCH LII.
A Sermon on Cleanliness 271

SKETCH LIII.
City of Inferno 278

SKETCH LIV.
The Salvation Army 286

SKETCH LV.
A Debtor to Grace 292

A CITY PREACHER RESIGNS.

The Conversion of a Popular Preacher—How Dr. Talk-well became Dr. Do-well.

THERE was a sensation in church circles in the city of Columbus. The Rev. Dr. Talkwell had resigned his pastorate. Strong, self-possessed, educated, eloquent, popular, and the pastor of one of the most flourishing churches in the city. In the high water of financial success was the church which called him pastor. He had made it so by his ability and untiring effort. He had begun with a small, unpretentious church and made it one of the first churches of the city, and now right in the zenith of its glory and prosperity he had suddenly resigned his pastorate, giving no reason for his action.

It occurred at the regular preaching service on Sunday evening. The house was crowded to the doors to hear one of his popular lectures. Expressions of astonishment and regret were heard on every hand, but the church officials were shocked and astounded beyond measure. It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen out of a clear sky. After a hurried consultation a committee was appointed to wait on the doctor next morning for an explanation of his extraordinary conduct.

The committee was composed of men of learning, wealth and business integrity. They found the doctor in his study awaiting them, for he had heard they were coming. The friendly greetings were followed by a short, awkward pause. The chairman of the committee, a prominent lawyer, began, rather hesitatingly, the business before them.

"We have called, doctor, as a committee from the church to ask your reasons for your unexpected resignation, and if possible, to persuade you to reconsider your step."

A solemn hush followed the question, in which the doctor calmly looked at his brethren, and they as calmly awaited his answer. Never before in their acquaintance had they faced each other as man and man, but their relations had always been of an official character and their few business transactions of a clumsy, stereotyped fashion, in which he seemed to them a curious mixture of priest, pastor, teacher and hireling, while they were to him little more than his financial managers. But now they all appeared as if they had some real business to attend to.

With suppressed feeling the doctor at length replied: "Your question is natural and direct, and my reply shall be the same. My reason for resigning the pastorate of a Christian church is that I am not, nor have I ever been, a Christian minister."

"Why, doctor," they replied in chorus, "we are astonished to hear you say so. Surely this must be some joke or delusion, for a man that has been as useful and successful as you have been in our city—of unquestionable character and Christian scholarship, of which we have been proud—not a Christian minister? We don't know what you mean."

"I am not going to deny," the doctor answered quietly, "I have made myself useful to the church and to the city, and in perhaps many other ways. What I am denying is that I am a Christian minister. There are many useful men in this world besides Christian ministers. Perhaps I may be classed as useful, but I have no vestige of excuse for calling myself a follower of Jesus, in a Scriptural sense. I am not dissatisfied with my position in society. I am well content with my success, proud of my church, grateful for the enthusiastic support you have given me, but so long as I remain the pastor of your church, so long I stand before the public posing as a

disciple or follower of Jesus. This is a falsehood to which I can not be a party any longer. For several years the conviction has been gradually growing upon me that, while my function in society is a perfectly legitimate and useful one, I have no more right to call myself a follower of Jesus than I have to call myself a follower of Buddha or Mahomet or Brigham Young. All these said good things, did good things, and in a general way other good men can copy them to good advantage. But on the other hand, these leaders of men had peculiarities which constituted their special mission, and it is the adoption of these particular peculiarities that give one the right to claim to be a disciple or follower.

"To try to do good in a general way and teach the truth as seems to be needed by the present generation, is certainly a good work, and I am not at all discouraged at what I have accomplished, but this gives me no honest pretext for calling myself a minister of Jesus Christ. Jesus founded no church, taught no creed, headed no social reform, advocated no school of divinity, philosophy or ethics, but simply chose the lowly and outcast as his associates and friends and taught his disciples to do likewise. Had I been related to Jerusalem in his day as I am to Columbus in this day, I would probably never have met Jesus at all, or at least his life would have seemed to me a dismal failure, unworthy of other notice than pity.

"Why do I allow people to call me a Christian minister? I have done nothing to warrant such title. I associate with the best people, live in the best part of the city, dress like a gentleman. I not only have a place to lay my head, but no king could have a better place. All I know of the outcasts or depraved is what I learn by hearsay or occasional hasty visits to some poor family, about whom I know next to nothing, and with whom I have nothing in common.

"Now, as long as I remain in a so-called Christian pulpit I am in false relations to the people. I had my choice either

to announce to my congregation that I was not a follower of Christ or resign. I thought to resign would be the least sensational and create the least shock. I do not think you would care to have a man preach to you after he had publicly announced that he did not profess to be a follower of Jesus in any true sense of the phrase."

"But," expostulated the brethren, "you have always taught us that to live a prayerful and sincere life was to be a Christian, and surely you have done this?"

"To simply live a prayerful and sincere life," replied the doctor, "is certainly religious, and the kind of religion that Jesus heartily approved of, but this has nothing whatever to do with the Christian ministry. Jesus did not call all men to be Christian ministers, or to be his followers. During his lifetime he called only a very few to be his disciples. To the world in general he made no call, but rather brought an announcement of good news. He said to the world: 'God is your father, not your angry judge and ruler. God loves you, he is not mad at you. God sympathizes with you, he does not hate you.' This he said to the whole world, high and low, good and bad, and he sought to bring to the world peace, which comes from a complete acceptance of such a faith as this."

"But he called out of the world a few chosen ones to be his disciples; to be his ministers; to live as he lived; to spend their lives among the outcast and downtrodden; to turn away from fortune, family and fame, to carry his message to the poor. To live among them, to stay among them, to become acquainted with their peculiar trials and besetments. I have done none of these things. No doubt Jesus would approve of what I have done, but I am sure that he would not regard me as one of his ministers or disciples."

"I recall," spoke the chairman of the committee, "that your sermons lately have been chiefly on Christian discipleship. Your position seemed to me to have been very logical,

and well taken. You showed us that we, all of us, ought to be Christian ministers; that a good mechanic, an honest lawyer, a conscientious merchant, are each as much ministers of Christ as the one who officiates as the pastor or preacher of a church. I thought that was good doctrine, but I can not see how your teachings harmonize with your present position."

"Unfortunately, it harmonizes only too well with my attitude at present," replied the doctor. "You are, so are any other honest men, as much Christian ministers as I am. You are living honest, prosperous lives, so am I. My vocation is teaching. I teach theology, ethics, history and English literature generally. If I am as honest and sincere as you gentlemen are in your vocations I am as much a Christian minister as any of you, but no more. The truth is, brethren, that none of us are Christian ministers. We are doing precisely as other men are. We are seeking to gain a livelihood in a respectable way and with as little contact with disagreeable circumstances and people as possible. I do not condemn this course of life. I simply say it is not living the life of a Christian minister. The atheistical chemist in our university is discovering and teaching truth, God's truth, just as much as I am. The agnostic physician of our congregation is making his vocation a blessing to the people, and in fact, is ministering more directly to the people than I am. The unbelieving mechanic who sometimes listens to my theology is rearing a large family in a quiet, unpretentious way; is respected by his associates as a truthful and sympathetic friend, although he does not believe one word of Christian theology. The addition to their lives of all that I teach would not make one of these men a whit more capable or useful, in their lives of ministry than they are now. This is what I have been saying in my pulpit, and this is what I am saying now. Are these men followers of Jesus? If so, then I am a follower of Jesus. If not, then I am not and you are not. Really, brethren, it is these very reflections that have led me to take the step that I have taken."

"The committee would like to know," said the spokesman, "exactly what you mean by following Jesus?"

"Alas, brethren, your question is a serious charge against my ministry among you. I have been your minister for more than a score of years, a professed follower of Jesus, with no other real work among you except to teach you to become followers of Jesus by precept and example. And now, after all these years, you ask me what it is I mean by following Jesus. The fault is my own; I confess it. I have not been clear on the subject myself, in my precepts, and as for my example, I have done nothing whatever but to do what any other rational creature would have done had he never heard of Jesus. But since you ask me what I mean by following Jesus, I will attempt to give a brief answer."

WHY A CITY PREACHER RESIGNED.

What is it to Follow Jesus?—A Preacher Preaching to Himself.

OUR readers will recollect that we left Dr. Talkwell in his study surrounded by an anxious church committee, who had called to ask his reasons for so suddenly resigning as the pastor of their church. He had replied to the committee that one of the reasons for his taking this step was that he did not any longer consider himself a fit man to be called a Christian minister or a follower of Jesus.

The committee then asked him to define what he meant by following Jesus, and the doctor replied:

"Your question shows me very clearly how little I have been really teaching you about Jesus all of these years. But in a few words I will attempt to tell you what I mean by following Jesus. In the first place Jesus did not call men to be his followers. Jesus did not come to condemn the world. He seemed to approve of the evolution of society as he found it. He found cruelty, injustice, superstition, ignorance and hypocrisy in the world, just as we find it now. He instituted no crusade against these things, headed no special reform to exterminate them. He seemed to believe all these things were working out the problem of human society. To be sure, he approved, condemned, corrected, comforted and encouraged. But he did these things only as friend meets friend. He sought no special opportunities. If he addressed a multitude it was only because circumstances conspired to bring it about. His words were addressed to the particular person or

persons he happened to be in conversation with. He wrote no book, nor sought in any way to perpetuate his teachings beyond their natural influence at the time they were said. What he tried to do, was to persuade a few men to become his followers, to seek the life he sought, to give their lives for those who need help.

"He saw in the natural evolution of society that the ignorant, the weak and poor would naturally be oppressed with all sorts of injustice and cruelty. It was to this class that he went. It was to this class that he invited his disciples to go. To be sure, he invited all men to be saved from sin, and taught them how they could be saved. But his ministers, his few special disciples, he sought to make them saviors in the same way that he had been their savior. He turned his back on the world and its allurements of fame, comfort, reputation and honorable standing in the community. He became of no repute, had not where to lay his head, hunted as a common criminal, ate with publicans and sinners, sneered at as a wine bibber, the friend of harlots and the woman of Samaria, and was finally arrested, tried and executed as a blasphemer.

"All this he did for those whom the natural evolution of human society had crushed and has continued to crush ever since. To those who needed no physician, to those who had been successful in keeping apace with the evolution of human society, he was not called. The well need no physician. It was to the sick ones he came, the ones we call depraved, ignorant and beastly, and to those he called his disciples. He told them that if they followed him, they would, like him, become of no repute, their names would be a by-word, they would be cast out of the synagogues, would be arrested and tried as he was, would be beaten, imprisoned, despised, outraged and degraded.

"Now, none of these things have happened to me, simply because I have not followed him at all. Had I followed Jesus

in the city of Columbus, probably no one of you would have known me personally. I would have been known in the 'Bad Lands,' in the police court and in the byways of the city. I could have, like Jesus, become the friend of many despairing souls, but no one would have known it. I could have gone in and out quietly among these people, living a harmless, peaceful and contented life, and shown them—a few of them at least—the way to solve their problem. Not by kicking against Fate or striving against the forces of human evolution; but by quietly submitting to what occurs as the providences of a wise Father, taking care only that love should be my motive in all my conduct."

"Are we to understand you then, doctor, that you are about to turn your back upon your splendid work in this city and take up this sort of a life?" asked the committee.

"No," replied the doctor; "I have not fully decided to become a disciple of Jesus. I am so far committed to the ordinary affairs of the world, that I fear I could not break loose again from them and become a true disciple of Jesus without doing more harm than good. Most of my family and fraternal relations would have to be broken. My habits, tastes, likes and dislikes, formed by a long life of ease and prosperity, have become too fixed to be shaken off easily. I have utterly incapacitated myself in speech and manner to come near these people without exciting suspicion as to my purpose or anger at what appears to them to be impertinence. The chasm is so great that I can not get to them, I fear. But at least I can do this much. I can refuse to be called a Christian minister any longer. I am not a Christian minister. I am simply a man of the world, no better than thousands of others who never heard of Christ, and I positively refuse to be called by such a name any more. Not all men, as I have already said, are called to be Christian ministers. I fear I am not one of those who have been called. But at least I can be an honest man and refuse to sail under false colors any longer."

"But, doctor, have we not missionaries to attend to this sort of thing, and has not our church always supported the missions of this city? After all, is not this kind of work only a branch of Christian work? Are you not exaggerating its importance, when you make it all that Jesus wished his disciples to do?"

"Yes, we have missionaries, upon whom I have tried in past times to shirk my responsibility in these matters, but the missionaries as a class come no nearer following Jesus than the regular pastors. They simply preach to the people; they do not live with them. There is no real sympathy whatsoever. The missionary, as a rule, preaches only the miserable, cast-off theology that the pastor has discarded long ago as untenable. Missionaries do these people far more harm than they do good, by holding up to them the necessity of a life utterly irrational and impracticable. Jesus was no more a missionary than he was a preacher. He simply lived so close to these people that he brought his own sweet, pure life into actual contact with theirs.

"As to the relative importance of this so-called branch of Christian work, I desire to put myself on record as saying that it is the only work that Jesus called His ministers to do. He did not call his ministers to teach theology or ethics, or found churches or establish colleges, or head social reforms. He knew that these things would all occur in the natural evolution of human society. But he also knew that 'the poor we have with us always.' That there would always be those who would be continually falling under the wheels of progress, crushed or outraged. There is nothing in the natural evolution of society that provides for this class of victims except to let them die. It would be simply another example of the survival of the fittest, had not Jesus interposed and established a ministry for this very class of people.

"What the unconscious forces of society fail to do, (the law) he sought by self-conscious sympathy and fraternity to

accomplish, (the gospel). If I am to be a minister of Jesus Christ this is my work and my only work. I have either got to do this work, to the exclusion of everything else, or refuse to be called a Christian minister. Which shall it be brethren, I ask you? I would really like your practical good judgment in this matter."

"Well," answered the spokesman of the committee, "suppose we should agree to employ you at your present salary, as a public instructor, disband our present organization as a church, form ourselves into a secular society, use our church property as the plant by which we carry on our work, and our pulpit shall be the rostrum from which you will continue to instruct the people as you have in times past. Suppose we agree to all this, can we hope to retain you as our instructor?"

"I thank you, brethren, for your consideration of my feelings; but I shall not be able this morning to decide the matter. I have not wholly given up the idea of becoming a Christian minister. If I should so decide, of course we will have no further business with each other; for in that case you would not have any use for me, nor would I have any use for you. But should I conclude to serve you in the capacity in which I have been serving you, dropping all titles, names and formalities which serve in the least particular to convey the pretense that I am a Christian minister, or that we are a Christian church, or that there could be any such thing as a Christian church, if I conclude to adopt such a course of life, I will inform your committee of the fact soon enough to begin to act in the matter.

"In the meantime, brethren, I trust you will understand my reasons for resigning, and I hope that the reasons may seem as important to you as they do to me."

What will he do, this doctor of divinity, in the zenith of his strength, physical and mental; versatile, capable, possessed of practical common sense and ripe scholarship? Will he decide to become to our city what Jesus became to Palestine?

Will he decide to enter with his strength and purity the slums and hovels of wretchedness of Columbus? To become the personal friend and adviser of these people? Will he give his life for them, as Jesus gave his life for sinners? If so, blessed will be Columbus in the midst of the cities of the earth. Her palaces of shame will be brought low and her hovels of virtue exalted, her waste places be made glad and those that dwell in the riches and security of iniquity shall be overturned and brought to naught.

Will he, however, decide to continue his course as a regular doctor of divinity? Continue his comfortable, successful, popular, reputable course of life, having for his portion the best clothes, the best food, the best of society, the best of everything that the land can furnish? Will he? Then Columbus, like other cities of the earth, will continue to have its slums, its poor and outraged, its degraded and its vicious, growing more numerous and appalling every year, with no one who has the strength and courage to succor them. Which will he do?

A COLLEGE-MADE PREACHER.

Preparation for the Ministry—Dr. Talkwell Has Resigned.

DR. TALKWELL had resigned as the successful pastor of one of the most flourishing churches in the city, on the grounds that his functions as the pastor of a modern church did not entitle him to be called a minister of Jesus Christ. His astonished brethren called upon him for an explanation. After a brief conversation, in which the doctor explained to his brethren that, according to his growing convictions as to the work of a Christian minister, he could no longer conscientiously pose as one and remain pastor of any church, he intimated that he would speak to them in the capacity of an instructor at some future time, but he should insist that it be thoroughly understood that he no longer pretended to stand before the public as a Christian minister.

Desirous of hearing a fuller explanation of the doctor's position on the subject of the work of a Christian minister, he was invited to give a course of lectures under the auspices of a secular society, known as the Board of Popular Instruction. As the society was composed practically of his old congregation and as his rostrum was to be his old pulpit, the doctor was only too glad to accept the invitation. Only a summary of these lectures can be given from time to time, leaving the reader to elaborate each one for himself.

Before beginning his lecture, the doctor said: I wish to repeat what I have already stated to your committee, and what I shall take the liberty of repeating many times in the future, if I should continue this series of lectures; that I have

no charge whatever against that class of individuals who call themselves Christian ministers. As a class, I know them to be educated, hard-working and thoroughly conscientious individuals. That their wish and purpose is to promulgate righteousness, according to their notion of the meaning of the word. I have not resigned from the pulpit because of any disparaging opinions I hold of the work of the modern pulpit. There is no greater or more timely force at work in society than the pulpit. But for myself, I see no reason whatever why my work as a preacher and pastor of a modern church gives me any excuse for posing as a Christian minister. Should I continue in this course of lectures, they will take up in detail the reasons why I have reached this conclusion.

Today I propose to inquire whether I ever prepared myself to become a Christian minister. In other words I am going to compare my preparation to become a follower of Jesus, with the preparation which Jesus himself enjoyed.

So far as we know of the early life of Jesus, we have every reason to believe that until he was thirty years of age he worked as a common laborer among the common people. That he exhibited an early interest in the theology of the times seems evident from his experience with the doctors of divinity when he was twelve years of age. But that he had any other education than was the lot of all other Jewish boys, there is not a scrap of evidence. He could read the old Testament as they used it. He had been taught at home and in the local synagogues the interpretation of the Scriptures in vogue in those days. It is not at all likely that he had any other book education. That his education could compare favorably with what is now known as a common school education is not at all likely. That he could write a sermon or deliver a sermon extemporaneously, acceptable to modern usages, there is not a particle of evidence. That he was the author of the so-called Sermon on the Mount, the greatest of all sermons, there can be no doubt. But to call these wise

sayings of the fifth, sixth and seventh of Matthew—to call these a sermon in any modern use of the word is to misname them entirely. Neither in form nor unity do they in the least particular resemble what is now known as a sermon.

But there were a great many things that Jesus did learn which he could not have learned at any college. He had learned the people—the common people. He had learned them in the only way possible for any one to learn them—by being one of them himself. He lived an humble life, an out-door life, a self-supporting life. He passed his boyhood and early manhood facing the difficulties and solving the problems of the common people. He knew what their problems were. He knew what their aspirations were. He knew their hearts, their longings, their fears and their superstitions. This was His education, his only education, except that he was able to read and quote to them the Scriptures, which they had been taught to believe were the word of God.

But Jesus' preparation for the ministry did not consist wholly of what he knew; it consisted largely of what he was. One of the items in his preparation was that he overcame himself, before entering the ministry. In the story of his temptation in the wilderness we find him assailed by an evil spirit with the lusts of the flesh, the ambition for fame and the worship of worldly ideals and aspirations. He was tempted in all points like us. But he overcame them all, and ministering angels became his companions.

Now, when I compare this preparation of Jesus for the ministry with my own preparation to follow in his footsteps, I do not wonder that I did not succeed. What was my preparation? I am not going to outline it to you because I believe it to be remarkable or unusual, but rather because I believe it is typical of the preparation usually received by any one who sets out to become a Christian minister.

In the first place, I was a studious boy, which kept me apart, in a great measure, from the other boys. At school and

vacation I never had any particular enthusiasm or interest in the games and adventures of my school fellows. My father was able to keep me in school, consequently I did no work but to keep up my studies. I came in actual contact with no kind of business. My experience was nearly limited to the routine of a student's life. Except from glimpses now and then, I knew little or nothing of what was going on in the world around me at the time. I was rapidly acquiring tastes and habits which drifted me farther and farther away from the common people. What few grains of information concerning the masses that managed to sift through the wall of exclusion built around me, gave me the impression that the history of today was dull, vulgar and unsatisfactory.

After finishing high school I entered college, which still further excluded me from the people. Having finished college I entered a theological seminary, where I was supposed to take that step of preparation for the ministry which was to fit me to stand up before the people, about whom I knew next to nothing, to become their guide and their shepherd.

I had no vocation except preaching. I knew nothing about farming, nothing about mechanics, nothing about the mercantile business, nothing about law or medicine, and yet, I was proposing to stand up before these classes and teach them how to live.

What was far worse, I knew nothing of the people to whom I was particularly sent as a minister of Jesus Christ. In spite of all the diversions and perversions of a theological education, I had retained a somewhat dimmed and deformed notion that as a minister of Jesus Christ my mission was chiefly to the poor, the outcast, the down-trodden, and the depraved. There still lingered in my memory fragments of Scripture, "When I was hungry, ye fed me; when I was naked, ye clothed me; when I was in prison, ye visited me; when I was sick, ye came to me; when I was a stranger, ye took me in." I remembered that dramatic scene when Jesus stood in the

synagogue at Nazareth, and read from the prophet Isaiah the proclamation of His own mission.

When he read: "The spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He annointed Me to preach the good tidings to the poor; He hath sent Me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

To be sure, I had a very hazy conception of my proclamation to these poor people. Exactly what I could do or say that would be of any practical benefit to them was one of the things I had not learned in college. I had been trained in a school of theology, which enabled me to comprehend the utter futility of supposing I could go to them some pleasant evening, and by the assistance of a professional evangelist or singer, convert them en masse, and thus discharge my whole responsibility concerning these very disagreeable people. I had been reared on a broader plane of thinking than that. But precisely what it was that I was expected to do to put myself into vital relation with the men and women who swear and drink, who are dirty and lazy, who are sick and vicious, who are in prisons and hospitals, who are naked and hungry, become a friend to the stranger and a companion of the outcast, how I was to follow my Master in these particulars, I had received no instruction whatever.

I could preach a good sermon; I knew that. No one could find a flaw in my grammar or rhetoric; my manners and dress were such that no church need to be ashamed of me, either in the pulpit or the drawing room. My whole life had been spent among people of culture and refinement. I was an easy conversationalist, a good Bible student, and a public speaker of perhaps more than average ability. These things I had learned. But in what way they fitted me to follow my Master in his proclamation of glad tidings to the poor, I could not understand. I thought it was my own fault and thought perhaps I was better adapted to the regular pastorate than evangelical work. I concluded that it was more a matter of temperament and taste than any thing else. I knew there were some people who were so constituted that they liked to do that sort of thing. I knew that I was not one of them.

THE FIRST PASTORATE.

Dr. Talkwell's Second Lecture—Sketch of His First Pastorate.

I TOLD you last week of my preparation for the ministry; how I had graduated from a theological seminary with high honors. I was now supposed to be prepared to follow the meek and lowly Jesus in carrying the gospel to the poor and heavy laden. I had acquired a literary fastidiousness and aristocratic habits, which seemed to be assumed by every one to be just the thing to enable me to follow in the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene, to do the humble work of my Master, the carpenter's son.

Despite my education I was not altogether free from doubt on this subject. I sometimes thought I detected an incongruity between my mission and my education. When I read the latest theological review I felt sure I was master of the situation, but when I read the Testament I was not quite sure that I had learned anything that would be of assistance to me. I was not quite clear as to what my mission was, but I had a vague supposition that it was somehow related to the fallen and perishing ones of society.

But my thinking along this line was suddenly interrupted by the event of receiving a call to become the pastor of a large and prosperous church in one of our cities. I had no more time for musing about my mission. I had two sermons to prepare each week for a critical, cultured congregation, possessed of literary fastidiousness, jealously sensitive as to their own customs, vain of their services and elegant place of worship. I had several special meetings to conduct every

week. I became practically manager and leader of several societies. Every moment of time that could be spared from my pressing duties as pastor of that church was devoted to social functions, just as imperatively demanded of me as any other part of my work. I worked very hard, but personally I had no time to see any poor people, or to even give them a thought. To be sure, we had a committee of our church whose duty it was to attend to such matters. Through their reports I occasionally heard that we were doing something in that line.

Sometimes I had a sickening fear that I was not doing the work of a real Christian minister, but what to do I did not know. I understood homiletics better than I did homes, and was better posted on the latest Bible criticisms than I was concerning the unsanitary condition of the alleys where the poor people lived. I made many resolves and had several ineffectual spasms of trying to do something in this line, but all ended in flat failure.

I tried to talk with my brethren sometimes about these matters, which finally resulted in our establishing a mission chapel, presided over by an assistant, all of which brought me not one whit nearer the poor and down-trodden. I finally gave up trying to get any nearer to them, comforting myself with the idea that the avenues needed a Christian minister as well as the alleys, and that I was specially adapted to minister to the avenues. And I succeeded in making myself really believe that I was a Christian minister all this time, though sometimes I had my doubts.

There was another thing in the preparation of Jesus that I lacked besides the knowledge enabling me to carry the gospel to the poor. I had not conquered myself. In my bodily habits I was not conspicuously bad, as I used neither liquor nor tobacco and loudly condemned their use by others, but in my use of food I did not hesitate to indulge myself in the choicest dainties the land afforded, and surrounding myself

by all the expensive luxuries that my ample salary permitted. I lived altogether a pampered, luxurious life.

As for worldly ambition, perhaps no one in my congregation was farther from Jesus in this particular. I had an ambition to become a great preacher, to make my pulpit a great power in the land. I was determined that I would be known as far as the English language was spoken. This was my thought day and night. This ambition had been distinctly taught to me at college as being entirely legitimate for a Christian minister. I wanted to live to see the day when my sermons would be published in this and other countries and possibly translated into other tongues. I wanted to be popular at home and abroad. I dreaded of all things to do or say anything that would have a tendency to make me unpopular.

I preached against pride, vanity, luxury and selfishness. But I succeeded in doing so with such good taste and elegant language as to offend no one of my supporters, every one of whom was guilty of these things.

My success was phenomenal. I rose to distinction very rapidly. My services were in demand over a very large area of the country. My sermons were reported in many papers. Verily, verily, I had received my reward. But all this time the sweet, pastoral life of Jesus, his lowly companions, his heart to heart conversations, his frugal, unselfish life, his suffering with poor, ignorant, weak humanity — these things were slipping farther and farther away from me. Except in my pulpit I had come to read mostly the latest commentators, critical reviews, literary criticisms and the like; finding the simple gospel, except by straining its meaning, to be out of harmony with the life I was leading. Had not my career been interrupted by illness I should without doubt have continued to grow less Christ-like and more prosperous, until, at the close of a long and useful life, I should have been buried with the usual honors and eulogies that are accorded the successful preacher of today. (How different from the last scenes

that closed round the earthly labors of Jesus, Paul, Peter, Matthew, and a host of others in every land and age who have followed in the footsteps of the Master!)

The continued strain of my artificial life finally induced severe prostration. I was not only obliged to retire from my pastorate, but from the city. In the cool shade of an old orchard, in a quiet, obscure country place, far from the noise and ambitions of the city, during a slow convalescence, I began to think. It was the first time I had ever had a chance to think by myself, for myself, about myself. The old sprawling, shaggy apple trees that had borne their load of juicy fruit year after year for the benefit of the world seemed to rebuke me with their solemn, unpretending humility.

I had time to look squarely at my past life. How I had been tickled with fame, pleased with notoriety, puffed up with flattery, made glad a thousand times in my foolish vanity by complimentary remarks upon my eloquence, learning and influence.

How quiet it was there, how solemn! A little Testament without notes seemed no longer out of place. I began to read it, not a verse here and there, not critically, but as a child would read a story — whole books at a time.

I read the book of Matthew one beautiful Sunday morning in the generous shade of one of those old, ministering apple trees. Beginning with the fifth chapter, I read it all through, every word of it. It seemed to me that morning that I had never read the book before. It was so plainly and clearly a refutation of the life I had been living. But its rebukes were so gentle, so loving, so forgiving, that I cried with joy that I had found them at last.

It seemed so strange to me that I had never applied these gentle rebukes and warnings to my own life. When Jesus "warned his disciples against the Scribes and Pharisees because their works were done to be seen of men," and love the chief place of feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and

the salutations in the market places, and to be called of men, Rabbi. "But be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your teacher and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father on earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters, for one is your Master, even the Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself, shall be humbled, and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted."

Plainly I was guilty of disobeying every item of this warning. I could be distinguished from the ordinary run of men by my garments. I did have the chief place at public banquets or feasts, and the chief seat in the synagogues (churches), and should have thought it strange had I not been offered these places whenever I honored them with my presence. I was saluted in the market places, not with the title Rabbi, to be sure, but by the title Reverend, which means practically the same thing. I not only was called by these titles, but I called others whom I considered above me by titles, signifying Father and Master. I was considered among the greatest of my vocation, but by no torture of language could I be called a servant. I had exalted myself deliberately, persistently, and now I was humbled, humiliated by the words of the same book that I had read a thousand times before, by the words of the same book of which I had been so long considered a critical student and learned expositor.

What blindness was it that had prevented my seeing this before? Having eyes I had not seen; ears I had not heard, a cultivated mind and yet not understood.

THE SECOND PASTORATE.

Dr. Talkwell's Third Lecture—His Second Pastorate.

I HAD intended in this lecture to confine my remarks to a brief sketch of my second pastorate, but I find so many written questions on my desk this morning indicating on your part a natural curiosity of a personal nature, that I will speak more fully of personal matters than I intended to. I will not read the questions, but will try to summarize the principal facts covered by them.

You remember my last lecture left me in an obscure country place, slowly recuperating from an extreme prostration brought on by a long, successful city pastorate. I had begun to read the Testament without notes out there in the cool quiet of a beautiful old farm. The effect upon me was marvelous. It completely transformed my views as to the mission of a gospel minister.

I was then thirty-seven years of age, unmarried, without even a boyish romance to vary the intensity of twenty years' experience as student and preacher. It was two years before I recovered my health sufficient to follow any vocation, during which time I remained in the country.

While living in this beautiful place, I became acquainted with a venerable old pastor of the church in the village nearby. He had been serving the church for over thirty years, and was beloved by all. I attended his services quite regularly for nearly a year, learning by observation what a pastor could really be to his people. The sermons were of a practical

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nature, and were intended for that particular congregation. While he held the older theological notions, he so seldom referred to them in his simple, off-hand, heart-to-heart discourses, that he scarcely ever annoyed me by them. He seemed to have naturally outgrown book theology. He had become so closely interlocked in the lives of his people that his sermons seemed more like fatherly advice and counsel than specimens of pulpit oratory. Many a mother had presented her child to this venerable old pastor for christening, who had herself been christened by him, at the same altar, years before. To him were confided troubles, fears, plans and ambitions of the plain, wholesome people who were his congregation. His home was the temporary rendezvous of many a hunted, stranded soul. This spirit of sympathy and charity had so pervaded his church that the petty jealousies and rivalries of the other churches of the village found little foothold among his people.

I had preached in this church several years before at a conference which was held in the village. It was in the midst of the glory of my former pastorate. The people of the village had flocked out to hear the talented young preacher from the city. I little thought then that the gentle, old pastor who introduced me to his congregation that morning was so soon to become my teacher. I became slightly acquainted with his family, one member of which I had not forgotten. His youngest daughter, reared as she had been in the sunshine of this practical Christian home, although I had slight opportunity to become acquainted with her, touched my heart as no other woman had. The vision of her simple loveliness, the memory of her helpful accomplishments, had been with me ever since. Perhaps it was this that brought me to this old village again, to seek rest and recuperation.

It had been several years since I had seen her, during which time my relations to society had presented numerous opportunities to have selected a wife of social standing and wealth. Yet, somehow or other I had not done so; perhaps

because of a vague memory—perhaps not; I am not sure. At any rate I was very glad to find that she was still unmarried and an enthusiastic assistant to her father in his many and varied pastoral duties. Our acquaintance soon ripened into warm friendship, which finally resulted in that deepest and holiest of all feelings — love. We were married in the fall, two years after my illness; and the following spring her father, who had become to me more than a father, died. The people all mourned the loss of their dear old pastor, friend and counselor.

One year from the date of my father-in-law's death, I became the pastor of the church he had served so many years. Even with the aid of my wife, who had been brought up in his work, I found myself in a more difficult place to fill than I did in my city pastorate.

In the first place my new resolution to bear the gospel to the poor and outcast found little scope in this rural pastorate, as there were very few of that class of people. Such few cases as I managed to find were hopelessly estranged from my people by old prejudices and ancient family feuds. There were in all five churches in the little town of 1,500 people in which my church was located. After a thorough investigation I found that less than 500 actually attended any church. I began visiting among the churchless ones, seeking to interest them in religious matters. But my activities were misunderstood by the other churches, as well as the people, and I was soon regarded as a proselyter, desiring to build up my church denomination. Everything was quiet before I came. Each church had settled down to their definite boundaries. There was peace, but it was the peace of death (as I thought then).

By the pastors of the other churches, I began to be regarded as a dangerous competitor, as my visits among the people began to bring into my congregation new faces. My colleagues, noticing my success in this line, began to visit also, which soon developed a spirit of rivalry among the churches, although I made every effort possible to avoid such

feeling. My evangelical efforts were regarded with some misgivings and embarrassment by my own members. They had come to love the peace of the old days, and the disturbing influence of my zeal to spread the gospel was disquieting to them.

They were much better acquainted with the newcomers in my congregation than I was, and I discovered a lack of enthusiasm, if not a decided indifference toward my missionary efforts. I noticed, with sinking spirits, that my intense desire to push my church out into new fields of activity was not only disturbing the peace of my own church, but it was kindling the spirit of jealousy and strife, which already existed to some degree among the churches. Where I had sought to bring the gospel of peace, I had succeeded only in stirring up denominational zeal and competition.

I knew many of my flock longed for the quiet of the old days, when each church was more or less content with its own little circle of followers, leaving the rest of the world to come and go as it pleased. All this was new to me, and the shame and anguish it caused me was quite overwhelming. What was I to do? I knew that my mission was to carry the gospel to the world, and not simply to the few believers who constituted my church. But when I undertook to carry the gospel to the world, I found that I was bringing a sword and not peace.

Petty denominational differences were revived that had long been buried in the quiet days that preceded my pastorate. Why could I not be content to preach and visit, to marry and christen, to bury and console, among the little flock left me by my quiet, genial predecessor, whom everybody seemed to love.

My new idea of the function of a gospel minister had led me to study social problems. I thought if I was to carry the good tidings to the poor and outcast I must seek to relieve the conditions that made them poor and outcast. I began to introduce such subbjects in my pulpit, but I soon discovered

that my people were not interested in sociology. Prison reform, the tramp problem, better citizenship, purity of politics, and the like, did not seem to them to have any connection with the gospel. In my city pastorate I had the reputation of being a great preacher, but none of the sermons that had made me great there was of the slightest interest here. In the city, surrounded by stirring scenes of local interest, assisted by fine music and elegant accessories of every sort, my eloquence and beautiful diction seemed fitting and met the applause of the multitude (although I doubt not that many a poor, lonely, bereaved, starving soul found little or no help by my eloquence).

But here it was different. There were no stirring local events. The people were intelligent, but practical. Their lives were simple and frugal. The sermon constituted all there was of a church service. If it referred to matters that touched their lives, they were interested. If not, they were not interested. No artifice or oratory or jugglery of words or gilded diction was of any account to them.

On funeral occasions I was a sore disappointment to them. With my dear old predecessor a funeral was made a great occasion. He was sure to have a crowded house, to which all denominations contributed. In his simple, clear faith he rose to an eloquence that moved all the people. He believed in heaven; an orthodox heaven. He believed in hell; an orthodox hell. He believed in the endless quiet of the one, and the never-ending disquiet of the other. He never bothered with questions about conditional immortality, continued probation, final salvation or an intermediate state. Death to him was final, but in his broad charity and magnificent toleration he found a comfortable hope in almost every case.

But with me the case was different. I was not at all clear on questions of future life. I believed in immortality in a general way, but it was a subject about which I disliked to make any definite statements. I had held almost every shade

of opinion on these subjects without finding myself contented with any, and had settled down into a sort of semi-agnosticism on such matters which my city pastorate did not especially disturb. I had been in the habit of reading a few passages of Scripture, making a brief prayer, relating chiefly to the bereaved, sometimes adding a few vague remarks touching immortality. But I had no settled, clear convictions on these subjects.

I knew nothing about heaven or hell, the whereabouts of departed spirits, the resurrection of the body, and could speak on these subjects only by using figures of speech to which almost any meaning could be attached. This did not satisfy these people. They wanted something more definite. Their small, well kept cemetery marked the last resting place of many a beloved one. They expected of me, and had a right to expect something besides surmises, doubts and vague platitudes. But for the assistance of my sweet-spirited wife I should have sunk under the burden of these trials. I knew my people were nearer right than I was, but I could not adjust my thinking to their expectations of me. I was learning to love them more and more every day, and yet my weakness to serve them was growing more striking and apparent to me.

Most of my people were born and reared within the limits of the village. To them their little town with its institutions was the world. To me it seemed narrow and petty, although I recognized its charms and virtues. They were proud to have so noted a preacher as a pastor of their church, and yet were secretly disappointed by his ministrations. With my new gospel I had not yet become to be content with little things. I wanted to operate on a larger scale. I wanted to set the town on fire with evangelical zeal, and it had never occurred to me as yet that any such thing could be done or ought to be done, except through the agency of a regularly organized church.

A COUNTRY PREACHER RESIGNS.

Dr. Talkwell's Fourth Lecture—He Resigns His Country Pastorate.

IN THE lectures that have preceded this one, and this one also, I have ventured to dwell chiefly on my own biography in order to put before you the conditions which brought me to become your pastor. I had been educated for the ministry in the usual way. I had been the successful pastor of a city church, which my health compelled me to resign. While recuperating from the illness, I began to read the New Testament without notes, which greatly changed my views of the function of a Christian minister. I accepted a call to a country church. As pastor of a country church I found myself much nearer able to be what I conceived a Christian minister ought to be than I had in my previous city pastorate. But I found the place of a country pastor much harder to fill. The artifices and speculations, refinements and literary culture of my ministerial preparation were of little or no service to me in my country pastorate. My preparation for the ministry had not furnished me with the things that interested them. Their interests were entirely local. I found myself hampered by the narrow scope of the subjects that seemed appropriate to my pulpit. While the average intelligence was greater than in the city, their vital interests were limited to their own quiet, pastoral life.

I had become greatly interested in social subjects. I had learned to love the people in my country parish more and more each year, but my longings for a larger field of activity

gradually grew upon me. I wanted to come into intimate relations with the classes about which I had read so much. In my former city pastorate I had learned next to nothing of any class except the cultured, aristocratic, prosperous people. In my country pastorate the people were almost entirely frugal, industrious and virtuous. I felt that my call as a Christian minister should bring me more in contact with the wandering sheep. The city only could furnish me the field for my labor. I was thoroughly rested now and wished once more to take up a city pastorate. I felt sure that I could establish an institutional church which would enable me to follow in my Master's footsteps in ministering to the poor, the wretched and depraved. I had not as yet been able to lead a church into this sort of work, but I had no doubt but that I should be able to do so, if I found the right sort of a church.

It had not yet occurred to me that the work of the Master and the work of the pastor were necessarily incompatible. Even in my country pastorate I found it impossible to extend the influence of my church to the ones who needed it most. And the chief obstacle which I encountered was the church itself. The many careless ones and the few depraved and vicious ones within the bounds of my parish were so well known to my people that they had no interest or confidence in any attempt to reclaim them. Thus I was obliged to settle down to the quiet and beautiful life of my venerable predecessor, yet I was discontented with it. I was sure that I was not leading the life of a Christian minister. Once more the church stood in my way. I could see no parallel between the life I was living and the life outlined by Jesus when he sent his disciples into the world.

It was at this point in my career that your call for me to serve your church came. I accepted eagerly. I believed it a providential opportunity to preach the new doctrines of Christian ministry which I had come to adopt. I believed I could lead your church into paths of real Christian ministry.

When John the Baptist demanded of Jesus evidence that he was the Messiah the only reply he received was that the blind see, the lame walk, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. I was determined to keep this thought before me. My work should be through the church to preach the Gospel to the poor. It seemed to me, then, that I needed just such an organization to assist me in carrying the Gospel to the poor. It had not occurred to me that my Master had no such organization; that while he was sometimes found in the synagogues and temples, yet it was not on these he relied for assistance. Indeed it was these institutions that constituted his chief opposition.

It was not by the aid of the church of his day that Jesus carried the Gospel to the poor, but he did so in spite of the church. I still clung to the idea that Christian ministry could only be hoped for through the church.

I need not recite to you what has happened while I was your pastor. How you have listened to my sermons on the new gospel ministry and showed your appreciation by raising my salary and presenting me with an elegant parsonage on a fashionable street. How we have sometimes succeeded in persuading some of the outcasts to come into our elegant church, but to stay only a few weeks. How we have cautiously assisted discharged criminals, hesitatingly thrown out the life-line to the harlot with little or no result except to increase the widespread belief that they are beyond hope. We have tried vainly to bring to us the ones we should have gone to. I should have gone to these people, not to invite them somewhere, but to stay with them. It was un-Christlike and impertinent for us to try to force our habits, our manners and our ways of thinking upon these people. To import them into our society and then feel disappointed because they did not like to stay, shows how little we understood the work and the people. After we had made such proselytes, we made them twofold more the children of hell than we were. In our

home life and in our church life we were thoroughly incapacitated to reach the poor because of the barriers of wealth and culture. To invite them into our homes was only to fill them with envy or tempt them to steal. To inveigle them into our church was simply to awe them into stupid embarrassment or make them mad at what seemed to them sinful extravagance.

I do not blame any of you for these things. You have done your very best to follow where I have led. We have simply attempted an impossible thing. I have been trying to get you to do the work that I set out to do. My Master did not try to get people to go into the synagogues or temples. That was not .his work. Neither the synagogues nor the temples nor any other institution of civilization could minister to the peculiar needs of a certain class of downtrodden ones. He went to them, ministering to their needs, stayed with them, became one of them, suffered with them, rejoiced with them, lived with them. Because he did this his name has become a power and an inspiration in the world ever since.

He called his followers to do the same work he did. I professed to be one of his chosen followers, but I did not follow in this work. My mistake was in supposing that I could follow him in the peculiar work he assigned his followers while I remained the pastor of my church. While that institution we call the church is doing a great work, and a necessary work in the evolution of human society, yet I insist that it is not doing the work which Jesus expected his ministers to do. He told his ministers to go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. "To provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in their purses, nor script for their journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves."

At the same time Jesus said these things the synagogues and the temples were in operation, but had failed to minister to the whole people, just as the church of today fails to minister to a certain class of people. It was to this churchless class that he sent his disciples, and it is to this class that he

calls them today. Instead of going to the churchless I went to the churches. I provided myself with purse and script and gold and silver and brass, and two coats, and shoes, and everything else that any luxury-loving man could desire.

In the ten years that I have served you as pastor, I have make a frantic but futile attempt to compromise and commingle these two courses of living. I have tried to be a minister of Jesus Christ, and the pastor of a modern church at the same time. I have tried to drag the church out of its legitimate function into a field of activity that it can never be made to serve. The church is an educational institution. It is this and nothing more. It is only incidentally and accidentally doing any of the work that Jesus desired his followers to do. It is doing a good work, a work that at present, at least, can not be performed by any other institution or society.

The ones to whom Jesus sent his disciples live and die, go and come, in this city, absolutely untouched by the churches. The church can not go to them; could not serve them if it did go. I do not blame the church for these things, for it was neither called nor instituted by Jesus, nor did he expect it to do his work. I blame only myself, who profess to be a special minister of Jesus, called to do his special work among that special class to which he was sent.

In this series of lectures I have tried to lay before you more fully my reasons for resigning as your pastor. I am not a Christian minister, never have been, and quite likely never will be. I feel sure that my past life has utterly incapacitated me for any such work. Your society has kindly invited me to give these lectures, and I appreciate the opportunity to explain myself.

I have a proposition to make to this society—a business proposition, simply. If you will accept it on the terms mentioned in my letter to you, you may consider it a bargain. An honest bargain, I hope, but the same kind of a bargain as any other commercial transaction.

I will agree to go in the byways and neglected places of this city each week, learn what I can from these people, and come to this place every Sunday morning and tell you what I have seen and heard during the week. You may call my reports what you please; sermons, lectures, or what not, but I beg of you not to call me a Christian minister. I will try in these visits through the city to ascertain for you what a Christian minister might do if he would. I believe that there is a great work that could be done. I am willing to confess to you that at present I have neither the courage nor faith to enter this work wholly myself, but I can at least ascertain what the work is, and outline for you the practical details. I shall not blame any one for hesitating or refusing to do this work, for this is exactly what I have done myself. If you conclude to employ me to do this work for you, I will be here next Sunday morning with my first week's experience among that class of people, who, although no worse in the sight of God than any other people, yet are crushed down and degraded by the inevitable and unavoidable evolution of human society.

YE VISITED ME NOT.

How We Preachers Minister to Those in Prison.

I WAS just about to say when I was interrupted this morning, that instead of visiting some one of the by ways of this city during the past week and reporting to you what I had seen, I was unexpectedly called to a neighboring city in this state. My call brought me into contact with the workhouse located there. Like other workhouses, the prisoners are those who have committed petty offenses which are not considered of sufficient gravity for the penitentiary. They are an ignorant, diseased, underwitted, unskilled, shiftless class addicted to the use of one or more narcotics, generally brought up in vices of all sorts, depraved by their parents, outraged by society, degraded by the powers that should be their defenders. These men and women are huddled together in care of those who have no other thought than to get as much out of them as possible with as little expense.

These people are the natural and legitimate product of the same society that is avenging itself upon them. I am not complaining of these things, however, I am only putting them before you. They are, perhaps, unavoidable, under the circumstances. Well, here they are, huddled together, helpless, hopeless and despondent, a hundred or more of them. Their keeper is a politician. He got his place as a political spoil. He knows nothing or cares nothing about humanity, ethics or religion. He refuses them reading matter, because,

as he says, they are there to be punished, and he conceives it his duty to make them as miserable as he can. The lives of these people are absolutely within the keeping of this man and his assistants. If ever men and women needed or deserved intelligent and prayerful assistance, these poor creatures do.

"I was in prison and ye visited me," is doubtless read from every pulpit in that city Sunday after Sunday, and they who read this saying of Jesus are called ministers of Jesus Christ. Where are they and what are they doing about these poor people? They are attending to the finances of their several churches. They are visiting among happy and prosperous parishioners. They are attending socials, church fairs, afternoon teas, and what not. They are giving lectures, preaching sermons, reading essays, in short, they are performing their legitimate function in society A good work, but not this kind of work. They know nothing nor care nothing for these poor creatures, who, softened by adversity, quickened by despair, would grasp eagerly any hand stretched out to save them. A splendid opportunity for the ministry. But do they do it, these people who are called ministers of Jesus Christ? No, they do not.

A miserable make-shift of a Sunday service is held once a week for these people by a layman and his wife, whose theology is of that bygone type which the least a person hears of it the better he is off. The superintendent is not at all in sympathy with these services, and the friction between him and the people who hold the services is well known to the prisoners.

The females do not attend the services at all, but purposely disturb them by tramping and shuffling in the rooms directly above. This is a fine redress that society is making these outraged children. Why are there no harvesters in this field, ripe and waiting for reapers? Why is it that the eloquence, the learning, the training is used in that city every

Sunday on audiences that have no need, no sorrow, except the need and sorrow of over-indulgence and ennui? Why is there not one from among the number of those who call themselves Christian ministers in that city — why is there not one who will go to those people, become their consoler, and, if need be, their defender? Why is it they will continue to minister to those who come to hear them out of a sense of duty or force of habit, or because it is the proper thing to do, rather than that they have any need or interest in their ministry? Why do they not go to those that need them — to those who are in sorrow, to those who are poor, to those who are oppressed, to those who are in prison? I will tell you why.

Because this is not their work. They have no time. They are already overworked. They know nothing of these people and could render them no practical service. They know nothing of hunger, poverty; nothing of the despair of the down-trodden, nothing of the paralyzing anguish of having no friends. Some people blame them for not doing this work. I do not. I know by bitter experience that they have no preparation for it. It is the work of a Christian minister; a follower of Jesus. One who is willing to work for no salary. To become of no reputation. To be counted among publicans and sinners. Willing to have men separate themselves from his company as from an evil thing; willing to be called a friend of harlots, a wine bibber, or anything else that the pharisees of all ages call those who do the real work of Jesus Christ.

There is one caution I wish to drop here, however, before closing, which seems to have been overlooked by the church entirely. It is the assumption that the poor, the depraved, the prisoners, and such like, are so easily ministered to that almost anyone will do. If a boy becomes enthusiastic on religion, no matter how ignorant he may be, or how abnormal his previous life may have been, if he only has the gift of gab and self-confidence, he is thought to be just the fellow for

mission work. If he has been a bummer, a prize-fighter, a drunkard, or a horse thief, so much the better; he will attract a bigger audience. To stand such a man up to recite his adventures in a mission or prison is supposed to be just the thing that will save that kind of people. Theology, no matter how rotten, how irrational it may be, is all right if it is only put strong enough. To make them smell sulphur and see Satan, as John Calvin did, is thought to be just the medicine that the low and vicious ones need.

Let me tell you that I think this a great mistake. If any audience needs rational theology it is these audiences. Subterfuges will meet with far better reception with the average church audience than with such people. All the wisdom, and sagacity, and prudence, and eloquence, and logic, and common sense, of which any man is capable, is needed to properly handle the audience that commonly gathers at the missions, or is found in the prison. If foolish theology must be preached, let it be somewhere else than these places. Let it be served up in beautiful diction and rythmical cadence to aristocratic audiences who care for such things, but in the mission and prison there is actual human need, human distress; platitudes won't do here, heart must address heart, experience must touch experience, feeling must engender feeling, hope must kindle hope, no shams can be made to work here. I wish I could emphasize this caution.

A REFORMED PARSONAGE.

Dr. Talkwell's New Parsonage — "I was a Stranger and Ye Took Me In."

"DEAR," said Mrs. Talkwell to her husband at breakfast the next morning after the doctor's first report, "now that you are free from the foolish burdens and unnatural vexations of a city pastorate, why can't we carry out the plan we wished to when we first came to this city? You know we intended to rent that large brick house on North Third street and furnish it cheaply, without carpets or unnecessary furniture, and make of it a Christian home, where any one could be made welcome. I noticed as I passed it yesterday that it was for rent again."

"But, my dear, while I know what is in your heart, and feel, like you, that it is positively sinful for us to continue to live here, surrounded by so much needless luxury (glancing around the elegant parsonage presented to him by his former parishioners), while so many people as worthy as we are are suffering for the common necessities of life; yet have you considered all that is involved in this undertaking? Just think of the locality; such an undesirable place to bring up our children. And—"

"Yes, yes!" responded Mrs. Talkwell, "I have thought of all that. Here is Martha now, nineteen years old; has finished school; and Ruth, seventeen, quite old enough to begin to minister to others in return for all she has received. And as for Mark, he is twelve years old today; and I know of no better way to celebrate his birthday than for us to resolve

here and now to bid farewell to all this wealth and luxury; to go out into the world and live among that kind of people to whom the Master sent his ministers."

"Really, papa," said Martha, "don't hesitate on our account; for mamma has been talking the matter over with Ruth and me, and we would like to try the experiment. We are heartily sick of the selfishness and uselessness of the lives we have been living. If we have any culture or accomplishments as the result of all our study and training, we are quite willing to let others who have not and can not have such privileges share the benefit of them (if indeed there can be any benefit in them)."

"And, besides!" exclaimed Ruth, "I believe we shall learn to love these people quite as well as the people with whom we have been associated. What little I have taught in the mission Sunday school has brought me to see that beneath their untidy appearance and rough behavior there is a sincerity and frankness that are quite refreshing. I think we should all like it very much."

"Why, you quite surprise me with your missionary zeal!" replied the doctor, laughingly.

"But I decidedly object," interposed Martha, "being called a missionary. I have seen so much of that kind of people ever since I can remember that the sound of the word is associated in my mind with the uncanny and the unreal."

"And then," added Ruth, "I don't like the word 'zeal,' either. It's all right, I suppose, but it makes one think of John the Baptist. I'd rather call it interest than zeal."

"Oh, well, my dears, you'll have to excuse your father in an occasional use of these old theological terms. They stick to me like bad habits. Such words have been horribly misused, and I do not wonder you have an aversion for them. But, my son, what do you think of the idea of going on North Third street to live in a big house, with bare walls and floors, bare windows, hospital beds, wood-bottom chairs, cheap crock-

ery, and live on soup-bones instead of porter house steak? How would you like that, my son?"

"Oh, I don't care where we live, so long as I have mamma for my sweetheart, and you and the girls to play with. We can have just as much fun there as anywhere, I suppose. Anyhow, I have more fun at home than anywhere else. What difference is it to me what street it's on?"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Talkwell, "we ought to consider this business seriously, and get about it at once. We could dispose of our furniture, bric-a-brac and jewelry for a considerable sum. This house will rent for sixty dollars a month, which, together with the salary they pay for your Sunday morning reports, will make all the income we shall need for a time at least."

"Well, really, my dear, I think I shall turn the practical details of the matter over to you. You seem to have a head for worldly wisdom."

"What would we call our new home?" asked Ruth.

"I should prefer to call it nothing," answered the doctor. "It will be simply our home, with room to spare. We will be only putting ourselves in a situation to do what Jesus expected his disciples to do when he said, 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.' As it is, you see we can do nothing of the sort. We could admit no stranger to our present home. Hospitality with us is a practical impossibility."

"But why," persisted Ruth, "must we practice such rigid economy and frugality?"

"Well," replied the doctor in mock gravity, "in order to put my answer in sermon form, we must practice economy and frugality:

"First—That we may excite in others no envy.

"Second—That we may tempt no man to steal from us.

"Third—That we may have something to spare for others.

"Fourth—That we may no longer be examples of gluttony and extravagance.

"Fifth—That we may be able to follow—"

"I rise to a point of order," laughingly interrupted Mrs. Talkwell. "We were to have no more preaching in this family. We were to drop preaching and go to practicing. In place of being a family of Talk-wells, we are aspiring to become a family of Do-wells."

"Forgive me, my dear. I had temporarily forgotten myself. I will sin no more in this regard. At least I will try very hard. I wish there was a gold cure for bad habits like this. I have other bad habits, but the habit of preaching is my worst one. The Lord reveals to me his will, and instead of doing it, I make a sermon out of it and shout it to others. Then, like a fool, I sit down and wonder why others do not do what God has told me to do. Seriously, I desire the prayers of my family that I may be finally liberated from the pernicious and lifelong habit of preaching."

"But to return to the subject of economy," quietly remarked Mrs. Talkwell with a roguish twinkle in her eye, "I suspect that the girls have other reasons for looking forward with some anxiety to a home in a private poorhouse. I am afraid they will find it quite embarrassing to receive certain of their callers in a home such as we have been talking about, especially as they are liable to meet there—"

"No, mamma," interrupted Ruth, "I think you do us both injustice. You know very well we shall not consider that we have lost anything to lose callers who would object on such grounds."

And yet the tell-tale blushes on the faces of the two girls indicated that the remark of their mother had raised in their minds a phase of the question which they had already thought about. Poor girls. We congratulate you and yet we pity you. If you take this step you will need no young people's religious meetings to suggest Christian work for you. It will come to you thick and fast. You will need no tracts, lesson leaves, or sermons, to tell you what to do. You will need only

frequent recourse to your closet, where, with door shut, your Father will come to you in secret with the wisdom and strength for each day's work.

Thus it was that the Talkwell family established their new home. Such a home that if Jesus were to come into this city hungry, friendless, and with no place to lay his head, he would find ready welcome, instead of being met with suspicion or scorn or fed on the back porch with a few cold scraps like a dog.

Not a public institution nor yet a proselyting dodge, but simply a Christian home; just such a home as is absolutely indispensable to Christian hospitality. The only sort of a home that has the least vestige of excuse for claiming to be a Christian home. Not a place of many inmates, but simply a few guests, with such a degree of intimacy as to make fraud impossible and merit recognizable. In short, a Christian home where Christian hospitality and fraternity are possible.

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A PRACTICAL BEGINNING.

"Render Unto Cæsar the Things that are Cæsar's, and Unto God the Things that are God's."

THERE was an unwonted flush of enthusiasm noticeable in the face of Dr. Talkwell last Sunday as he awaited the seating of the vast audience assembling to hear his report from the neglected places of our city. He seemed overwhelmed with surprise at the change in the personnel of his audience. The faces of many old friends and former parishioners were missing, as it had been rumored that the doctor's report might make it embarrassing for certain owners of property located in the Bad Lands, who were members of his former church. But where one had left his audience, twenty had come, seemingly of the working class. But if any came to hear a sensational lecture they were disappointed, for whatever else the doctor may be, he is not a sensational pulpiteer.

After the organ voluntary had ceased, after the audience was waiting with breathless expectation, still the doctor sat with bowed head, as if in meditation or silent prayer. A solemn hush fell on the assembly. No audible prayer could have effected such a sincere and impressive devotional spirit as seemed to pervade the whole congregation. It seemed, indeed, as if the Lord was in his temple, and all the earth kept silent. The omission in these services of the usual stereotyped prayer was never fully understood and appreciated by the church-goers until this service. Not a word was spoken, and

yet never in the history of this church was an audience so touched by a spirit of true devotion. "And thy Father, which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly," these words spoken by Jesus so long ago took on a new meaning to every one.

The report, (of which unfortunately only the briefest synopsis can be allowed space,) was given without notes in an easy, familiar manner. It was an occasion when oratory would have seemed vulgar, and poetry as much out of place as at a cabinet meeting.

He said among other things: If any have stayed away from this meeting for fear of the report I am about to make, it is another example of the Scripture that says: "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." I am neither a Gatling gun nor a blatant meddler with other people's affairs. I am at work trying to find out all I can about this city, but I shall take plenty of time and caution before I repeat the items to this meeting. Notwithstanding I have been a pastor in this city for over ten years, I know next to nothing about the city, but I do know enough about it to comprehend that these things can not be understood in a day or in a month. I am not one of those who think they can go slumming Saturday night and then stand in the pulpit Sunday morning and tell the city officials how to run the city government. This has already been done in this city several times with very unfortunate results to every one concerned. I am not going to follow this very unwise example.

Let me tell you briefly what I am proposing to do. I am determined to juggle no longer with the plain words of Jesus. I am going to do as he told me to do, partly, at least (for you remember that I have already confessed to you that I have neither the courage nor the faith to become wholly a Christian minister). I am going to leave the ninety and nine sheep that are safe within the fold, and I am going out to hunt for the lost one, and shall not be at all surprised if I find ten where I was looking for one.

I mean by lost sheep simply those who are getting the worst of it. I mean those who for one reason or another are deprived of the bounties which God has provided for all alike. I mean those who are suffering from cold, or hunger, or injustice, or disease, or neglect, or degradation of any kind. With the great chariot of progress I have no quarrel whatever. The most of us were lucky enough to get into this chariot where we are riding safe from the perils that assail those outside. Ninety are on the chariot, ten are under its wheels, being crushed to death by its progress. We, who are safe, have no cause for boasting or egotism. The reason we are aboard instead of being ground under the wheels is the accident of hereditary endowment, early education, and other peculiar circumstances over which we have no control.

I want to go to my lost brothers. Not because they are worse men than I am, but because they are suffering. I have been safely housed all these years within the fold, ministering to the ninety and nine, diligently stopping my ears to the piteous bleatings of the lost one on the dreary, cold mountains of despair and wretchedness. I have tried to make myself and others believe that Jesus did not exactly mean that I was to go out of the comfortable, warm, elegant sheep-fold and give up my whole time in the search for lost sheep in the wretched squalor, where vice and vulgarity shudder and cringe.

I was willing to collect money to hire some one else to go after the lost one or deliver beautiful exhortations to admiring congregations on the subject, but that I, the scholarly writer, the eloquent preacher, the refined Christian gentleman, should attend in person to such small matters seemed ridiculous. And I should have made myself thoroughly ridiculous had I attempted it, without a doubt, for with all my learning I knew nothing whatever about real Christian ministry. But now that I desired to stop quibbling and do some real Christian work, a new difficulty arose.

How to go about it—that was my problem. The higher

criticisms or social theories were of no use to me now. My immense and costly library was useless trash in this extremity. I could not solve this problem with a lead pencil safe in my cosy study, as I had been in the habit of solving social problems. I spent several restless nights in which no sleep came to my relief.

Even my prayers seemed of no avail in this matter, for I was praying through the thick fog of my own prejudices. I did not know I was prejudiced; no one does. Every prejudiced man thinks he is fair and liberal. It is only after he gets over it that he discovers that he was prejudiced.

During all the time when I was wondering what I should do and how I should begin, the evil city government kept reverting to my mind as the logical and probable place for assistance. In their public distribution of alms, in the management of public safety, with the information collected by the policemen who patrol every part of the city day and night, what institution or institutions could possibly be in possession of so much information? Here my prejudice arose.

While I had not made myself prominent in any opposition or criticism upon the city authorities, yet the public utterances of those who had done so, had prejudiced my mind against the authorities. While I knew nothing about the matter personally, yet I harbored a vague notion that they were bad men and cared for little else than boodle and were as far removed from any desire to assist any Christian work as it was possible for any set of men to be. Mind you, I did not know anything about this, and yet the persistent and repeated attacks, assertions and insinuations of these critics had thoroughly prejudiced my mind against our city authorities.

It was, therefore, with great hesitation, that I finally concluded to visit the mayor's office. I expected to find — well, no matter what I expected. I had rather tell you what I did find. I found a cordial welcome, a respectful and sympathetic attention to all I had to say, and when I revealed the fact that

I only wished to come into such relations to the poverty, vice and degradation of our city as to enable me to understand them, to report them and try to be of assistance in mitigating them, I was not only assured of his personal aid, but every facility afforded by the city government was offered me. There were placed before me plans and work already done in this direction. The quiet benevolences, the unknown charities, the un-talked of humanities that had been going on in this public office all through the pitiless shower of vituperation and slander of the churches, were incidentally revealed to me as our conversation continued. I was astonished and ashamed, and yet pleased that I had found the assistance I so much needed.

The personal and official assistance rendered me by the executive department has enabled me to find out more about our city inside of two weeks — yes, a hundred times more — than I had learned in ten years of pastoral work. Now that I have assumed sympathetic relations to the city government my old distrust and hostility are rapidly disappearing. I expect to find imperfections — where shall I look for perfection? But surely fraternity is better than estrangement. I regret that I did not see this long ago. Why did I not follow my Master in such things? The scribes and Pharisees tried in every way to get him to speak ill of the very unjust government that prevailed in his time. But not a word of criticism could they get from him. When they brought him the tribute money and asked him if it was lawful for Cæsar to collect tribute of them, he would answer them nothing else but "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." To criticise governments was not the Master's work. He came to bring good tidings of peace to all men, especially to the poor, the downtrodden, the outcast.

I wish I had always attended to my own business, instead of spending my strength in criticising other people's affairs.

Nothing is so much needed in our cities as sympathetic relation between the churches and the city government. This could be easily brought about if the churches would try to do as Jesus did in these matters. I have every reason to believe that the people who constitute the city governments would meet all respectful advances on the part of the churches with courtesy.

Some of the churches entirely ignore the city government, paying no attention whatever to the affairs of the city. This is very wrong. Others of the churches are spending their strength and vitality in fighting the city government. This is also wrong. I fear the churches are rare, indeed, who are earnestly trying, in a Christian spirit, to make friends with the city government, and thus become of real use to the city.

I hope my past errors in this respect will be somewhat atoned for by my future conduct. No one in this city is in greater need of reform than myself. I see this now, very plainly. I wish I had seen it before.

A PREACHER'S EMANCIPATION.

"Come Unto Me, All Ye That Labor and are Heavy Laden, and I Will Give You Rest."

AT THE close of a very interesting report of our city's by-ways, which was mainly statistical, the doctor closed with the following words: When I was in the regular pastorate I was often at my wit's end to know what to preach about next. It seemed to me often that I had preached every subject I could think of threadbare. Oh, for something new to preach about. This was my perpetual worry. With something to preach about it was easy enough to make a sermon. I used to invent all sorts of means to suggest new themes for my pulpit. I would search through books of sermons, glance over the pages of an encyclopedia, turn the leaves of my dictionary, rummage in historic anecdotes, anything and everything to ring a change on the hackneyed questions and trite topics which I considered proper for pulpit work.

I must have succeeded in this better than the average preacher, for my success in drawing and holding an audience was good, as you all know. But the anxious agony it cost me kept me constantly in a state of restless absent-mindedness, oblivious to the pathos, the humor and the beauty of every-day happenings about me. The shivering beggar, the chattering school girl, the swaggering policeman, the noisy parade, were all passed by me without the slightest interruption to my exhausting cogitations. Oh, the brain weariness of it all!

I shudder as I recall it. It comes back to me like the memory of a horrible nightmare.

But all is changed now. Since breaking away from the necessity of preaching two sermons about nothing every week, and since spending my time more as Jesus did among the people, I find my themes accumulating much more rapidly than I can dispose of them. Your written questions have piled up about me here until I scarcely know what to do with them. Such pertinent questions, too! Questions that probe the innerness of subjects entirely new to me, but extremely interesting. I can scarcely wait for the opportunity to speak to you on Sunday morning.

Notwithstanding that we have dispensed with all preliminaries, except the organ voluntary, and all concluding ceremonies other than to shake hands and go home, yet the time seems far too short for me to say to you what is in my heart! If every day were Sunday I should have no want of new themes to bring to your attention. The home that I live in now brings them to me thicker and faster. My daily duties and privileges are better than all the libraries on earth as sermon-making material. And the joy of it all, the exhilaration of it and the healthy reaction of sleep and rest which follow such fatigue as this. Oh, the freedom of it! I would not go back to my bonds again for the world. The bonds that bound me to conventionalities, that bound me to proprieties, that bound me to the niceties of modern culture, that bound me to creeds, to church usages, pastoral duties, to ecclesiastical burden bearing.

Oh, that I had heard the voice of my Master years ago, calling me from the foolish worry and futile labors which beset me. How many times have I read, for the benefit of others, my Master's words when he said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I little thought, in those days when I was reading this to

others, no man needed to heed this invitation more than myself. All the dreary days I was heavy laden and bearing useless burdens, burdens that Jesus never intended me to bear. Now that I have broken the ecclesiastical chains that bound me to the pitiless proprieties of church usages I have found that rest which Jesus promised his followers.

I can go in and out now among the people, the poor people, the depraved people, the ones who need me most, with no church dignity to weigh me down, or ecclesiastical propriety to pull me back. I have to consult no one's quirks or qualms on these subjects but my own. The usages of polite society, the fetters of orthodoxy are nothing to me whatever. And the freedom of it! I never understood before what was meant by the freedom of the gospel. To be free from the law, the unwritten law of society, the church and tradition. I never understood before what Jesus meant when he said: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," and again, "if the son shall make you free, ye shall be free, indeed." This may sound to you like boyish enthusiasm, but it seems quite real to me. If you could realize the hampering influences and the suffocating limitations of the regular pastor's life, you would be better able to understand the joy of my emancipation.

No man has less time or less strength to devote to real Christian ministry. His life is filled with petty annoyances, frivolous interruptions and futile distractions. No time is his own time, no day is his day of rest. He has neither holy days nor holidays. His cares, domestic, ecclesiastical and social; his burdens, financial, clerical and scholastic, weigh him down. I know by experience how gladly he would break away from the whole torturing business if he dared to. But he feels sure that church traditions and personal necessities have bound him hopelessly to the stake of public opinion. He honestly believes that the faggots of censorship are piled high about him, and that the least attempt to break away from old beliefs

and usages would only light the fire which would make his martyrdom complete.

But this is not true. The people are ready to support real gospel ministry. They are as tired of paying for this sort of thing as the preachers are tired of furnishing it. It only needs a little frankness and mutual confession on both sides to end this long drawn out misunderstanding. Your magnanimous treatment of my confession and resignation is a prophecy of what is to come. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth."

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EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY.

"For We Know That the Whole Creation Groaneth and Travaileth Together in Pain Until Now."

AT THE close of his regular Sunday morning report, Dr. Talkwell said: I find a question here which has been repeated so many times I am inclined to answer it. It is this: "How do you reconcile the theory of evolution to your teaching on the Christian ministry?" The evolution of human society is a phrase that is on the lips of almost everybody, nowadays, but how few really believe in it. If this phrase means anything it means spontaneous growth, growth from inherent forces, conscious but not self-conscious growth, a growth that no one can hinder or help. Reformers make for themselves early graves by supposing that they can help society to grow; tyrants are crushed in the attempt to stop its growth. Governments seek to guide a growth they do not understand, and the lawless strive to break the laws of their being which no man can break. Men shout themselves hoarse in advocating theories of quickening the growth of society or make themselves ridiculous by trying to turn back the wheels of time, but the slow, ceaseless, irresistible evolution goes on, giving heed to none. Absolutely impartial, completely immutable.

Men may pray or men may curse; the growth of society is neither hastened nor impeded. Institutions rise, nations spring up, customs flourish, but these all pass away without leaving a trace to mark their futile attempt to increase or decrease the pulse beat of creation one whit. Creeds, statutes,

theologies, usages, revelations, are but clods that cling to the wheels of time in their ponderous, unhesitating revolution, clods that are soon flung by the wayside by the centrifugal force of progress. Who can help God? Who can hurry providence?

This evolution is carried on by eternal, changeless laws—God's laws. I do not mean by the law, the Old Testament canon, or the New Testament canon. I mean the rational laws upon which society rests, the law of trade, the law of mental growth, the physical laws, the laws of the universe, the laws that govern all social relations, and all other laws, physical, mental, and spiritual, upon which the evolution of society depends. Man did not make these laws. Man can not unmake these laws; man can not break these laws nor prevent them. He can destroy himself by standing in the way of them. The church is one of the great educational institutions of the land, one of the forces that is working out the evolution of society. The church, like all other institutions of civilization, is a part of the great system of law which undertakes to govern the growth of society. The church has a work to do, but it is a work of the law, not of the Gospel. Jesus said that he came not to destroy the law, but that every jot and tittle of the law must be fulfilled.

Every honest merchant, every well-meaning mechanic, every conscientious student, every sincere preacher, is working out the problem of the evolution of human society. Books can not do this, nor talk can not. Experience in actual business relations is the only guide. Sentiment has little or no part to play in it. Complete justice, absolute equity, this is all that is needed to prepare the world for the kingdom of God. The laws inherent in the nature of things must bring in this justice and equity. We can not hope for these things to come from any other source. Talking will not do it.

In the meantime, while this grind of social forces is going

on, a process which no man can hinder or help, there is a large multitude of people, who, from no fault of theirs, are being ground to death. This is inevitable, incurable, and but slowly growing more tolerable. Thousands are suffering, thousands will continue to suffer, for which there is no radical remedy available; no cure possible. It is to these that the Christian minister is called. His mission to them is not reformation or condemnation, or, so-called, salvation. It is simply the mission of the Master Jesus to bind up the broken-hearted, to show them that the part they are taking in the evolution of human society is no mean part; that they are the chiefest of martyrs and not the chiefest of sinners. To show them the dignity of poverty, the value of adversity; to show them that a clean heart and a right spirit (the only real treasure in this world) are as near, even nearer, to them than to the rich and the arrogant.

Many questions handed to me seem to indicate a belief that I am teaching a new doctrine of Christian living. This is a mistake. What I have been saying applies only to the Christian minister. We who pretend to be doing the work of the Christian minister are not doing this work at all. We only talk, talk, talk. That's all. We say I go, but do not go. It is of the minister I am speaking. As to the rank and file of the so-called Christian church I have nothing to say. I wonder at the faith and long suffering that enables them to bear the burdens of an institution that has so little to give in return.

I am surprised that they are able to sit Sunday after Sunday and hear us ministers tell the people to do the very thing that the Master sent the minister to do. Little by little the minister has shifted his own work upon the people until at last he has come to think that his only duty is to talk, to tell some one else what to do.

The minister was sent to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort the oppressed. It was not the people who were sent

to do this; it was the minister. But the minister does not do it. He simply stands in his pulpit and tells the people to do it, for which he draws a salary. He does not clearly tell the people how to do anything, for he does not know himself. Therefore the people do not go. And so it comes to pass that no one goes. Thus the down-trodden ones are allowed to suffer on. They get the worst of everything. They work the hardest, eat the meanest food, sleep where the minister's dog would not sleep. The minister tries to comfort himself with the fact that Jesus sometimes talked to a rich man. Therefore they are justified in living on princely salaries and continuing their genteel professions.

If we did not call ourselves Christian ministers and usurp this function of ministry, other Christians would arise to do this work. But we "neither go in ourselves nor allow those who would go in to pass." The greatest trouble is we are devising ideals instead of dealing with the real. What is, not what ought to be, is our real work. Ideals do more mischief than good, since they tend only to paralyze present effort. Yet ideals have their place. To have a clear ideal, with a distinct comprehension of the real, is the end of all wisdom.

All knowledge tends to set before the mind a vision of the ideal or else portray some detail of the real. To adjust one's self to the real without defacing the beauty of the ideal is the highest goal of human endeavor. To live in harmony with the present generation, and yet not be blinded by its incompleteness, is true philosophy. To see the golden age ahead without dazzling the eyes of the lesser beauty of the Now and Here is to be at once practical and pious. To have faith in the present providences, as well as in the past and future providences, is to have both faith and works. To believe in present revelations and not despise past revelations is to be neither conservative nor radical. To see the worth of the present without underestimating the greater worth of the future is the truest sanity, the safest theology. Oh, to be true to the best feeling of the present without blurring my image of better things to come; to hold present joys side by side with anticipations of the ideal — for this I most devoutly wish and pray.

LOVE, THE ONLY RELIGION.

"And if I Give My Body to be Burned, But Have Not Love, it Profiteth Me Nothing."

AT THE close of the organ voluntary last Sunday morning, Dr. Talkwell said: I find a number of questions before me that cover virtually the same ground. They are practical and pertinent questions, and deserve a more complete answer than I shall be able to give them this morning. I will read you a sample of them: "Are not the wicked and depraved receiving simply what they deserve and are therefore not entitled to our consideration?" "How can we love the depraved, the vulgar, the ignorant and the vicious?" "Ought we to help such people at all?" I have received many similar questions and invite your attention to the following considerations as possibly presenting the matter in a new light.

The accident of birth determines whether or not a person is to be reared in depravity or culture. And yet it is this very thing that we are constantly forgetting, when we harbor any blame or aversion towards the depraved. If it has happened that you are better than your neighbor, may it not be wholly due to superior parentage and early surroundings, for which you are entitled to no credit whatever? The only just way to judge of your neighbor's merit is to ask yourself, "would I with the same hereditary influences, the same early education, with the same mishaps that have befallen him, would I have done better than he has?"

Is it not possible to look at each man or woman in the world, high and low, good and bad, as acting a necessary part in the evolution of human society? At first statement such a proposition does not sound right; but let us consider it further.

In this light we might look upon the world as a great drama, with the villain and the hero; the nobleman and the peasant; the beggar and the Shylock; the drunkard and the miser; the Pharisee and the prodigal; the overworked and the idle; in which all these characters are taken by the different members of the human family. That God has so fixed it that while it is not absolutely essential that each one of these characters must come onto the stage of action before his kingdom can come on earth, yet he has so wisely arranged things that in case they do come onto the scene of action, that instead of hindering the coming of God's kingdom upon earth, they shall actually all of them work together, each in his own way, to the bringing on earth the final balance of forces which shall be the kingdom of God on earth.

That the drunkard is God's temperance lecturer; that the thief teaches the fallacy of dishonesty and crookedness; that the murderer is a practical demonstration of the command "Thou shalt not kill;" that the just man is an object lesson in righteousness; that he who does right or wrong teaches by his actions, more effectually than any words can teach, the everlasting truths of God; that we are to consider wickedness as working together with righteousness to bring peace on earth; that mankind is so constituted, that he is a being of so high an order, that experience only can teach him great truths which God wishes him to know.

To illustrate: The villain is just as necessary to bring out the pathos of a play on the stage as the hero. The only difference is, his part is not so pleasant a part to play as is the hero's. The hero gets all the applause. The villain gets all

the hisses. But both are working together to produce the same general result.

Why can we not look upon the world in all its activities in the same light? Circumstances over which the man had little or no control, may have determined that his part in this great drama of life shall be a drunkard, a beggar or a libertine. Surely he has a hard part to play. His is the thorny path. But if we could only grasp the idea that after all he is just as surely demonstrating the goodness of God by his failure to find happiness in his course of life, as the righteous man is demonstrating the goodness of God by his success in finding happiness in a righteous life.

The chemist in deciding the truth of an experiment over and over again in every possible way, proves by his failures, as well as his successes, the hidden truth he is trying to discover. In this great drama of life, in which we find some one trying every possible way to discover the secret of a happy life, those who make a failure teach as useful a lesson as those who make a success. Each wrecked life upon the sands of time is a warning signal to the traveler, guiding the way of the inexperienced. If we could take such a view as this of the great struggle of life in which we are placed, would it not be possible for us then to love those who have been called upon to play the harder part? Can not the hero on the stage be the friend of the villain, even though the villain has a hateful part to play? Should he not rather pity than despise the villain, who must bear the hisses and the jeering of the crowd, while he assists the hero in bringing out the thought which the play was intended to teach?

None of us intended to take the part of the drunkard, the outcast or the villain in the great drama of life. Visions of nobility, fame and success, colored by the individuality of each, were the youthful anticipations of every one of us. If, however, instead of reaching a place of honor, we have found ourselves in the gutter, if obscurity instead of fame has been our

lot; if instead of a position of trust we have ended our career in a prison; these things ought to excite pity rather than contempt, and ought to quicken rather than deaden our love for each other.

History is, in a sentence, the word of God to man. Each generation is a written page in this sacred book. Every man, good or bad, high or low, refined or depraved, has helped to write this history. Some have done it in tears, others in joy, some in peace, others in tribulation, some surrounded by the cheers of a happy home, others in the dingy, lonesome prison cell; some have passed their lives serenely, with the peace that this world can neither give nor take away, led by the spirit of God; others have been tossed and tumbled by the billows of discord, envy and hatred.

Some have been fanned by the cool breezes of good will and love towards all men; while others have been scorched and withered by the passions of lust and greed. But all have helped to write the pages of history which written or unwritten by the hand of man, have brought to the world all the knowledge it now possesses. If circumstances have determined for some to take the harder part in this drama of life, shall we not pity rather than hate them? Can we not love them, rather than despise them? Let us believe that God not only sometimes overrules the wickedness of man and turns it to the betterment of mankind, but that he always does so; that no evil escapes the watchful eye of God; that everything contributes to his kingdom on earth. By the aid of some such view as this we can find it possible to love all men; to love the man who hates us; to love the degraded man; to love the one whose ways seem to us evil, and only evil.

At least we can be sure of this much, that unless we love mankind, it will profit us nothing to bestow all our goods to feed the poor or give our bodies to be burned. We may exalt faith as a Christian virtue, and put hope on a high pedestal of honor as a Christian grace, but we ought always to remember that love is the greatest, if not the only, essential Christian virtue.

FOLLOWING THE MASTER.

"He Becometh of no Reputation. He Eateth With Publicans and Sinners."

SEVERAL questions lie before me this morning which I propose to answer in the near future, the first of which I will answer in part at this time. The questions are all important ones, and I have been expecting that some one would ask them before this. I will read some of them: "What practical good could possibly arise from Christian ministers visiting places of depravity, shame and debauchery?" "Would such visits be likely to reform such places?" "Would not the reputation of the minister suffer more than would be warranted by the good he could do?"

Each one of these questions has several sermons wrapped up in it, but I shall be obliged to treat them in a general way, only. In the first place, personal observation of these places is the only way to find out what actually occurs. The people who are doing the most talking about such places are the very ones that know the least about them. Hearsay is very misleading in these matters, as well as in all other matters. Since I have come to a little personal knowledge of the people we call depraved, and the places we call wicked, I realize how ridiculous I must have seemed to some of the knowing ones of my congregation, in trying to expound and correct these evils as I used to do in my pulpit.

I had relied on hearsay. I had read some books, talked with people who had the reputation of knowing, and had

succeeded in getting a very warped and inadequate notion of the facts. I must have made myself especially absurd to the sophisticated part of my audiences in attempting to locate the blame in all these matters. By visiting and getting confidential relations to the saloons, gambling places and houses of prostitution, I have discovered that many more people are involved in this sort of business than I realized before, or would have believed, if I had been told.

The real owners of the majority of these places are men of wealth, influence and respectability. Some of these men are prominent in church and benevolent enterprises. And yet they rent their property for these purposes. In some cases they collect the money personally, though they generally have shame enough left to employ an agent to do their dirty work.

Let us look this matter squarely in the face. A bad man or a bad woman engaged in a bad business must have a place to operate in. They find other men and women standing ready to furnish them a place if only they are willing to pay their price. These men and women who furnish the places know exactly what they are being used for. They get more for this use of their property than they would for any legitimate purpose. Almost everybody but reformers know this perfectly well.

Again, bad men and women, in order to carry on a bad business, must have patrons. There must be a large number of other men and women who have money and who deliberately choose to spend their money in this way. These people are to be found in every congregation, in every assembly, and alas, in nearly every home.

Again, bad men and women, in order to carry on a bad business publicly, must have the consent, or at least, the tacit approval of the authorities. The authorities of all ages, of all countries and of all cities have found it practically impossible to exterminate the three vices alluded to, i. e., drunkenness, gambling and prostitution. In some form or other they

have existed in all places from time immemorial, sometimes legalized, sometimes evading or defying the law. One set of men frame these prohibitions and then hand them over to another set of men to enforce. The executors of these laws invariably find that they can only drive such parties into secrecy, but can not actually prohibit them. The authorities then do the best they can to adjust themselves to the situation. Compromises follow, which result in setting aside a portion of the letter of the law. These bad practices are allowed under certain limitations. These allowances soon come to be regarded by the offenders as their rights, as exactly defining what is expected of them. What the law allows them to do comes to these people to take the place of conscience, as indeed it does to many other people.

Now in view of all this, the co-operation of property owners, the patronage of the pleasure seekers, the indulgence and inability of the authorities, we discover that the so-called offender is only one of many in an unbroken chain of participating men and women. I should never have known this or even mistrusted it, in all of its startling realities, had I not visited these places myself. And as my acquaintance increases with these places and people, my inability to fix the blame definitely also increases. What a sorry figure I must have cut in those days when I used to make orations on these subjects, pointing out the culprits with my forefinger to large audiences, when the great majority of those who listened to me knew how perfectly unjust and senseless my words were.

This is one reason why I would have the ministers become familiar with these places. They would know then exactly what they are talking about, and would be better able to command the respect and following of their audiences. This is work that each minister would be obliged to do for himself, in his own way.

In the second place, if it was known to the thousand and one "silent partners" in questionable enterprises, that there

were in this city eighty ministers continually visiting their secret sources of revenue, becoming conversant with every detail of each enterprise, fixing the responsibility where it belongs, there would be a hustling out and cleaning up in the byways in our city, such as can never be accomplished in any other way. No public outcry need be made, just quietly going in and out of these places, not as an enemy or spy, but like the Master, a friend to all. He had the reputation of being a friend to publicans and sinners; so ought his ministers to have. But through it all, the minister ought to, in a friendly manner, show that he knows all their secrets, courteously facing each one with the facts, showing all their true relation to each other and the city.

Could any man, after he knew that his pastor was perfectly familiar with his financial relations to secret places of sin and vice, have the nerve to accept official relations to the church, and try to palm himself off as an exemplary man? I think not. He would either withdraw such pretentions and take his true relations to society, or he would reform his practices. His double life would be impossible. He would not dare to insult the church by offering it money he had collected from places of vice, if he supposed his pastor knew he was committing a sacrilege. The ignorance of his pastor concerning such matters is his safety. Hypocrisy of this sort would not be attempted if his pastor was really doing the work of a Christian minister.

This does not mean that the Christian minister is to become a spy or a detective. It only means that if he was where he belonged, among the poor, the depraved, the outcast, he would, incidentally and unavoidably, become acquainted with facts that would revolutionize society. He need not hunt for these facts; he need only go about his Master's business, seeking the lost sheep, making friends with the publican, and he would learn things of greater worth to him as a preacher than could be taught him by all the theological universities in

the world. The only way to reach the avenues is through the alleys. The only way to minister to the rich is to become ministers to the poor. The only way to tear down the strongholds of arrogancy and aristocacy is to become acquainted with the hovel and brothel. If he would reform the oppressor, he must find the oppressed. This is a ministry that can not be said or written. It must be done. Such a minister, like Jesus, may leave no book or creed behind him, but he is sure to leave his life behind him. Society does not need any one to tell them the way. There are already enough doing that. What society needs is some one to show them the way. The way to reach Dives is through Lazarus. We can never reach Lazarus through Dives. Such a minister will always find consolation in the words of Jesus when he said: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

DR. TALKWELL AT HOME.

"As Ye Would That Men Should do to You, do Ye Even so to Them."

DR. TALKWELL'S new home on North Third street is the scene of many queer incidents and interesting conversations. Among the many visitors who call at the reformed parsonage are found a liberal sprinkling of clergymen from this and adjoining cities. Without foreseeing that it would be so, the doctor's new parsonage is rapidly becoming quite an information bureau on local charities and public institutions of all kinds. With nothing to bother him now but the work of the Master, the doctor is fast acquiring an acquaintance with the city, which enables him to render practical service to nearly every applicant for assistance. In other words, he is just beginning to learn the first rudiments of real Gospel ministry.

As a specimen of the conversations that are of daily occurrence at this home of curious hospitalities, a brief extract from an interview between the doctor and a visiting clergyman is given. The doctor was found seated in his library, which is a large room, three sides of which are occupied with plain book-cases filled to the top with books calculated to interest and instruct the uneducated classes. In the middle of the room a large, bare reading table, with pen and ink for writing. A few wood-bottom chairs complete the furniture of the room.

A little girl had just called at the parsonage to get a picture book for a sick brother at home that the doctor had visited the day before. He was in the act of selecting the

book when a visitor was announced. After the usual salutations, he said:

"I am the pastor of the ——— church of Zanesville. I have heard a great deal about your new parsonage. I could not believe that any rational man would undertake to do what I have heard concerning your enterprise. I have come to learn for myself how much truth there is in the reports. If you do not object, I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly not."

"Well, to begin with, what is it exactly that you have attempted to do in moving out of an elegant parsonage, located on a fashionable avenue, and establishing yourself in such a home as this?"

"I have attempted," replied the doctor, "simply this, that if Jesus Christ were to call at my door, with no place to lay his head and no money to pay for such a place, I should not be obliged to drive him out in the street. In my former parsonage I would have been obliged to do so, and my excuses were many and ample. Not that my former parsonage was any different than the average parsonage or the average so-called Christian home. But the idea of a tramp or unknown man or woman eating at my table, sleeping in one of my beds or using my bath room, was absolutely preposterous in those days. My women would have been shocked beyond measure and I should have regarded it as a very unsafe experiment, as indeed it would have been. But now and here, with nothing to tempt people to steal, and yet entirely comfortable, nothing too nice for the wayfaring man and yet absolutely clean, I can at least take one step towards following the advice of Jesus, when he said: 'I was hungry and ye fed me, naked and ye clothed me, a stranger, and ye took me in.'"

"But, doctor," replied the clergyman, "is not your generosity abused? Are you not overwhelmed with tramps and mendicants?"

"No, I am not. I have room to spare all the time. I

expected the trouble of which you speak. I had no idea how it would work until I tried it. If people would only have faith enough in Jesus to just simply trust the experiment of following his precepts they would not find them to work as disastrously as they expect. Now this is the way true hospitality works. There is nothing that an unworthy man or woman dreads so much as acquaintance, or close scrutiny of any kind. It frightens them to invite them in the house and talk to them. Their deeds are evil and they love darkness. To feed them on the back porch like a dog, or to give them a ticket to lodge with a herd of tramps like themselves, is precisely the treatment they desire. To be treated as if they were men and women scares them, terrifies them. To be asked their name, their business, to be proffered friendship, fraternity and brotherly kindness, is just what they do not desire and will not tolerate. They will get away from such a house as quickly as possible and will never call again.

"But the worthy ones, the ones in real distress, who have nothing to hide, desire acquaintance, long for sympathy and communion. To turn such a one away from your door with a meal ticket or an order to sleep in a lodging house is as cruel as it is un-Christ-like. He has asked for a fish and we have given him a scorpion; he has asked for bread and we have given him a stone. We have denied him the very thing he needs most, wishes most—fraternity, sympathy, advice.

"If all the so-called Christian homes in this city were doing this, what a world of touching pathos and helpless suffering would be uncovered. If even one hundred homes were doing it they would not find themselves troubled with a guest more than once a week. But if this is to be the only home of the kind in so large a city as this, where a true fraternity and hospitality is offered to the stranger, I should not be at all surprised to find myself embarrassed at times to know what to do, but as yet I have not found it so."

"How many guests have you at present?" asked the clergyman.

"Six men and two women, and I would be very glad if I had time to stop here and tell you their stories, which have been fully verified by the best of evidence. But no guest stays long. Sometimes a single meal or day, and he is gone on his way rejoicing."

"Do you not find it expensive to feed and house so many people?"

"With the economy and frugality we are now practicing (and we are all of us the better for it), my running expenses are less than they used to be in my days of un-Christ-like luxury and extravagance, notwithstanding we have from six to twelve guests. A cheap stew or soup bone, which will furnish ample nourishment for fifteen people, costs less than the porterhouse steak or mutton chop used to, for my family of five."

"But your other expenses? How do you manage them?"

"We have no other expenses to speak of. We keep no servants. My daughters take care of their own rooms and are enjoying it immensely. The guests take care of their own rooms and are glad to do so. We have a laundry in the basement, entirely operated by guests under the superintendence of my wife. The floors are frequently scrubbed and we are much cleaner than we used to be in our days of carpets, curtains, upholstered furniture, draperies, and the many other unsanitary fixtures of the elegant unwholesomeness of our former home. The fact is, we could do a great deal more work if we had it to do, for you have no idea what a relief it is to put away the complex fussiness of the world, the flesh and the devil."

"What class of women apply for assistance?"

"Oh, a great many kinds. Sometimes, foolish girls, lured into the city by fiendish women for unholy purposes; some-

times discharged servant girls, who have no friends in this city; stranded women, attempting to travel without sufficient means, who find themselves unable to go farther. But, of course, I will never see but a very small per cent. of those who are perishing for Christian fraternity.

Of the men, the most numerous and worthy class are the boys and young men who drift into this city every day in search of employment. A large number of these are unsuccessful and are finally arrested as loiterers, vagrants, or for begging, and are quickly converted into criminals. There never was greater need for Christian ministry than in these cases. The degradation of this large and constantly increasing class of men and boys is a shame to our civilization, and a shame to those who profess to be Christian ministers. One-tenth of the money sent out of this city every year for foreign missions to countries where there is not one-hundredth part the need of Christian ministry as there is here in our own city; one-tenth of the money and one-half of the energy spent in raising it would turn this stream of misguided but innocent men and women from ruination into paths of salvation and usefulness. It is scarcely less than a crime against humanity for those who pretend to be following Jesus to spend their time and strength in raising money for foreign missions, when degradation unknown in foreign lands lies at our very doors. It is simply trying to pull the mote out of our brother's eye, while the beam is in our own."

"Do you consider yourself a follower of Tolstoi?"

"No, I do not, although I am not worthy to unlatch one of his shoes. If I understand Tolstoi he objects to the whole trend of modern civilization, and seeks to persuade all men to resume primitive methods of living.

"I believe it to be both futile and undesirable to undertake to turn back the wheels of time. I believe in the trend

of modern civilization. I believe it is bringing in God's kingdom on earth in his own way and in his own time.

"But in the meantime many innocent and feeble ones are crushed. This is inevitable. It is simply the operation of the law of the 'survival of the fittest.' For this class the Christian ministry was instituted. To this class the Christian minister was sent. He has no business whatever with the prosperous and the satisfied. This is exactly what Jesus meant when he said 'those that are well need no physician.'"

REAL CHRISTIAN WORK.

"For the Son of Man is Come to Save That Which is Lost."

"HOW think ye? If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that sheep which is gone astray?

And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray."

In our last week's report of Dr. Talkwell's affairs we left him at home in the midst of an interview with a visiting clergyman. The visitor was plying the doctor with questions about his views and plans of Christian ministry. We will take up the thread of conversation where it was dropped.

The clergyman asked: "How do the ones who need assistance learn of your hospitable home?"

"The majority of those whom I assist are discovered by me in my other ministrations. I spend my time among the class most likely to need me, and find them in a natural way. You must remember that my home is not a public institution. It is simply a private but Christian home; a home where Christian hospitality is practicable. The churches are already relying too much upon public institutions for such things. What we need is not more institutions, but more hospitable homes."

"Do I understand you to be opposed to public institutions?"

"No. Institutions have their function, but they can never be made to do the work of a Christian minister. Food and raiment these places can and do supply, but not Christian fraternity. The superintendent may be just and faithful, and the inmate may be obedient and respectful, but the relation of keeper and inmate remains a fact. Brotherhood and fraternity do not grow here. The home is the only hope of real Christianity. The public institution is at best a temporary makeshift, which prevents something worse happening, that's all. You can not Christianize people in job lots, or fraternize them in straight rows. The freedom and spontaniety of the home is the only place where love will thrive. 'Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.'"

"But," continued the clergyman "do not you keep statistics of your work here or some kind of a record of your guests, like public institutions?"

"No, I do not. It is all right for public institutions to keep their statistics, I suppose, but statistics of Christian work is simply brag, nothing less. Just as if real Christian work could be counted and tabulated and added up and displayed in ornamental type, and finally read out loud to admiring audiences. Why, it is worse than brag, it is sacrilege. I would as soon think of making statistics of my domestic fraternities and felicities and flaunting them in public places as to keep record of Christian work. Statistics of so-called Christian work is only one phase of that denominational rivalry that has been the curse of modern civilization so long."

"When and how do you prepare your sermons?"

"I do not prepare or preach any sermons. I am making a careful investigation into the various institutions and enterprises, high and low, good and bad, within the limits of our city. I am trying to become acquainted with the innerness of these things. I report each Sunday morning to the people what I have learned. I am simply trying to find out for myself the exact state of things in the city and tell it to my congregation.

"I believe that the only reform needed is to turn on the light. The thing needed more than any other thing in this city is for some one who can command the attention of the people to learn the facts by personal observation, then give them to the public. This is the business of the preacher. This is exactly what the prophet of Israel used to do. He was always on the side of the oppressed, the downtrodden, the outcast. I find this much more instructive and edifying to my people than the exploits of the ancient Jews or the theological dissertations of Paul. What I have been preaching for all these years, with nothing to preach about, I confess I can hardly understand now."

The clergyman began to get a little uneasy at the turn the conversation had taken, and anxious to change the subject, interrupted with a question.

"Do you find the degradation in this city as great as you expected?"

"No, I do not. Since I have come to understand these people and have become partially able to look at things from their standpoint, I find that conscious, deliberate wrong doing is about evenly distributed in all strata of society. I do not believe that there is any more real sinning among the socalled low classes than among the socalled upper classes."

"Do the people who stop with you enjoy entire equality with your family?"

"Certainly. Anything short of that would be adding insult to injury. We all eat at the same table, spend our evenings in the same general sitting room. We have singing and reading, and they are in every sense of the word our guests. There is not so much difference in people after all. I find just as many intelligent people, just as many interesting people, just as many high-minded people among the friendless and homeless ones as among any other class. The differences are very superficial indeed. They consist principally in clean hands, neckties, polished shoes, and the thousand and one

polite insincerities commonly called culture. At heart the different strata of society will average up about the same. The defenseless ones are oftener exposed than the ones who have money or influence. This gives u s the impression that their offenses are more common.

"Their vices are of a more conspicuous character, partly because they do not know how to conceal them, and partly because they do not care to do so. What we call bravado in them is so often desperation — complete discouragement.

"A man unsuccessful in business, surrounded by squalor and discouragement, unsteady work, poor wages, poor habitation, unwholesome, uninspiring surroundings, is apt to be continually doing things forbidden by society, even though he has no immoral intentions. It is from this class that the majority of the so-called criminals come. There are many reasons for this besides their absence of moral conviction. Their lives are necessarily more open, their vices more conspicuous, their pleasures more subject to criticism; in short, their whole lives are under the scrutiny of the policeman.

"A man on the avenue gets drunk. He is sent home in a carriage. A man in the alley gets drunk. He is sent to the city prison in the patrol. Two women on the avenue have a falling out; two polite but angry women cease to speak to each other forever. Two women in the alley have a falling out; the affair is settled in police court.

"A domestic infelicity occurs on the avenue in which some one's marital rights have been strained. A choice tid-bit for the gossips is the consequence — some heartache, perhaps, nothing more. The same thing happens in the alley, and the bums in the lobby of the police court applaud the judge as he sentences a man or woman — or both — to the workhouse.

"An altercation occurs between two fast swells in a first-class saloon or hotel. Chandeliers are broken, cut glass shivered, blood flows. The thing is hushed up. If it gets into print at all no names are mentioned.

"Two denizens of the alley differ in Casey's saloon. A heavy beer glass is in the hand of each. A row ensues; an arrest is made. Two families are deprived of support for one or two months while the men serve out their sentences. And so the list might be drawn out indefinitely. These people do on their plane exactly what the upper classes do on their plane.

"What these people need more than anything else is justice, simply justice. Nothing could be devised, more unfair, more unjust than the way we are treating these people Their homes are invaded by the chattel mortgage fiend, the conscienceless pawnbroker, the exacting installment man, the tyrannical policeman, the scheming peddler, the pitiless sheriff, the domineering landlord and the snooping detective. Considering where they live, they pay the highest rent. When they work they do the meanest work and get the least pay. They are charged ten times the legal rate of interest if they borrow money.

"Their complaints we call anarchy, their cries of distress we call ingratitude. We laugh at their wretchedness, are shocked at their vulgarity, we jest at their ignorance, and their degradation is one of the standard attractions of our city to idle sight seerers and curious visitors. And to rub it all in, to clinch the infamy of their environment, we send them mawkish missionaries to tell them how bad they are, and to show them how much superior we are to them. And to think that I have been ten years in this city, a professed minister of Jesus Christ, and have done nothing to lift their burdens or defend them in their helplessness. I am one of those whom Jesus described when he said: "For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."

A CONUNDRUM FOR CHRISTIANS.

"He That Is Without Sin, Let Him Cast The First Stone.

AND he said unto her, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way and sin no more."

During Dr Talkwell's report last Sunday, he said: 'I have a problem for you, a conundrum in social ethics, which I confess, I am not able to answer satisfactorily to myself. I am going to give you a bit of real history, every word of which I can vouch for as being the truth. As I proceed with this story I wish you each and all to keep asking yourselves this question, "Who is to blame?"

Some time since in one of my midnight rounds of this city, guided by a policeman, I came across a young girl in a house of shame, who attracted my attention. She had none of the airs of the kind of people to which she belonged. She was modest, reticent, comely, of genteel manners, used good English, and in no way betrayed the usual vulgar tastes or habits which are common in such places. I followed up the acquaintance begun that dark stormy night. Little by little she revealed to me her history. I have taken the pains to verify every detail of her story before giving it to you. I found her words only too true.

Two years ago she was an innocent, happy girl, living in a small town fifty miles from this city. Her mother suddenly died, leaving her to the care of a father, who to say the least, was no companion or guide to his impulsive and romantic daughter. She was unhappy at home. By the advice of her lover, and with the consent of her father, she accepted a position as clerk in this city, at a very small salary.

For a time things went on smoothly and she was very happy. She knew no one in the city except her lover, but he was so kind and attentive that she wished for nothing more. Her salary was only $4 per week, but by economy and ingenuity, she succeeded in keeping up appearances. Small gifts from her lover, which were at first refused and afterwards reluctantly accepted, helped her over some hard places. They were about to be married. The wedding day was fixed. Her daily toil behind the counter and nightly vigils in a dingy, cheerless bedroom were about to come to an end.

A member of the firm for which her lover worked was discovered to be a defaulter for a large sum of money. He was connected with a good family and the matter was hushed up, but the business went to the wall. Her lover's position was gone, together with the small earnings he had been saving up. The marriage had to be postponed. But alas, it could not be postponed. The impetuousity of lovers restrained by financial impediments claimed another victim to its ever increasing martyrdom. Harassed by day, haunted by night, her strength finally gave way, and she lost her position. They were practically beggars, but agreed that they could not be married yet. The word had already gone to their friends that they were married. They let it go so.

In sheer desperation he left the city one night to find work. He did not tell her he was going, and she supposed he had deserted her in her shame. Sickness detained him many weeks. She sought to hide her shame in a place where all pretty girls are made welcome. In reputation, at least, she quickly sank to the level of a common courtesan. The mistress of the house which she entered was a peculiar woman of her kind, whom we must stop to describe.

This woman had been a widow three years. Her husband, a hard working man, had become involved in a debt through the perfidy of a near relative. This debt left a large mortgage for the widow to pay. She could not pay it from the farm. A

friend induced the widow to keep a boarding house in the city as a means of paying the mortgage. She tried it and found that she could not make her boarding house pay expenses. But her boarding house experience had taught her one way she could pay off the hateful debt. Through ignorance of the city she had located in a bad place for any legitimate business. She had discovered that she could rent rooms by the day or week, if no questions were asked; also that she could get very high rent, especially of girls.

She gradually drifted into this way of doing, promising herself to get out of the wretched business as soon as her debt was paid. In raising the price for her rooms, she placed upon the property the stigma that naturally belongs to such houses. The landlord must be placated. He must also have higher rent. She consents to higher rent and thus practically goes into partnership with her landlord in the curious business of furnishing a safe place for sinning sirens. She consoles herself that her partner in business is a respectable business man, a church man and belongs to the best society; that only well behaved well dressed young men of rank and respectability visit her house; that the police know exactly what she is doing, but find no fault as long as order is maintained. With these and many similar things she consoles herself.

When she met the girl, the heroine of our story, it was by accident. She had known the girl slightly before either of them came to the city and had known her family well. Finding her in complete desperation, poverty and physical prostration, she took her home with her with no intention to do her any ill. But the infamy of her place, with its demoralizing surroundings, soon wrought its work with the haunted and outraged girl. With no self respect to lose, with nothing but sheer physical existence or suicide before her, she quickly succumbed to the environment. Her landlady, the widow, interposed to save her protege, but her own moral stamina was gone. "The pot could not call the kettle black." Be it said to her

credit, however, she made many futile attemps to undo the the work that she had unintentionally wrought in the poor girl. But it was too late. The girl could not forgive herself. There was nothing left to save. The lover returned to the city one day and frantically sought the whereabouts of the girl he had wronged. By chance they met one day on the street. She spurned him, refused to hear one word of explanation. He dogged her footsteps and followed her in horror to her place of shame. He entered, found the landlady, the widow, and a stormy scene ensued. He learned all—the horrible sequel of his own act. He left the house and fled the city, horrified at the whole ghastly business, enlisted in the army, and in a distant tropical clime he is today doing futile penance for sins he never intended to commit.

This is when I fouud her. This is how I found her. Crouching there in her room alone, clothed in cheap gaudiness, surrounded by tawdry decorations, in tearless open-eyed anguish, unable to cry or laugh or feel any longer. Complete moral paralysis. And yet through it all one could catch glimpses of the innocent girl that was, of the refined woman that was to be, of the beautiful maternity that should have been. Her last words to me were, "The only kind service you can render me is to let me alone. Do not waste your words, or your sympathies. I am already morally dead, and my body will not last much longer. Please do not drag me from the obscurity I have found. As it is, no one knows or cares. You can do nothing but harm for me. I am only one of hundreds. It hurts me beyond endurance to treat me as if I were a lady. Please go away."

Now, what I want to ask is, who is to blame for all this? Who is responsible? Let me array before you the principal characters in this little tragedy and ask you to pick out the one who is most to blame. Let me enumerate them in the order in which we have become acquainted with them. The dead mother, the unparental father, the romantic daughter, the impul-

sive but well meaning lover, the merchant who paid his clerk only four dollars a week, the defaulter who caused the failure of the firm who employed the lover, the merchant's foreman who discharged the sick girl without any further interest in her, the hard working farmer who suddenly died, the perfidious relative who involved the widow in debt, the struggling widow, fighting against debt and low prices, her influential city landlord, willing to join her in a scheme to make money faster, the society swells who visited aud gave financial support, the consenting city officials—here they are lined up before this audience, just before the curtain drops.

Which one shall we blame most? Shall we blame one more than the rest? Shall we blame them all? Shall we blame any of them? Did any of them realize the awful tragedy they were taking part in? Which of us, in this vast audience, dare cast the first stone? I dare not for one. I will tell you why. The man who received the rent, who owns the property where the greater part of this pitiful tragedy occurred who knew what the place was used for—that man was a member of my former church all the time I was its pastor. While he was acting his part in this cruel drama I was his pastor. My tacit approval of his character helped to maintain his respectability through it all. Part of that rent money was contributed to my salary. This accursed money, the price of that poor girl's shame, helped to buy the clothes my wife was wearing, the food my daughters were eating. God forgive me that in my ignorance I, too, was taking a part in this pathetic affair. Had I been about my Master's business during that time instead of hobnobbing with the pharisees of my own church, my part in this wicked business would not, could not, have happened.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

"But When Thou Doest Alms Let Not Thy Left Hand Know What Thy Right Hand Doeth That Thine Alms May Be in Secret."

AT THE close of last Sunday's report Dr. Talkwell said: At the approach of cold weather each year we begin to hear talk about public charities. Everybody has a theory of his own. The only thing that any one is sure of is that all the others are wrong and only the speaker is right. Nearly every one says that charities as at present dispensed are doing more harm than good (present company excepted of course), yet no one seems to be able to do any more about it than talk, talk, talk. This theory has been exploded; that plan has been tried and found wanting; this money has been worse than wasted; that fund has been exploited with no results but harm, and yet in the face of all these confessions, the public will be again asked to contribute money, money, money, to continue this annual farce, a farce too foolish to be even funny.

As the failure of organized charities seems to be universal, including all schemes, secular or sacred, sectarian or non-sectarian, we should expect to find the cause for the failure to be common to them all. Now, there is one thing that is common to all charitable organizations and charity workers so far as I know, and that is, a want of personal acquaintance with the subjects of charity. I believe this to be the secret of the failure of each and every charity. They do not know the people they are trying to help. They are afraid to get near

enough to the ones they are pretending to assist to understand them. Their attitude toward them is a mixture of fear, pity, contempt and curiosity, rather than fraternity or friendliness. No one is to blame for this, perhaps, but it has the invariable effect of changing fish into scorpions and bread into stones.

Genuine friendship must precede any real charitable act. No charity is possible between two persons who have not for each other a feeling of unaffected interest and sympathy. One may feed the other, but both are degraded by the act. It is one thing to feed a man; it is another thing to eat with a man. It is one thing to order a family a load of coal; it is quite another thing to sit with them in friendly conversation and enjoy together its grateful warmth and flickering light. We may feed animals, since no intercourse with them is possible, but with men and brothers we should break bread together. At least we should be on such terms with them that such a thing would be agreeable and mutually helpful. We may house animals and appoint for them a keeper, but we cannot pile men up four deep in lodging houses or herd them in droves like hogs or cattle in soup houses, without doing them more harm than good. If men are entitled to anything they are entitled to hospitality, to courtesy. Anything less than this is demoralizing to the giver and degrading to the recipient.

Charity of any sort disassociated from actual, personal acquaintance is a boon to the dead beat, but death to the honest, virtuous subject of charity. The truckling impostor and the professional mendicant always like to meet an undiscriminating giver. The two fit each other exactly. One has gratified his lazy propensities and the other has gratified his vanity. Both are absurd, one as much as the other. Each man's opportunity to do charitable work is exactly limited by his personal and intimate acquaintance with those who need charity. It is generally believed that a man's ability for charitable work is measured by his pocketbook. This is not true. No man can do real charity work by proxy. It is a personal matter.

This is exactly where all charitable organizations have always failed and always must fail. True charity is work that can never be organized. It is a hand to hand work. It must be done as brothers, neighbors, friends and daily associates.

To feed a drove of men and women whose names and previous history are unknown, is not charity; it is either stupidity or cupidity. Nothing could be more degrading to the recipients of such charity or damaging to the community in which it occurs. Each time it is repeated society suffers and human parasitism is encouraged. The devil himself could not contrive a better plan to nourish and perpetuate dangerous vagabondism or to crush and drive to despair, worthy poverty.

If it be true that the people who need or deserve charitable assistance in any city are practically strangers to the people who constitute the churches; if this be true, then it is also true, that the churches are absolutely unfit to do any charitable work among them. The first thing to be done is to get acquainted with these people. Get sympathetic relations to them; enjoy their entire confidence. No one man or woman can get such relations to many people. If the churches were doing what Jesus expected his followers to do, there would be no need for any organized charity. Each follower of Jesus would know one or more of these people and would be rendering them all the assistance necessary in an effective manner, which can never be imitated by any organization whatever.

Rendering charitable assistance is not only a difficult matter requiring close acquaintance, but a delicate matter requiring intimate friendship. Except in some extreme emergency, like sickness or providential calamities, it is rank impertinence for one person to approach another person, with whom he is not acquainted, with any charity whatsoever. These people have sensibilities just like ours. They resent what we would resent. They are even morbidly sensitive, (at

least those who have not been entirely debauched by such procedure).

To enter a house with no better pretext than to bring a Christmas present, a loaf of bread or a religious tract is a breach of etiquette bordering on criminal trespass. I wonder that such people are not oftener kicked out of doors. They are, some times. There ought to be a natural pretext for making such an approach. The pretext which is most common, and the one which is most sure to touch the heart, is sickness. To visit a house as a doctor or nurse excites neither resentment nor cupidity. The relation is entirely a normal one, and is the entering wedge to further ministrations.

The work of the district nurse, already established in many cities, is exactly in line with these suggestions. They have a wholesome and natural pretext for visiting these homes. At the suggestion of the attending physician, they are called. They are trained, professional nurses, capable of giving instruction in the care of the sick, hygiene, cooking, etc., etc. They come at a time when their visit is neither an insult nor an enigma. To accept help in times of sickness has no stigma attached. This is common with rich and poor alike. To follow up the opportunity opened by the work of these nurses would be strategic and would be the first step towards bridging the chasm we have allowed to grow between the prosperous and unfortunate. This is an open door where creed and creedless may enter on equal footing. Reciprocal friendship could begin here, after which real charity could begin.

Charity is a word the poor people, as a rule, despise. To be suspected as being in any degree a subject of charity is a dishonor which they try to shun. Next to being a jail-bird is to be a charity-bug. No charity can be entirely welcome that is not indirect or confidential. In giving of alms, "let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth."

WICKEDNESS MADE SECURE.

"Salt is Good, But if the Salt has Lost its Savor Wherewith Shall it be Seasoned? It is Fit Neither for the Land Nor the Dunghill. Men Cast it Out. He that Hath Ears to Hear, Let Him Hear."

DR. TALKWELL continued last Sunday morning his answer to the question, "What practical good could possibly arise from Christian ministers visiting places ordinarily called wicked?"

In my attempts to get acquainted with our city I have had frequent occasion to enter a place of public amusement of a kind to be found in all cities of any size. A small price of admission is charged. At the end of a long, well lighted hall is a stage on which are nightly performances, Sundays excepted. The performances are not especially objectionable nor interesting, but they are of sufficient variety and coarse humor to attract audiences every night.

The women who frequent this place are classed as disreputable, and are mostly examples of pathetic poverty and reckless despair. The men are from all classes of society, but consist mostly of the so-called lower classes. Tables and chairs are scattered throughout the hall, where beer and other refreshments are served. A special policeman is always in attendance, whose presence seems wholly superfluous, as the best of order prevails.

Sitting at these tables, listening to the entertainment or talking with each other, drinking and smoking, about 100 men and one-quarter as many women spend six evenings in

the week until 12 o'clock. The place is frequently visited by the police and detectives in search of truants, runaways and petty offenders. The place renders a peculiar service to the city, as the officers are almost sure to find the wanted man or woman of a certain type. An irresistable attraction for the place draws them here, making them easy game for the police.

Young men who indulge in an occassional lark, or visitors who wish to see the sights of the city with the boys, are almost sure to visit this place late in the evening. No openly indecorous word or action is allowed here, and yet the associations which young men of respectable families form here are most unfortunate.

No girl enters this place who makes any pretense of decency. Her presence here speaks plainer than words could, what her vocation is. With the external appearance of well-behaved people, these men and women mingle freely together forming acquaintances that can hardly end in anything but harm to both. And yet young men (with a liberal sprinkling of men not young) can maintain a respectable standing in the community at the same time they frequent this place. They can spend an evening in company with a pure girl in one of the many exclusive homes of the city, and the next evening in company with one of these pitiful, brazen, debauched girls of the town. They can carry this sort of thing on year after year and feel perfectly safe. They can do this because none but their own kind visit here.

Some time ago during a visit to this public hall I saw a young man who belonged to a Bible class that I was teaching at the time. He was a prominent member of the church, of aristocratic family and engaged to one of the purest and sweetest girls I ever knew. He was sitting at a table with other young men engaged in conversation with two of the girls. He saw me about the same time I saw him, and tried to conceal his identity by pulling his hat down over his eyes.

I approached the table, however, and spoke to him as if there was nothing peculiar about our meeting in this place. After some hesitation he introduced me to his male friends, but did not offer to introduce me to the girls. He became very uneasy during my conversation, in which I alluded to the church and Bible class and other matters in common between us. His confusion was so great that I soon took pity on him and retired to speak to others I recognized.

The next day I met one of the men to whom I was introduced, and he began at once talking of the occurrence of the last evening. He apologized profusely for having been seen in such a place, and among other things he said: "The young fellow you talked with was terribly cut up over the affair, and said if there were five more men like Dr. Talkwell in this city it would not be safe for anyone to go on a spree without leaving town."

I pondered long and seriously over this last remark. "If there were five more such men as Dr. Talkwell in this city it would not be safe (safe mind you) for a man to go on a spree without leaving town." I had accidentally stumbled on a secret of the debauchee and the wayward.

What this class of men desire most of all is precisely what we are doing—to be let alone. They wish us to stay away, and we are kind enough to do so. Once behind the closed door of this or any similar place, they are as safe as if an ocean separated them from home. For fear of contaminating ourselves we have avoided such places, and thus made it easy for our sons to conceal themselves within. To save our own timid souls we have digged a pitfall for our sons.

This same privacy extends to all the saloons of the city, and is of our own making. We have hedged these places about with safeguards, with our own moral cowardice and pious Phariseeism. Once behind the screen, and the prodigal son is as safe from his prudent father or prudish mother as if they were in different hemispheres. The prodigals of today

need not go into a far country. Their revels can safely be conducted under our very noses. This is exactly what we have been practicing and preaching industriously for years. We have been the chief ally of the saloonkeeper. We have made his place a place of safety to the sinner.

And to make our idiocy complete, our imbecility perfect, we have tried faithfully, lo, these many years, by legal persecution, to drive these places into greater seclusion, force them into safer obscurity. As they are at present conducted, the policeman is liable to enter them at any time, day or night, and they are open to the inspection of any citizen at all times. But we would have driven these places, if we could, behind locked doors and into private rooms, where no policeman could enter and no citizen could find entrance except by special permission. I am truly thankful that our misguided zeal was not successful.

If I had simply been about my Master's business instead of officiating as the business manager of a social and educational club, I should have known better. I need not have waited so long to learn that my absence from and hostility to these places only intensified their mischief. If I had only been following in the footsteps of the friend of publicans and sinners, I should have learned long ago that lesson that the young man taught me when he said: "If there were five Dr. Talkwells in this city it would not be safe to go on a spree."

Suppose instead of five there were one hundred. Suppose, in other words, that all the pastors in this city were really Christian ministers, visiting all places where wandering sheep are wont to stray; suppose such an astounding state of affairs existed, where, then, would the young men feel safe to go on a spree? All the preaching in Christendom can not constitute such an effectual barrier to the harmful influences of these places as the quiet, persistent, friendly visits of a sincere man or woman, seeking to follow the footsteps of Jesus, who talked with harlots and ate with publicans.

KID-GLOVE CHRISTIANITY.

"Woe Unto You When All Men Speak Well of You."

DR TALKWELL is visiting the state institutions. By the courtesy of the governor he has access to all possible information concerning them. Each institution is reported in detail—its uses and abuses, its aims and shortcomings—to large and interested audiences every Sunday. Each report furnishes such a large array of items of interest to both the taxpayer and the pious, that several consecutive Sundays are occupied with a single institution. Each Sunday's report occupies about an hour. At the close of one of these very helpful and timely reports the doctor said:

"I will now change the subject by answering one of the many questions that are awaiting reply. For instance, here is a question that keeps constantly coming up. It has been asked me over and over again since our new work began: 'If Christian ministers were to visit places generally forbidden to respectable people, such as saloons, gambling places, etc., etc., would not their reputation suffer? Would not their respectability be sullied? Would not their standing in society be injured?'

"Well, to begin with, any man posing as a Christian minister who thinks more of his reputation, his respectability, his standing in society than **he** does of his work as a Christian minister, ought to strictly avoid visiting such places. His visits could do no possible good, and they would do a great deal of harm. Such a man ought to be kept in a band-box

where he belongs. Such a man does not believe in the first principles of Christianity. He might be a theologian, but he is not a Christian minister. The less Christian work (?) he does in any community the better off the community would be.

"But to those who really do care more about following Jesus than becoming popular, I wish to say a few words. Suppose I admit, to start with, that the work of the real Christian minister is quite liable to be despised, mistrusted, misjudged by a large portion of every community. Suppose that I admit that the churches, as a rule, would not support or tolerate the work of such a minister. Were you not prepared for this when you set out on the Christian ministry? Did you not know that a Christian minister would meet with such things? Have you not read your Testament? What do you suppose Jesus meant when he said: 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake.' What do you suppose he meant when he said this?

"Is it not fair to presume that he foresaw that your work would make you liable, at least to have men revile you, and persecute you, and say evil things of you? If a minister is to only do those things which do not render him liable to any of these unpleasant experiences, what did Jesus mean when he said these words? Jesus did not anywhere promise or intimate that his ministers were to be popular, well spoken of, respected or of good reputation. He again and again warned his disciples that the exact opposite of this must be looked for.

"He said to his disciples: 'Beware of men, for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues.' 'And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.' Did you not read this before you set out to be a Christian minister? If you read it, did you believe it? If you did read and believe it, how came you to expect that any thing else would occur to you? Scourged in the synagogues,

hated of all men. This is what Jesus said. Surely he was not describing that set of men who are posing as Christian ministers today. Either he did not know what would happen to Christian ministers, or else these men are not Christian ministers.

"For of all men, the so-called Christian minister of today bears the least resemblance to this description. No one reviles him, no one persecutes him, no one scourges him in the synagogues (except when they scourge each other on account of some doctrinal difference). Of course there are some black sheep among them who lose their reputations, and are justly condemned by the community, but as a rule, they are the most respectable, the most popular and the least persecuted men in any community. Why is this? My answer is, because they are not doing the work that Jesus expected that they would do. If they were doing this work really, they would soon find themselves in collision with a thousand and one things with which now they have the most amicable relations.

"I do not mean by this that the so-called Christian minister is deliberately compromising with evil, always, or even often. But I do mean to say that the work he is doing closes his eyes, stops his ears to the facts of his surroundings. This has the effect of making him almost absolutely innocuous. His unconscious inertness is fitly described by the scripture when it says: "Because thou art neither cold nor hot I will spew thee out of my mouth."

In another place Jesus says: 'If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?' Did you expect that you could follow Jesus and not suffer at least some of the persecutions that he suffered? He said: "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me." What do you suppose he meant by cross? Did he mean things that are comfortable, that are reputable, that are prosperous, that are desirable; did he mean any of these things? I think not.

Did you get it into your head when you entered the ministry that you were going to gain a reputation rather than lose a reputation? Did you see in the ministry an opportunity to win respectability, rather than a sacred obligation to lose your respectability if need be? They said of Jesus: "Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Have they ever said this of you? Have you ever given them any occasion to say this of you? Have you not, on the contrary, carefully avoided such places and associations as would make any one liable to say such things of you? Have you been reading your testament all this time? If so, by what hocus pocus have you been able to persuade yourself that you have been following Jesus?

You remember that Jesus was roundly criticised by the pious ones of his day for doing the work of practical charity on the Sabbath day. They charged him with breaking the Sabbath by doing secular, humanitarian work on that day. Have you ever been accused of this? Did the community ever criticise you for not keeping the Sabbath day? I think not. You have been very punctilious about this, without a doubt. And let me tell you right here, if you keep on carefully avoiding doing the things Jesus did, you will have no trouble in maintaining your respectability, your popularity and your unsullied reputation as a refined Christian (?) gentleman.

You just read your Testament every day, take careful note of what Jesus did, then cautiously guard against doing any of them, and you will have no trouble whatever. No one will speak ill of you. Your reputation as a nice, pious preacher will be flawless. Everybody will like you. No man will have aught against you. Stop your ears against those disagreeable persons who try to make it out that there is any disrepute possible in the work of a Christian minister.

No; until you are willing to give up the world and take Jesus at his word, follow him wherever he leads, I would advise you to stay at home in your little parsonage, in your own respectable parish, and carefully guard that little glass trinket of yours which you call your reputation. Some one might speak ill of you as they did of Jesus.

PRIMITIVE RELIGION.

"It is More Blessed to Give Than to Receive."

AND IF I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

There is nothing that can take the place of love. If we have the love of humanity in our hearts and have nothing else, we have all there is of religion. If we have not the love of humanity, genuine, unaffected love; though we have everything else, we have nothing that is religious. Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor but do not love the poor, I have done nothing. Though for humanity I give my body to be burned, if I do not love humanity, I am nothing to humanity.

There is but one real service we can render our fellow-beings, and that is to love them. If real love exists between two people, all the law and the gospel will be their rule of conduct toward each other as a matter of course. This will be so whether they have heard the gospel or not. If, however, there be no genuine love between two people, all the legal enactments, social etiquette, culture and refined manners in the world cannot make them obey either the law or the gospel. If we have love, we have everything; if we have not love, we have nothing. Although my faith may be so great that I am able to remove mountains, if I do not love humanity I have nothing. I may be able to prophesy and understand all mysteries; if I do not love my fellow-beings, without respect of persons, I am nothing; I have nothing.

It is not enough that I love them that love me; for do not even the heathen do this? It is not enough that I love my own family; for do not the brutes do this? It is not enough that I love persons of my own set, or society, or church, or nationality, or color, or language, or faith—all this falls far short of the gospel; all this do the people of the world.

If I cannot love a man because he is dirty, or a woman because she is ragged, I have no religion. If my love does not withstand vulgarity, profanity, laziness, stupidity, lying, licentiousness, I have not the love that entitles me to the name of Christian. If I love only beauty, refinement, thrift, grace, if I love only those who are virtuous and happy, wherein am I different from them that know not Christ?

Just so long as there remains any class toward whom I have only hate and aversion, for whom I have no love, just so long I have failed to comprehend Christ. It is not enough that I feel a love toward humanity; that I cherish a sentiment of love; I must be actuated in all my activities and dealings with men by love.

This is not saying that I must be a vapid goody-goody, a driveling, sentimental crank that any dead-beat delights to find, upon whom he thrives and fattens. It is possible to love a fellow-being without making a fool of him, or allowing him to make a fool of me.

It does not follow because I love a man that I will do everything he wants me to do. In fact, love is more discriminating in its service than indifference. It is indifference rather than love that actuates a person to give a stranger on the street a dime, simply because he asks for it. It is a debatable question whether love ever inspires indiscriminate giving. Love sometimes hurts, demands, compels, as well as soothes, coaxes and indulges. A surgeon may love the one he cuts, as well as the philanthropist loves the one he feeds. A man may despise and hate the beggar he feeds, and love the child he punishes. Love seeks to benefit, to restore, regardless of means.

A policeman may love the one he arrests; the jailor may love the one upon whom he turns the key; the teacher may love the one upon whom the severest discipline is administered. Indeed, nothing short of this is Christianity. On the other hand, our "Lady Bountiful" may loathe the one she rescues; the millionaire may hold in contempt the enterprise he assists, and the pastor may feel only languid interest in the people to whom he ministers. All this often passes for love, but is filthy rags in the sight of God.

It is the one who hates, not hurts, that is un-Christian. It is the one who loves, not flatters, that is of Christ. "Give to him that asketh," but not necessarily the thing asked for. "From him that would borrow turn not away." He is entitled to consideration and courtesy, but it does not follow that his own idea of his own good shall prevail.

When a man's necessities are so great as to decide him to ask for help, he does, by asking me, take me into his confidence. His affairs have become temporarily my affairs. I ought to do or advise, exactly as if the matter were my own. If what he asked for, in my judgment, is not the best thing, I have no right (much less is it my duty) to give it to him. If I give any one anything which I do not believe to be for his best good, I have done him an injury, not a kindness.

When asked to assist any one in trouble or want or distress, we are to do by him exactly as if the case were our own. Since it is a fact that we often decide for ourselves a way out of a difficulty that involves pain or self-denial or great sacrifice, we ought not to shrink from prescribing the same for our fellows, if it is our judgment such things are for the best. It is the pernicious notion that love only coddles, indulges, agrees to everything, that makes the idea of universal love seem ridiculous to so many. The more we love a person, the more we should be just to him. We are not just to our brother when we consent to do anything for him which, in our understanding of his case, is not the proper thing, even though he may ask it.

It is more pleasant to indulge than to deny, and easier sometimes to consent, than to correct; but if we really love we will often be compelled to do both. There are many people who continue to befog themselves with the notion that the indiscriminate giving of money is an indication of love. In the majority of cases of want, money is not needed at all. Even in cases where money is needed, something besides the money is needed far more.

Friendship, sympathy, counsel, acquaintance, these are needed more than money. There are cases where money should be given in addition to these, but never without them. To give a man money is simply to give him power to do good or ill, as he chooses. If I do not know nor care which he will do with it, do I do the person or the community a good service to give such a one money? Ought we to give a child firearms, or an imbecile dangerous chemicals? It would not be a kindness to do so to say the least. Why? Because it would be putting power into incompetent hands.

To give a bad man money is to do exactly the same thing. It is not love that inspires such a gift. To give an entire stranger money is a venture that is more liable to cause harm than to do good. It is myself that I owe to humanity, without respect of persons, not my money. It is myself that I should give indiscriminately, not power. Jesus gave himself, not money, to redeem humanity. Give to him that asketh. Give what? Give yourself, your sympathy, your advice, your best judgment, and if need be, your money if no one else has a higher claim on you.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

"I Know Thy Works, That Thou Art Neither Cold nor Hot; I Would Thou Wert Cold or Hot, So Because Thou Art Lukewarm, and Neither Hot nor Cold, I Will Spew Thee Out of My Mouth."

AT THE close of a very interesting report on one of the state institutions last Sunday, Dr. Talkwell said: "I have tried to make it clear to you in past discourses that my former inefficiency as a Christian minister depended largely upon the fact that I knew little or nothing of the real lives of the so-called lower classes. This conviction grows upon me daily as I continue my stay among them. I am no longer visiting them. I am among them to stay. If I make any visits it will be to the so-called upper classes, and return at once to my place among the lowly, the outcast and the outraged. Instead of losing my life, I have found it. Instead of spending my strength, I have renewed my strength.

I have found the degradation of the lower classes to be exactly like the culture of the upper classes — only skin deep. The real man and woman underneath is very much the same, with, perhaps, a liberal margin in favor of the degraded. I have found the frank vulgarity and the outspoken profanity of the so-called lower classes to be no surer index to what a person really is, than the polite insincerities and polished pretenses of the so-called upper classes. I have found pure hearts and loyal souls everywhere, but I have found them so much oftener among the poor than I used to among the rich,

that I begin to believe that Jesus knew what he was talking about when he spoke of the "deceitfulness of riches."

When I was the prosperous pastor of a prosperous church I had a way of explaining (?) the words of Jesus, concerning riches and rich men, which, in reality, emptied them of all meaning. This toadying to the rich man was unconscious on my part at the time, but I can see now plainly that I was doing it nevertheless. When Jesus said that "A rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom," when he said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," I felt sure that such rash statements needed smoothing down; that they were not to be taken literally.

I get out those old sermons now and read them over with mingled shame and amusement. When Jesus told the young man that if he would be perfect he must sell his possessions and distribute them to the poor (for he had much riches), I had taken this plain statement in one of those old sermons of mine, and by an adroit piece of theological thimble-rigging I had actually made it out that Jesus did not mean the rich men in my congregation; he only meant that particular rich man. It was unconscious on my part then, for I was beholden to the rich man in those days. He sustained my expensive church. He greased the wheels of my ecclesiastical machinery. It was only just reciprocation on my part; simply good manners. It was the inevitable result of organized Christianity and a salaried Christian ministry.

But as I read those sermons over now, my arguments were so thin, and my illustrations so far-fetched, that if there were any rich men in my congregation that had a particle of sense they must have despised me. It is so apparent to me now, since I am free from the whole business, that I blush as I read it. What must a sensible, rich man have thought of me, when I was using all my eloquence to curry his favor by explaining away such plain, unmistakable language as Jesus

made use of when he said: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "For either you will hate the one and love the other, or else will hold to the one and despise the other."

Now it is an actual fact, as these old sermons reveal, that I took this saying of Jesus as my text, and made it out to my own satisfaction, at least, that the rich man was all right; that he could live in a mansion with warm, empty rooms to spare, while his neighbor was shuddering in a dark, cold hovel; that he could enjoy an income of tens of thousands a year, while his neighbor was dragging out a miserable existence trying to support a large family on less than two hundred dollars a year; that he could feast while others fainted; that he could be warm while others were cold; that he could thrive while others perished; that he could do all these things and yet save his soul and become at last the possessor of a crown of glory, richly studded with jewels, emblematic of the colleges he had endowed, the churches he had built and the benevolent enterprises he had assisted.

How the rich men must have despised me! I feel sure that they do not enjoy such truckling as this. Whatever else the rich man is, he has brains to see through such subterfuge. I do not wonder now that the rich man doled out his pennies to me rather daintily after hearing such senseless sycophancy. I honestly believe had I told him the square truth that he has no moral right (according to Jesus) to have more than enough, while his brother has less than enough, he would have admired my courage and would have set much higher value on my preaching. Had I resolutely turned my face from all apologies for the plain, direct ethics of Jesus concerning riches, I really believe he would have been a more generous contributor. It might not have reformed his practices, but he would have known in his heart that I was telling him the truth. He would have done secret penance for his conduct by enlarging his gifts.

Had I made it plain to the rich man that I was the advo-

cate of the poor man, the oppressed woman and the ragged child, I suspect that he would have been only too glad to have turned over to me larger portions of his wealth to relieve his pangs of conscience. But I did not impress the rich man with the fact that I would make any such use of his money if he gave it to me. I gave him the notion many times that I wanted to build a larger church, a higher steeple, employ a more expensive choir, or contribute extensively to foreign missionary enterprises; that I wanted his money much more for such things than to help the poor. He had business sagacity enough to see that I overestimated the importance of these ecclesiastical affairs. He lost confidence in my practical wisdom and concluded he could make better use of his own money than I could. He was not altogether wrong, either.

My Master said: "Woe unto you that are rich! For ye have received your consolation!" I frequently apologized to the rich man for these harsh words of Jesus, but I never once faithfully delivered my Master's message. I was secretly ashamed of my Master and the rich man was secretly ashamed of me. He knew that I was straining the plain words of Jesus for his benefit. He resented my patronage. The truth would have hurt him less. But I was unconscious of it all. I often wondered at the parsimony then, but I see it all now. It was a plain case of the "blind leading the blind."

I had parted company with Jesus. I was in a labyrinth of my own making. Peter denied his Master thrice; I had denied him thrice and thrice and thrice again. I had failed to effectually reach the rich man because I had not gone to the poor man.

I had earned the silent contempt of the rich man at the same time I had estranged and hurt the poor man. My refinements of the gospel had rendered them neither cold nor hot, and they contained neither reproof nor succor. I have since learned that the only way to become a minister to the

poor is to become one of them. I have also learned that the only way to minister to the rich is to become a minister to the poor. No one appreciates the services of such a minister more than the rich man. He would be only too glad to placate his own sense of right by assisting such a minister. My later experiences confirm this, of which I may speak next Sunday.

A RICH MAN'S RELIGION.

"For the Love of Money is a Root of all Kinds of Evil, Which Some, Reaching After, Have Been Led Astray From the Faith, and Have Pierced Themselves Through With Many Sorrows."

AS DR. TALKWELL rose to begin his report, a wealthy banker asked the following question:

"What do you mean, or what do you suppose Jesus meant, by the term 'rich man?' How much money or wealth must a man have to be properly called a rich man?"

A rich man is one who spends more money for his personal gratification than he needs. A man may control the use of a large sum of money without being a rich man. He becomes a rich man only when he consents to spend upon himself more than is needed for any rational want. A man may be a millionaire, and yet be a poor man in his habits. If a man uses his millions in legitimate industries, furnishing work for others at wages that allow them to live as well as he lives himself, such a man is not a rich man. It is only when a man can bring himself to consent to habitually use for his own personal gratification more than he allows to those he employs.

Anything more than frugality and strict economy is riches. Every one knows that there are those who daily suffer for want of sufficient food and clothing. Everybody knows this. There is no way to escape this knowledge. Providence has so fixed it that there is only enough in this world to supply each one decently. If one has more than enough to do this,

then some one else must have less than enough. Any man who allows himself needless luxuries is depriving some one else of the necessaries of life. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for such a man to enter the kingdom of God.

What is a luxury? Something better or more expensive than the average man can afford. This changes with every generation, but remains relatively the same. Every one knows when he is spending more on himself than the average person could afford. When a man does this he is a rich man. A man may have the control of millions and not do this, or have a moderate income and be able to do it. Some capitalists live frugally, practice economy, and use every cent of their income to enlarge their usefulness. Such a man is not a rich man. Such a man is the salt of the earth. May their tribe increase. They are the men of ten talents who were commended for having gained ten more talents for the Master.

Some men suffer because they have too little to eat, too little to wear and too much work to do. Such a man is poor. Other men suffer because they have too much to eat, too much to wear, and too little work to do. Such a man is rich. A shame on him. Woe unto him. No hunger can equal the anguish that awaits him. Neither biting frosts nor crushing burdens can bring the torture that he is piling up against himself. He lazily cuts off his coupons, he languidly draws his interest. He loafs while others work for him, he yawns and stretches while others sweat for him. "Woe unto him! He hath received his consolation!"

How much may a man expend for his own living? My answer is this: The average income which others receive. If all wages and incomes were equally divided among all the men of this country, what would each one receive? Whatever your answer is, that is the answer that God makes to your question. If you receive a greater income than this, you have no right to use the surplus for your own gratification. You

are by honor bound to so use the surplus that others will equally enjoy the benefit of it.

Your superior education and culture does not entitle you to spend more on yourself on account of acquired taste and habits, but on the other hand, it should have prepared you to get along with less than your ignorant neighbor is able to do. If your education did not so prepare you, it was not a Christian education you received, that is certain. If you really love the people, you will make their woes your woes, their joys your joys, and their wages your wages. You can then mourn when they mourn; rejoice when they rejoice. If you refuse to use for your own living more than the average man receives, then when the people are oppressed, you are oppressed also. You are like Jesus, become poor for the sake of the people.

Surely Jesus could have commanded a better salary than he did if he had chosen to. Did Jesus not have tastes and appreciations that lifted him above the masses? Why, then, did he not indulge them like the many people do today who think they are following Jesus? Jesus refused to be richer than the poorest. If I have not done this, I am not his follower. There is no use trying to dodge this plain fact.

Finally the Gospel will prevail, and every man receive an equal income. In the meantime inequalities remain. The best way to avoid the curse of riches is to use the excess of income in such a way that others enjoy equal benefit from it. Otherwise we are not Christians but brutes. If we must indulge our æsthetic tastes, it can be done by the art gallery, the theater, the popular concert, etc., to all of which the public should have equal access and equal rights. It is not æsthetic but piggish, to keep such things for our own exclusive use.

There are two pigs in a pen. Both pigs are hungry. Enough feed is put into their trough for both. But one pig is the stronger. He drives the weaker one away, and eats it all. As a consequence, both pigs suffer. The one suffers because he has had too much to eat; the other because he has had too little. Surely swine are disgusting creatures.

There are two men on the street. Both men are hungry. They have money enough (fifty cents) to buy both a good dinner. But one man has all the money, and the other man has none. The man who has the money buys himself a dinner for fifty cents; the other remains hungry. As a consequence both suffer. The one suffers because he has had too much to eat; the other suffers because he has had too little. Surely Christians are disgusting creatures. You say this man is not a Christian? The chances are that he thinks he is, and it is not at all unlikely that he calls himself a Christian minister. I used to do such things at the time I was known as a Christian minister. You ask, "Could he not do as he pleased with his money?" Yes, he could, and he did. So did the other pig. Money is power. He who has the most money has the most power. He has deprived the other man of his dinner and has eaten both dinners, simply because he had the power to do so. This is exactly what the other pig did, also. There is no difference whatever. If the man can be defended, the pig can also.

The fact is this world is only rich enough to furnish all the men with twenty-five-cent dinners. If I eat a fifty-cent dinner, some other man must go without. If I eat a dollar dinner, three men must go without. If I have a dollar to spare for my dinner, I should save seventy-five cents to help the ones who have no dinner. Otherwise, I am doing exactly what the pig did. A twenty-five cent dinner is good enough for anyone except a glutton.

I have heard that they have periodical debauches at our national White House. At these so-called banquets every sitter is supposed to eat or destroy ten dollars worth of food and drink. At the same time people are hungry in all the land. And yet we call this a Christian nation. We call the president, who presides at these carnivals, a Christian president. We call the people who help waste this food Christian gentlemen and Christian ladies. We call the preachers who honor these scenes of gross gluttony, by their presence or approval, Christian ministers. Every time we use the word Christian in such a sense, "we crucify to ourselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

A TALK ON ALMS-GIVING.

A Mission Without a Scrip. A Charity Without a Purse.

DR. TALKWELL was looking over his morning mail. He was seated in his plainly furnished library, where gathered every night many stranded, helpless souls for counsel, encouragement, and fraternity. His mail consisted this morning, as usual, mostly of letters from residents of the city relating to some trouble, physical or spiritual, for which his help or advice was sought. One by one the letters were read through carefully, sympathetically.

Occasionally a tear glistened in his eye as he read them. The same old stories and yet ever appealing afresh to his heart. Widows caught in the meshes of mortgage fiends. Mothers tortured by wayward sons or daughters. Fathers, helpless or desperate with no work, no credit, and worse than that, no friends. Families disgraced by an erring girl hiding in places of shame. Girls on the verge of a precipice, at the bottom of which there is no hope, no pity, no help. Boys restive under all restraint, misunderstood, misguided, with their manhood yet unvanquished, ambition yet uncurbed. All these, and more, were the writers of the letters which the doctor was reading.

What will he do for these people? This one man with no funds, no organization behind him. What will one man do with all these petitions? Can he perform miracles of healing, of feeding, of defending, of consoling this multitude? Yes, he can and will, right speedily, right easily. No trumpets to sound, no statistics to keep, no red tape to unwind, no laggard

committee to wait for, no whining missionaries to consult. This is what he will do, this one man who is making a feeble step in the direction of real Christian ministry. This is what he will do.

In his going in and out among the people a dozen lawyers have noticed his work and have offered to defend any case where injustice is grinding the poor. "Just telephone me and you will find me ready at any time." A simple clasp of the hand, a manly "Thank you sir," and the compact is sealed. A dozen physicans have noticed and have offered the same fraternal assistance. Men of means have offered to make small loans without interest to those found worthy of confidence. The district nurses have offered their beautiful ministrations by which medicines for the poor, nicknacs for the convalescent, flowers and fraternities for the incurable are furnished. The mayor, with all the powers of organized society behind him, has offered his services in all cases where the law would be more effective than the gospel.

How did Dr. Talkwell get all these powers to act in behalf of the poor and down-trodden? By simply doing his duty among them. All these offers came to him unbidden, unsought. By losing his life, he found it. This is what he will do, this one man in the name of his master, Jesus. He will step to his telephone and summon to his aid these men and women, many of whom never spoke in prayer meeting, were never miraculously converted, do not attend church regularly and hold curious notions about the Bible, but who really believe in Jesus, and are willing to follow in his footsteps if any man will show them the way.

He will perform the miracle of setting all these willing minds and open hearts to work for humanity in a moment's time. On the wings of electricity his messages will speed—wings furnished by secular scientists while carping theologians are disputing as to the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. All the miracles of modern science become

ministering angels to do his bidding. "He that believeth in in me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do."

The number of his helpers increases every day. He meets them on the street car. He finds them in the saloon. He discovers them in the churches. He is accosted by them in the busy market place. He seeks them nowhere. He finds them everywhere. Simply because he is following his Master. Simply because he has quit talking and has gone to work. That is the secret of it.

The number of his petitioners increases every day. He finds them where no organized charity can enter; where no proselyting impertinence can penetrate. He finds hearts sore and hearts sick, where the missionary could only do harm; he finds them where pious, poor-pussying would not be allowed. And what is better than all this, he sets other men to finding these things out also; not by exhortation, but by example. Oh, the pity of it, that the plain gospel of Jesus should have become so twisted, so perverted that anyone could have supposed that any work beside this is Christian work—that any other ministry than this is Christian ministry. It was this kind of work that Jesus did. He did no other work.

It was in the midst of this morning's work that Dr. Talkwell was interrupted by a visit from a city clergyman. He explained that he had called to interest Dr. Talkwell in a scheme to help the poor of the city. It was proposed to raise money from each congregation and put the whole into the hands of a city missionary to distribute among the poor as he thought best. Dr. Talkwell asked: "Why is it proposed to have the clergyman who raise the money pay it over to some one else to disburse?"

The clergyman replied: "Why I suppose that the preachers who raise the money would not have time to look up the needy ones, or if they did have time they would not know where to find them."

"What!" exclaimed Dr. Talkwell. "Haven't time to find the poor; do not know where they are? Are you talking of Christian ministers when you say these things? Do you mean to say that there is a Christian minister in this city who either has not the time or knowledge to intelligently disburse the offerings of his own church to the poor? A professed Christian minister who has no time to visit the poor, and does not know where to find them if he does have the time, is as absurd as a merchant who has no store or customers—a teacher who has no school or scholars.

"If it be true that neither you nor the other ministers know who or where the poor are, how did you come to know that this other man, who calls himself a missionary, knows any more about the poor than you do?"

"Oh, well," replied the clergyman, "it is supposed that a missionary who spends all his time with the poor would know more about them than the regular pastor, is it not?"

"But you have no moral right to deal with suppositions in this matter. If you collect money of your people with the understanding that it is to be used for the poor of this city, you are bound on your honor to see that it is so used. You have no moral right to guess or suppose in such matters. You should know. I have quit soliciting money for any purpose. As for myself, I have no money. If I had I should feel it my personal duty to see that it was wisely used for the benefit of the resident poor. My conscience would not allow me to shirk this duty on anyone else. It seems to me certain that this missionary, who is so anxious to distribute other people's alms, can hardly have the example of Jesus in mind when he does so. Jesus did nothing of this sort. He told the rich man to sell what he had and distribute it to the poor. This so-called missionary would have said: 'Sell what you have and bring the proceeds to me and I will distribute it.' I should do a good deal of thinking first and watching afterwards if I gave money to such an enterprise, I think."

"You do not mean to infer," replied the clergyman, "that any of this money will be misappropriated?"

"I did not intend to infer anything," answered Dr. Talkwell, "but I did intend to distinctly state that if you or any other man collect money from the people of this city, with the understanding that such money is to be used for the benefit of the poor of this city, that you have taken upon yourselves the moral obligation to see that the money is so used. If you do not do this, and the money you raise is used wholly or partly for the benefit of non-residents, you have flim-flammed the people, and the whole lot of you deserve to be sent to the work-house, as they do other flim-flammers. If you know that such money is to be used solely for the benefit of residents of this city, it should be so stated when you raise the money. If you know that it will be partly or wholly used for the benefit of tramps, it should be so stated that the people may know to what sort of an enterprise they are giving. But if, on the other hand, you do not know how this money will be used, whether for the benefit of residents or non-residents, it is nothing less than dishonesty for you to fail to make this clear to those of whom you solicit money. Fraud is fraud, even though it be a pious fraud."

WHAT DID JESUS DO?

"What Would Jesus Do If He Were a Carpenter?"

THROUGH the influence of a very good book entitled "In His Steps," it has become quite the thing nowadays to ask ourselves every day "what would Jesus do if he were in our place? What would Jesus do if he were the editor of a metropolitan newspaper? What would Jesus do if he were the president of a railroad company? What would Jesus do if he were a merchant, a lawyer, a school teacher, a musician," etc., etc. These are very suggestive questions, but I feel inclined to carry these questions a little farther.

For instance, "What would Jesus do if he were a carpenter?" What did he do when he was a carpenter? All traditions agree that Jesus was a carpenter. He probably continued in this vocation until he was about thirty years old. Then he began his mission of gospel ministry. He was a carpenter no longer. He became a minister of the gospel, a bearer of good tidings to the poor, a shepherd to the lost sheep, a friend of the publicans and sinners. He quit carpentering when he became a minister. His mission to the people was incompatible with a salary, with the possession of property, with official dignity, with earthly power or vocation of any sort. His power was the power of example, the power of truth. His vocation was the vocation of the shepherd, who left the ninety and nine sheep of the fold to search for the lost one wandering in the bleak mountains of degradation and despair.

What would Jesus do if he were a carpenter? He would quit carpentering if he wished to become a minister of the gospel. That is what he would do. At least that is what he did do. What would Jesus do if he were the editor of a newspaper? He would quit the newspaper business and enter the work of a gospel minister. What did he tell Andrew, the fisherman, to do? To quit fishing and he would make him a fisher of men — a minister. This is what he required of each of his disciples. A complete renunciation of worldly, remunerative business, an unconditional surrender of mind and body to the unremunerative, impractical calling of the gospel ministry.

If the question was, "what would Jesus advise an editor, a railroad man, a carpenter to do," it would be easy to give an answer, as he put himself on record many times. He would tell such people to keep the law. He would have said, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." This is what he told everybody. He came "not to destroy the law, but to fulfill the law." He said just what Moses or Elijah or any other good man would have said. He had nothing new to offer on moral conduct. He had new and better rules for keeping the law, such as, "Love is the fulfilling of all law," "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

While Jesus remained a carpenter he was, no doubt, a good and faithful workman, receiving pay for his labor like other men. But when he began his mission as a minister of the gospel he became poorer than the poorest. He had no place to lay his head. He received no pay, had no home; he relied on the hospitality of those to whom he ministered. He slept where night overtook him. He rested where fatigue overcame him. He ate where hunger found him. His peculiar mission demanded all this of him.

In order to really go to the poor, the hungry, the overburdened, he must become like them. He must show them

that the peace and joy he came to bring could not be shaken by these things. So long as he allowed himself any earthly comfort or privilege they could not have, so long his life could not demonstrate his teachings. He must become as one of them. Then he could teach as one having authority. Then could he say, "I am the way," not "I can tell you the way," but "I am the way."

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, blessed are ye poor, blessed are ye who hunger; he not only taught these things, but he demonstrated them. He was blessed, although he was reviled of men; he was poor. He was hungry. There was no way to bring these truths to the world. He must drink the cup of human suffering to the bitter dregs, and, in spite of them all he had a joy the world could neither give nor take away. Could neither give (as he refused such joys as earth can give), could not take away (as he drank the cup of earthly sorrow to the last drop.)

To this kind of life he called his ministers. He did not call many ministers. Only twelve during his life time. Only twelve of all those who heard him and loved him. He had a message for the whole world. But his messengers were chosen from many. Many were called but few were chosen. The holy spirit has been calling a few here and there ever since.

Chosen for what? To enjoy priestly privileges or wield ecclesiastical powers? Not at all! Chosen for a service of worldly sacrifice and humble ministration. He washed his disciples' feet to illustrate the function of the real minister. A mean service, according to worldly wisdom. Called to lose their lives that they may make others rich in spiritual gifts; called to bear all the hate, the ignominy, the poverty, the false accusations this world can invent in order to prove to the world that real poverty, real riches, can neither be given nor taken away by the world.

There is a sense in which every man can carry the gospel to his neighbor. Deeds of kindness, words of sympathy,

acts of genuine fraternity—all these carry the gospel from man to man. But that Jesus intended to institute a special gospel ministry, there can be no doubt. That he intended to call some men apart from all worldly employment, giving their whole time to ministrations among the unfortunate, is very certain. How anyone can read the New Testament and reach any other conclusion is a curious enigma. Unfortunately, this doctrine has been held by men who took advantage of it to claim for the gospel ministry special privileges, special powers and special distinctions. Such claims are exactly the reverse of the truth. Gospel ministers have taken upon themselves special responsibilities, special hardships and special self-sacrifice. Instead of gaining the world, they have lost the world.

On the other hand, there are those who deny that Jesus intended to establish any special ministry; that he instituted no special class of men to do this work; that the editor, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the school teacher, is just as much a minister of the gospel as any one else, if he only chooses to be; that the gospel minister is simply a good man or woman, performing every duty, keeping every obligation. This view of gospel ministry is especially attractive to those persons who wish to pose as gospel ministers and yet shirk the responsibility of real gospel ministry. This view of the gospel minister is ably defended by that preacher who wishes to enjoy every luxury and comfort this world can give, and at the same time satisfy himself that he is following his Master, Jesus.

Real gospel ministers are needed in the world today as much as ever. While there are, doubtless, more of such in this age than ever before, yet it is a strange circumstance that this function has gradually shifted from the so-called ministerial class to the laymen. The work of ecclesiastical propaganda and theological proselyting has, little by little, in the churches, taken the place of gospel ministry. The real work of Jesus is mostly done by secular enterprise. In the Master's work it is, perhaps, more true than ever before that those who say "I go," do not go, while those who say "I go not," really do go.

A USELESS CHURCH.

"Why Stand Ye Here Idle?" "Because No Man Hath Hired Us."—The Way of Salvation is the Way of Service.

A LOCAL clergyman called on Dr. Talkwell the other day to get his opinion on a question that had been troubling him seriously. He said: "My church is getting on fairly well as churches go. We have a very wise and pushing board of managers and I am succeeding tolerably well in drawing an audience, but as a church we are doing nothing except to keep the thing running. I preach, they listen, and then go home to dinner. Then I preach again, then they go home to sleep. I rack my brain to invent something to preach about, and they rack their brains to raise money to pay the choir, the sexton, the taxes, the running expenses and my salary.

"Then, of course, we have young people's meeting, but it is quite pathetic to witness their futile attempts to keep up an interest in these meetings. They have nothing to talk about, nothing practical to do; in short, there seems to be no rational reason for their meeting whatever. The same general want of purpose is apparent in our Sunday school and prayer meeting. Now, this in brief, is our trouble. It grows worse every year. We want something to do, some practical Christian work.

"If we had something to do I would have something to preach about, the young people would have something to talk about; we would have something to pray for, and confer over; we would have something fresh to teach the young in our Sunday school. As it is, we harp over and over again the

same old things, all good enough in their way, but long since antiquated.

"I have watched your radical departure from church customs with interest, and while I do not quite follow you in all of your views, I am inclined to think you are on the right track. At least your acquaintance with the city and its religious needs may enable you to make some suggestions as to practical church work. Can you tell us what to do to be saved from spiritual dry rot and theological dyspepsia?"

To all of the clergyman's remarks Dr. Talkwell listened with close attention and sympathetic interest. He hesitated a moment before venturing a reply. In that moment of hesitation a silent prayer to the Father of all Wisdom was offered, that the right words might be said. This habit of silent prayer in all emergencies began in the doctor's history as soon as he discarded all ecclesiastical crutches, and the habit is becoming more and more a necessity with him.

"I feel deeply the confidence you have shown in me by asking my advice in such matters," said Dr. Talkwell at last, "and I sincerely pray that I may be able to help you in your dilemma. You have stated the case exactly, and what you say of your own church applies to many others equally well, I fear. There is nothing the church so sorely needs today as something tangible, something rational to do. Not money, not membership, not buildings, not scholarship, not anything do they need so much as sensible, practical Christian work.

"I know by painful experience what it is to be the pastor of a church, with all the machinery needed for good work, with an ample following of men and women ready to obey any specific request, lacking nothing, in fact, but a clear, practical notion of what I wished to do. Since I have withdrawn from the necessity of keeping this useless, ecclesiastical treadmill moving, I have found many things which the church might be doing, not only for the good of humanity, but for its own good. The churches are being rapidly deserted by prac-

tical men and women, and unless it very soon outlines for itself some work that will appeal to the judgment and enthusiasm of the business and working people, many churches might as well stop entirely the farce of holding public services.

"Let me see. Where is your church located?" asked the doctor, after a pause.

"On the east side of the city," replied the clergyman. "The people in the bounds of my parish are generally well-to-do, a great many of whom belong to churches down-town. There seems to be little or no field for mission work, and in our public services we have to contend with down-town churches, which have attractions with which we cannot successfully compete. Our entire energies are expended in trying to hold the ground we have already gained."

"Your location was evidently selected with a view to get as far as possible from the real work of a Christian minister," remarked Dr. Talkwell, "but there are several fields white for the harvest where East Side churches enjoy special advantages, I will mention one, only, for your consideration.

"Southeast of this city is an institution known as the Infirmary, where nearly 400 poor, stranded souls are housed together waiting for death to ring down the curtain on the last act of their sorrowful careers. This multitude of human shipwrecks is made up of many creeds and nationalities. Some of them have been prosperous and prominent citizens, some hopeless vagabonds. Some are bright, some idiotic, some sweetly content, some morbidly dissatisfied. But all are pitiful in the extreme; all, for one reason or another, proper material for genuine Christian ministration.

"Now these people are nearer to your church than to churches down town. This is your natural advantage. Again, you have less of this kind of work available than the down-town churches have. You will find the managers of this institution quite willing to allow you all reasonable privileges

to do Christian work. There is a good chapel for services, commodious grounds and large rooms for social intercourse.

"Grandfathers and grandmothers in all stages of senility and infirmity are there. New-born children with no father, and perhaps worse than no mother, are there also. The lame and the lunatic, the cunning and the curious, are found at this place in all phases of dejection and degeneration. These are they of whom Jesus spoke when he asked Simon, 'Lovest thou me?" Simon answered, 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee.' 'Feed my lambs.' It was of such as these he spoke."

"But I fail to see how either I or my church can do anything for these people," said the clergyman.

"Yes, I expected you would say that. Allow me, however, to attempt to outline a plan, subject, of course, to change and revision, as the wisdom of experience dictates, which may help you. First, let me caution you against going at this work as reformers or opposers of anything or anybody. Not a suspicion of politics or the slightest tinge of proselyting should be exhibited. If your theology is not broad enough to carry the gospel to Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant without disturbing anyone's theological notions, stay away by all means. If your love for humanity is not strong enough to meet bravely the criticism of some, and misrepresentation of others, do not attempt it. Remember that if you attempt to follow the Master you will be sure to meet some of his crosses.

"One word more before I proceed to the particulars of the suggestions I was going to make. All beginnings seem small and insignificant. The gospel is like a grain of mustard seed, very small, but is capable of great development. At first you will have some very uninviting and unpromising work to do. Once begun, however, the work will grow in unexpected ways and directions.

"I wish to repeat that real Christian work always begins with small things. This is so in any real work. If I want a

living tree I must plant the seed and wait for the slow processes of germination and growth. A very small seed, a very unpromising shoot, a miserable little shrub with tiny twigs, is all that has seemingly resulted from years of waiting. But the elements of growth are there. The hidden vigor of living vitality is there, which sooner or later, will begin to show itself in larger results.

"But if I am content to have an artificial tree, a dead tree, a tree that has no inherent vitality, I can get such a tree ready made, already grown in a single day. Place it beside the little twigs for which I have waited two or three years, and the dead tree towers over it in patronizing superiority. And yet, everybody knows that that little living twig is worth more than a thousand dead trees. The dead tree begins at the zenith of its glory and gradually degenerates into worthless insignificance. The living tree begins in apparent insignificance and grows into majestic beauty and strength.

"It is just so with religion and theology. Religion is a living vitality. Theology is an artificial structure. Religion begins as a small thing, but having real life, it gradually becomes a great thing. Theology consists of creeds and outward observances, is man-made and has no inherent life. Theological enterprises generally start off with a big boom, a wonderful display of property and people. But true religious work never begins this way; it always begins with small things. Jesus in describing the growth of real gospel work, said: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field, which indeed is less than all seeds, but when it is grown, it is greater than the herbs and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the heavens come and lodge in the branches thereof.'

"Again: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till it was all leavened.' This shows what Jesus thought of gospel work. It is a little thing at first. His own life was seemingly

a small affair. He headed no great enterprise. The greatest things he ever said were wayside conversations or confidential talks. His mission, viewed from any worldly standpoint, was a failure, but the life of his personal contact had been imparted; the seed had been planted. A living germ had been fructified, and could do nothing else but grow. Organizations could not help or hinder its growth. Ecclesiastical machinery could and did pervert its growth, but could not entirely defeat it.

"If you begin the work of Christian ministry at the Infirmary with the expectation that in six months or a year you are going to have some dramatic results to parade before the people, or startling statistics to bawl and bray to admiring multitudes (like the ticket seller of a sideshow), if you go into this work with any such expectation or wish, or go into any other real Christian work in this way, you are sure to be disappointed.

"In the first place, I should advise you to make several preliminary visits to this institution, get acquainted with the directors, the superintendent and the doctor in charge of the institution. Get their confidence that what you desire to do has in it no hostile feeling or sinister motive. As soon as they discover that your purpose is only to bring gospel fraternity and brotherly sympathy, you will probably have their consent, at least, if not their active co-operation.

"You will find this institution, like all other similar institutions, managed by men who accepted the authority they enjoy because of the salary attached. It was probably no humanitarian or philanthropic impulse that prompted them to seek this work. These positions were sought as the means of livelihood and were secured by the same means that any other political position is secured. This is not intended as a stigma upon them or their work, for it applies to all similar institutions of this and many other cities. It is not likely that any of them would claim that they would wish to do this kind of work if there was no salary attached. They would reply, and

very justly, that those who minister to the churches have precisely the same attitude toward their work. It is very safe to say that a church that pays no salary would have no preacher, except, perhaps, the Quakers.

"After consulting with the managers of this institution you might find the way opened to spend the evening that you have been devoting to what is called a prayer meeting — to devote this evening to the infirmary. Call your young people to your assistance and get up some sort of helpful, interesting and amusing entertainment every Wednesday evening — recitations, singing, readings and whatever may suggest itself as being proper. As soon as you find your church and these people laughing together at the same humor, or crying together over the same pathos, or enjoying together the same music, or being uplifted by the same inspiration, or singing together, you have established something in common between you and them. This is the first step to take toward anyone you wish to benefit; find something in common — something that can be mutually enjoyed.

"No sooner will you have begun this work in the right spirit, than acquaintances and intimacies will begin to spring up between the two companies of human souls, who have never before known each other. No doubt a Sunday service would soon follow, even though it be nothing but a song service by your young people. You might alternate with your young people Sunday morning or evening in holding services, leaving them in charge of your services when you preach over there, and allowing them to hold the same song service in your church in the place of your sermon. Of course, these are only suggestions; a thousand and one things will occur to you as you go on with the work. Get it out of your head as quickly as possible that in order to run a church successfully you have got to preach two or three sermons every week. The people are getting tired of this sort of thing, and the preachers are getting tired of it.

"It is simply a custom that has outlived its usefulness. One good rousing sermon by some live worker in Christian ministry would do more good than twenty sermons preached by some one who has nothing in particular to say. A preacher delivering a sermon simply because he has been paid for doing so and it is expected of him, rather than that he has anything to say; and an audience listening to this preacher because they have paid for it and it is expected of them, rather than that they have any interest in what he is saying, is a serio-comic performance fit to make the gods weep and laugh alternately.

"Post yourself on the laws governing this institution and the history of it. Get the directors or the superintendent to deliver addresses before your church on the effects and defects of the work it is doing. Become acquainted with as many as possible of the inmates. Many of them have relatives in the city who would appreciate your work. This might be a means of enlarging your work in the city, getting into new channels of influence. Make your people acquainted with every detail of the direct and indirect influence of this institution upon our city, until your people will become known as reliable authority on these subjects.

"You will soon find that you will be consulted by people who are in some way interested in this institution, and little by little you will become a real minister to a large number of people who are in some way affected by this institution. There is no end to the work that will gradually grow up around you. The election of a new trustee, the appointment of a new superintendent or matron, the death of an old pauper or helpless widow would become themes of daily conversations with the people of your church, which will take the place of petty gossip and trivial formalities with which they now spend their precious time.

"Finally, what do you suppose would be the effect on the institution itself to know that the eyes of two or three

hundred people were upon them; that the hearts of two or three hundred people were beating in sympathy with the inmates; that the energies of two or three hundred people were pledged to sincere devotion to the help, the defense and the friendship of everybody in any wise connected with it? What encouragement this would be for improvement. What discouragement it would be for neglect and indifference. But this is not a theme for words; action alone can develop it. It is an open door to a large work. It is a field white for the harvest."

A MODERN HERESY.

"When Thou Doest Alms, Let It Be Done In Secret."

AFTER spending the morning hour last Sunday in answering questions on local affairs, Dr. Talkwell said:

One of the curiosities of history is the modern conception of the teachings of Jesus. Exactly those things that Jesus forbade his desciples to do are today regarded as the special signs of Christian discipleship. On the other hand, nearly all that he regarded as essential is systematically ignored. It is the irony of fate that nearly everything that he strove to eradicate from the minds of his followers is now done in his name, for his sake, and professedly derived from his teachings.

'Tis passing strange that such plain, direct language as Jesus used could be so perverted except by deliberate intention. For instance, out of the many things that Jesus taught which have been absolutely reversed in practice, let us select three—alms-giving, prayer and fasting.

These things, Jesus taught, should be done secretly. Nowhere and at no time did he give anyone the slightest pretext for supposing that they could be done publicly, except in direct violation of his express directions.

In regard to alms-giving, after warning his followers against the practice of those who make their alms-giving public in the street or synagogue, he said: "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand

doeth, that thine alms may be secret." How can such clear language be misunderstood? Not only should our alms giving be so secret that our neighbors do not know it, but so secret that our left hand should not know what our right hand doeth. This hyperbole was used to emphasize his thought of the importance of secrecy in this matter. For the sake of those who give charity, for the sake of those who receive charity, it should be secret, sacredly secret. Only then will the Father who seeth in secret recompense thee. In other words, it is only secret charity that accomplishes the purposes intended. Charity ought to be so indirect, so secret, that although the recipient gets the full benefit of it, yet he does not know that he has received any charity.

How any one who has a particle of respect left for the teachings of Jesus can consent to go deliberately into public alms-giving after reading these sayings of his, is one of the puzzles in mental athletics very difficult to solve. Here are the plain words of Jesus, warning against publicity, commanding the most careful privacy in alms-giving and yet his professed followers use every means in their power to give each detail of such work the greatest possible notoriety. The daily papers, the street bulletin, the public assembly; all are taxed to the utmost to tickle the vanity of givers, in order to get more givers of the same sort. Jesus said: "When thou doest alms, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have the glory of men."

Instead of sounding one trumpet on the street and in the synagogues, a thousand trumpets are sounded, trumpets unknown to the primitive times in which he spoke. Every facility of modern advertising is used to publish abroad the names of givers, the amounts given, and the wonderful good that has been and will be done by the self-sacrificing managers. O, what a flagrant violation of the words of Jesus! To what despite are his reasonable requests put. Be it said to

the credit of occasionally one giver, however, the name is withheld, either from a sense of native modesty or possibly a secular notion that Jesus has the right of it. Such names are generally signed simply "A Friend." Whose friend is not stated, but from the unwillingness to make public the gift it may be inferred that he is a friend of Jesus at least.

But, it will be asked, how can public charities or relief organizations be carried on if no publicity be given them? Perhaps they could not be maintained in any other way. I do not know. Fortunately, however, this is a problem which the follower of Jesus does not find himself obliged to solve. Jesus had nothing whatever to do with such things. Neither by word nor example did he intimate that he wished his disciples to do anything of this kind. If people would live as Jesus wished them to, there would be no need of a yearly fit of charity hysterics. If every day professed Christians were practicing the Golden Rule, then would alms-giving be in secret, a sacred confidence between friend and friend. And if we disregard the teachings of Jesus ten months in the year we must not expect to make it right by public alms-giving the other two months. Both the ten months' indifference to our neighbors and the two months' loud voiced anxiety over the consequence of our indifference are alike in direct violation of the plain precepts of Jesus.

Charity fever and ague, I call it. First the ten-month chill, then the two-month fever. Instead of the even temperature of healthy Christian living the year round, we have the intermittent fever of a spasmodic, ecclesiastical machine. If the people were taught that Jesus wished his followers to do their alms-giving in secret and never, never, let any one know of it, what a new doctrine this would be. This would certainly be "new theology." And yet here this doctrine has stood on the first pages of the sayings of Jesus as plain as words could make it. We have mouthed the words over and over again, taught our children to say them, and yet what a

strange doctrine. What a mischievious practice this would be to the present order of things.

Just think of it. "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret." What a heretical practice this would be. Such alms-giving could not be organized at all. Even the church could not gather or distribute this sort of alms-giving. Secret alms-giving could only be carried on by the direct contact of giver and recipient. The third party would pervert such gifts entirely. What a discouraging state of things this would be for subscription lists, for public donations and even for penny collections. What opportunity would be given for men who have made themselves immensely wealthy from the earnings of other men to pose as public benefactors and Christian gentlemen? What would become of all the pretty pulpit orations eulogizing the Rockefellers, the Wanamakers and the Carnegies?

The rule of secret alms-giving would necessitate a personal contact between each giver and recipient. How disgusting! Such alms-giving could not be done in a hurry, but would have to be practiced the year round. How tiresome! Such alms-giving would need no public office, no salaried officials, no paid collectors. How uninteresting! Such alms-giving would necessitate close acquaintance and actual friendship with those who need charity. How degrading! And yet there is no other way to obey Jesus except to keep our alms-giving secret. No learned quibbling can evade this plain conclusion. And yet we pay men good salaries to make it appear otherwise.

HOW HYPOCRITES PRAY.

"But When Thou Prayest, Enter into Thy Closet."

SINCE Dr. Talkwell's departure from the ordinary church usages it has been noticed that he had omitted the usual stereotyped prayer. The time usually occupied by a spoken prayer has been devoted to absolute silence, sometimes broken by faint organ chords of a devotional character. Whether this omission was due to a change of opinion or not, has caused much comment. Last Sunday, after his regular report, he devoted a few minutes to the subject of prayer, which explains his conduct in this particular. He spoke as follows:

"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

Now if these words do not mean that Christians should not pray in public places, either in their places of public worship, or on the street corners, what do they mean? If this does not mean that Jesus wished his followers to abandon the practice of public prayer, which was common in those days, and pray only in secret, what does it mean? How could language be made plainer? "When thou prayest," he does not say, sometimes when thou prayest, or, as a rule when thou prayest; but he states without any reserve or exception, "When thou prayest." His followers were bidden, not only

to not stand on the street corners when they prayed, or in places of public worship, but to enter into their closets, and for fear even this express language might not be strong enough, he added, "and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

How could Jesus have selected stronger or plainer words forbidding public prayer and commanding silent prayer? It would seem as if he foresaw that his words would be garbled and quibbled over and therefore determined to make them so direct and forcible that no learning could evade them, or stupidity misunderstand them.

Jesus nowhere else said anything to retract these words. At no time did he utter a syllable to modify this terse, unmistakable prohibition of public prayer. No man can quote a word that fell from the lips of Jesus that in any wise conflicts with his first declaration that prayer should be only in the privacy of the closet, with the door shut, in absolute secrecy. If Jesus did utter any words authorizing anyone to make prayer a public observance, who will quote them for me? Who will tell me where they may be found?

Last Sunday night I attended church. When I stepped off the street car a crowd of people were assembled on the corner of the street. A man stood on the street corner praying very loudly. I could hear every word he said across the street. After he had finished a woman began praying. Arriving at the church a trifle late, I was stopped at the door because a man was standing in the pulpit praying. A large congregation was assembled. My indignation at the flagrant violation of the reasonable admonition of Jesus which I had just witnessed on the street corner was not cooled when I reached the church. But here I was compelled to stand fully eight minutes to witness another disobedience equally as great. I kept asking myself: "Have these people ever read the sixth chapter of Matthew?" Not only were they praying on the corner of the streets, not only were they praying stand-

ing in the synagogues, but they were ignoring every other thing that Jesus said about prayer.

Jesus said: "Use not vain repetitions." They were using vain repetitions — repeating words that could have no other possible use except to please the vanity of those who like to make or hear eloquent prayers. Jesus said, "The heathen think they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not like unto them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."

To leave no room for cavil as to what he meant by "much speaking" he proceeds to give them a prayer which contains just forty-five words (revised version). These words could be uttered easily in half a minute. Could I believe my eyes when I saw these followers of Jesus standing to pray in exactly the same places he forbade them to stand? Could I believe my ears when I heard these men saying exactly the things which Jesus forbade them to say? Could I believe my senses that I was living in a country where the words of Jesus are held sacred, walking in the streets of a city where the name of Jesus is placed above all other names, standing in a church dedicated to the propagation of the doctrines taught by Jesus? Could I believe my senses that I was actually a spectator to such public and unprovoked, premeditated disregard to the gentle words of the Master they profess to follow?

As I stood there with uncovered head waiting for this man who was standing in the synagogue praying, I could not help recalling, not only the words of Jesus on this subject, but his practice. It is said of him, "After he had sent the multitudes away he went up into the mountain, apart, to pray. And when even was come he was there alone." How exactly this example of Jesus was reversed. This man did not send the multitude away to pray, but on the contrary he called them together with the deliberate intention of praying before them as soon as they were assembled. And again: when

Jesus came with his desciples "unto a place called Gethsemane," he said unto the desciples, "sit ye here while I go and pray yonder." And when he came back and found his disciples sleeping he said: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" "Again a second time he went away and prayed . . . . and he came again and found them sleeping." And on another occasion it is said, "and in the morning, a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

These glimpses of the habits of Jesus are sufficient to show that they were no idle words he uttered when he advised his followers to pray in secret. It seems from this that it was the custom of Jesus to go apart even from his disciples to pray. In other words, he practiced what he preached on this subject, as well as on all other subjects.

But some will say, how is this, Dr. Talkwell, did you not pray in public when you were our pastor? Yes, I did, and I used to justify my conduct by referring to those few occasions when Jesus was suddenly confronted by some great grief or agony, as at the grave of Lazarus and on the cross. He gave utterance to a mere sentence or exclamation which I had been taught to regard as examples of public prayer. And also that last meeting of Jesus and his disciples just before his arrest, when alone with his chosen few he offered a prayer. Yes, like a drowning man, I grasped at these straws to save the church traditions, but I did not fully realize in doing so I was setting aside the plain teachings and the plainer examples of Jesus on this subject.

I have come to believe that Jesus was right. Prayer is necessarily a private matter. It is communion with God. The secret place, where all the world is shut out, is the only appropriate one. I do not like to parade my domestic affairs in public. Such things seem too sacred for such use. How much more ought my communion with God to seem too sacred for public assemblies and street corners! When I really have

anything to pray for I do not want anyone to hear but my Father. It is only when I am making a perfunctory prayer, that I can make it fit for others to hear. I pray no more to the public. I pray only to God. It is my new work that has changed my views on this subject. I have something to pray for these days. I need help now. When I was the prosperous pastor of a prosperous church I prayed toward the source of my prosperity—the church. I am working for my Master now, mostly. It is to him I pray. I do not need a public place or assembly for such prayers. I have found the privacy of the closet to be all that Jesus recommended. And I begin to understand that the street corner and the synagogue are no place for sincere prayer. Yes, I believe that Jesus was right about it after all.

Next week I will speak about public fasting.

HOW HYPOCRITES FAST.

"But When Thou Fastest, Appear not Unto Men to Fast."

DR. TALKWELL said last Sunday:

The demoralizing effect of a well-fed, much-fed and always-fed condition of the body has been recognized from time immemorial. A vigorous spirituality is not expected where complete bodily satisfaction exists. When the body is kept carefully guarded from all hunger the spirit sleeps contentedly. Fasting produces a spiritual self-consciousness. An over-fed body acts as a spiritual opiate. "Man shall not live by bread alone," has been forgotten by those who never fast. Much fasting produces spiritual famine. Voluntary fasting often has as a reward a spiritual feast.

Fasting has been practiced for three distinct and entirely different purposes. It has been practiced as a physiological or hygienic measure. It is good for the body. In some bodily temperaments fasting is absolutely necessary to good health. With the concentrated foods and sedentary habits of modern civilization, fasting is an ever increasing necessity to the preservation of good digestion and the prevention of acute disease.

Fasting has been practiced as a penance. As a self-inflicted punishment for sins committed, fasting has always been found a convenient cudgel. Fasting as a penance to atone for excessive indulgence has some incidental benefit, but is liable to degeneration into license for intemperance. If the fast for Lent justifies the preceding carnival, then both had better be omitted.

Fasting has also been practiced as a means of grace. Reducing the bodily functions to a minimum of activity, greater spiritual activity is possible. Many others besides religious devotees have found that an empty stomach makes an excessive brain. So far as Jesus practiced voluntary fasting, all this must have been his reason for doing so. Not as a hygienic measure, for he held the things of the flesh as of secondary importance to the things of the spirit. Not as a penance for sin, for he regarded God as a loving Father rather than as an exacting tyrant. The forty days' fast of Jesus just before beginning his mission was not a hygienic measure, nor a penance, but a spiritual exercise for the purpose of gaining complete mastery of his body.

It would seem that if Jesus practiced voluntary fasting after this, it was done in secret, as he had the reputation of not fasting at all. "And John's disciples and the Pharisees were fasting, and they come and say unto him, why do John's disciples and the disciples of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not?" But whatever may have been his practice he did not fail to give very specific directions to his disciples about fasting. This, like alms-giving and prayer, he enjoins the most careful secrecy. He omitted nothing to emphasize his wish in this particular. He said: "Moreover, when ye fast be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

If Jesus foresaw how completely his words were to be ignored by his professed followers; how the very things he strove againat would become the special badge of Christian discipleship, what must have been his feelings? Perhaps he did foresee it. This may explain in part his agony at Gethsemane.

Did he foresee that in spite of his words fasting would be set apart for certain days; that fast days would become as public as holidays; that they would be scheduled like sporting events; that every item of each fast would be prescribed like the menu of a public banquet; that no pains would be spared to make this observance conspicuous by mode of dress and general deportment; that all compunction of conscience and propriety would be lost by his followers in making public parade of the most excellent means of grace? Did he foresee all this? He said once to the theologians, "Ye have made the word of God of no effect by your traditions." I wonder if he would not say the same thing again.

It is quite unlikely, however, that Jesus' mode of fasting was a formal or stated observance, either public or private. After he began his career as a minister of the gospel his life was altogether too serious for such things. He became so poor, having no home or place to lay his head, that fasting was frequently unavoidable. The Master, himself, and the disciples could not carry the gospel to the poor and outcast without getting hungry sometimes. Formal fasting was quite superfluous in such a life. This was also true of those primitive ministers of the gospel who accepted what Jesus taught literally. They used to get hungry too. They saw no way to avoid it and follow Jesus. It required several hundred years of theological research to discover a way to become a gospel minister and yet remain a well-fed, well-paid gentleman. Few people realize the amount of Christian scholarship that has been expended to transform the life of a Christian minister into a prosperous, college-bred orator.

Alms-giving, prayer and fasting are pious observances. Real piety seeks seclusion. Nothing is more obnoxious to the normal mind than a public exhibition of piety. No more disagreeable person exists than one who is always appearing pious. No one likes to be in the presence of such a person. This is so true that even the pious mistrust or hate each other.

To be really pious, without allowing anyone to discover it, is true religion according to Jesus. A want of modesty destroys the charm of the most beautiful woman. So a want of secrecy destroys the beauty of the most zealous piety. A piety that does not diligently seek to hide itself is spiritual vulgarity.

At first everybody instinctively tries to hide piety. This is exactly as it should be. It is only after great effort and spiritual self abuse that any sane person can bring himself to exhibit his piety. All sorts of evangelistic devices have been contrived to persuade "new converts" to display in public some sign of piety. This is always repugnant to any sincere mind. Human nature naturally rebels against such defilement of its most sacred feelings. It is only the less modest ones who can be so debauched. Thanks to the natural divinity of the human soul, the great majority of people remain true to their own hearts. Thanks to the integrity of human nature, only a few can be cajoled to betray their holiest sensibilities. Most people, in spite of their teachers, hold their piety in sacred privacy. And the Father who seeth in secret does reward them openly.

But some will say, "Shall we hide our light under a bushel?" Hiding our piety is not hiding our light. Private piety leads to public acts, which are the light of the world. Acts, not words, constitute the light of the world. The person whom the world calls a "religious crank" is one who makes his piety public. Such a person does far more harm than good. His is the religions to talk, talk, talk. There is no light in it at all. But the one who instinctively conceals his piety, and is governed in all his outward acts by the law of love, is the light of the world. Such a one cannot hide his light. The Master has promised that he would be rewarded openly. The world needs more and more of this kind of light.

JESUS' TEACHINGS PERVERTED.

"Thy Father Which is in Secret Shall Reward Thee Openly."

DR. TALKWELL'S reports on the various enterprises and activities of the city grow each Sunday more and more interesting. The great ignorance of one class of citizens about everything that concerns any other class in a large city constitutes the chief barrier to every kind of fraternal work. People know little or nothing about each other, except those few who are associated in small cliques or societies. This is the inevitable trend of modern civilization. To endeavor to correct this unfortunate tendency, the whole effort of the secular society (to whom Dr. Talkwell makes his Sunday reports) is directed. At the close of his report last Sunday the doctor said:

It is asked, why is it that the church is practically unanimous in making almsgiving, prayer and fasting public observances, if it be true that they were originally advised and practiced by Jesus as secret observances?

The answer is this: The ecclesiastical organization known as the church is vitally interested in public worship. A church without some sort of public worship would be a financial failure. Secret observance cannot be utilized in any way by church organizations for such purposes. The church can have no abiding interest in any thing that cannot be made to contribute to its own material life or progress. Every religious observance recommended by Jesus that could not be appropriated by the church for practical purposes, has either been

quietly ignored or gradually perverted. If alms-giving is only to be practiced in secret, if prayer is to be confined to one's own closet, if fasting is to be carefully concealed, then of what use are they to public worship? None whatever.

Gradually these observances have been forced into public service because there was no other way to use them to benefit the church. As soon as the attempt was made to organize Christian worship and harness it up in ecclesiastical rules, the absence in Jesus' sayings of anything out of which to build a church ritual must have been noticed. For this reason no attempt was made at organizing Christian worship for a long time. Under the mistaken notions of Paul, little companies of believers were gathered in several places to await the second coming of Jesus. But the sayings of Jesus furnished so little pretext for an organization that at first no such attempt was made.

It was only after the idea had arisen that Jesus had given Peter and his successors full authority to develop the details of a church organization that an ecclesiastical system was seriously attempted. Then began an elaboration of a church ritual and creed as fantastic as it was far from anything to be found in the sayings of Jesus. This continued, with protests, now and then, until the Reformation. By this time the people had become accustomed to seeing the things which Jesus commanded to be observed in secret, practiced in the most public manner. But it was not pretended at this time that the sayings of Jesus gave them any authority for such public performances, but it was claimed that the authority had been delegated to them to make any changes or additions they should choose to (under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, of course).

When the Reformation came, a great part of this ritual was abandoned by the protesting churches. But a portion remained. The idea that all of these public observances could be spared was not tolerated. Some of the ritual must

be saved. But in order to save any of the ritual, one of two things must be done. They must either admit that the authority to invent a ritual had been actually given to the church through Peter, or else they must contrive to make Jesus in some way directly responsible for them.

It was the special work of most of the protesting churches to deny that the original church had any authority to invent a church ritual or creed. Hence, whatever of the ritual or creed they inherited from the mother church, which the protesting church considered worth saving, they were obliged to maintain on the grounds that Jesus, or at least the Gospel writers, had instituted them. Had the people not already become accustomed to these observances long before any attempt was made to prove them by the sayings of Jesus, it would have been impossible for the church to have made any one believe that Jesus wished his followers to do such things.

Thus it is that the Protestant churches cling with desperate clutch to every text or syllable of the Gospel that can be tortured into an excuse for maintaining some kind or degree of public worship. It is pathetic to witness with what ingenuity of interpretation and valiant persistency the professional theologian undertakes to fasten upon Jesus the responsibility of a multitude of church customs and traditions which come and go with each succeeding century. He established none of them. He had little use for any of them. None of them have the slightest resemblance to anything he ever said or did. This is not saying that Jesus would disapprove of all the customs and traditions of the modern church; it is simply saying that he did not originate them, and is in no sense responsible for them.

While about his mission he came in contact with church forms and traditions. He made use of them whenever they were of service to him. That he used them differently than was the custom appears from the fact that he was shut out of the synagogues. He did not exactly oppose the existing church

customs, but he tried to use them for some rational purpose. This he could not do, for they would not allow him to.

I do not regard Jesus as the author of our church customs, rituals, creeds or traditions, one whit more than I regard him the author of our system of public education, or our form of government, or our social etiquette. All these may be good and might meet the entire approval of Jesus, but by no word or act did he indicate a desire to disturb or establish any such institutions. He confined himself to his peculiar mission. His mission was to establish a gospel ministry, to call apart from the natural avocations of life a few men to do as he did. He took them and showed them what he wished them to do. He also told them in a very plain simple way, exactly what he expected of them. This is all he did, this is all he said.

While no doubt he expected this mission to reach the whole world, yet this was his way of reaching the whole world. His way was to go to the poor, the wretched, the outcast, knowing that this was the only way to reach the others. Many gospel ministers are trying to reach the poor, the depraved, through the rich and the cultured. In this they have the Gospel exactly reversed. Jesus showed them the only open door to the world. He showed them by going through the door himself; by becoming homeless and hungry; by losing his life for the lost sheep. Had he gone to the rich and cultured his name would have passed into oblivion in a single generation. He called his ministers to follow in his footsteps. So far as we know the history of the disciples they did follow him, and as a consequence they met about the same fate. It was only after his followers quit following in his steps that their persecutions ceased. The same persecutions stand ready today to meet anyone who dares to literally follow Jesus—even though he follow him half way as Peter did. These persecutions come now from the same source that they did then—from the ecclesiastical organizations, and not from the people.

DR. TALKWELL'S CHURCH.

Can A Modern Preacher Become A Christian Minister?

A REPORTER called on Dr. Talkwell this week to ask him some questions about a new departure which the secular society he represents is proposing to make. The reporter asked:

"Have you any objections to anwering a few questions touching the new work of your society?"

"Not at all. I should certainly object to an attempt to make public anything which I regarded as the Master's work, but the society of which I speak makes no pretension of doing such work. Therefore I have no objection to speaking of it to you."

"Is it true, then, that this society is seriously considering an extension of its work?"

"Yes, it is true. Until now we have simply been having every Sunday morning a public service devoted mainly to the reports of my investigations into the various enterprises and activities of the city. These reports are to be continued indefinitely. The rapid growth and change of such a city as this will continue to furnish ample material for an hour's report once a week. But I have been considering the matter very seriously, lately, and have concluded there is more work that the society could do. I have made a proposition to the society, which they are considering and are about to accept.

Before I resigned my pastorate they were paying me $5000 a year. In addition to this sum they were also raising for missionary societies, and various outside denominational

purposes, as much more. This would make at least $10,000 a year the church was raising for the work we were carrying on.

My proposal to them will cost considerably less money, but in my opinion do a great deal more effective work. It is proposed to divide the work into three departments, musical, social, and public instruction. I have offered my services to the church for $1,000 a year to take charge of the department of public instruction, to be carried on much the same way as my Sunday morning reports have been — coming before the public once or twice a week with information concerning some item touching the life and institutions of our city.

The department of music will be presided over by a competent musician, capable of teaching various instruments, conducting choruses and the like. This person will also receive a salary of at least $1,000 a year. The director of music will be expected to organize orchestra and chorus classes for the production of sacred music, oratorios, operas, etc.

The director of the social department of the society will have charge of the organization of clubs, literary societies, and especially amateur dramatic societies. The director of this department will also receive a salary of $1,000 a year.

The church building is to be remodeled into a theater auditorium, first-class in every particular. The room is to differ in no way from a modern opera house, except the addition of a pipe organ. The rooms that we have heretofore used as Sunday School rooms will be used for rehearsals, committee rooms, kindergarten work and other requirements of our society. The audience room, or theatre, is to serve the purpose of musical and dramatic uses, as well as the Sunday services."

"You do not mean to say that you intend to have dramatic performances in the same room where you hold your Sunday services?" asked the reporter in astonishment.

"Certainly I do. Why not? The truths of the Bible or any other ethical truths can be taught far more effectively by the drama than all the preaching in the world."

"What, do you intend to introduce something like the Passion Play upon the stage?"

"Nothing of the sort. We will have little or no time for such nonsense. Plays based upon the Bible should be selected from the parables rather than the mythology of the Bible. Every sentiment of the Sermon on the Mount can find expression in a much more telling way by dramatic representation than by dreary sermonizing."

"Do you expect to confine your dramatic representations to Bible lessons entirely?"

"I presume not, although the sayings of Jesus would furnish plenty of material for hundreds of soul-stirring dramas. What a theme the Prodigal Son would make for the dramatist, or the story of the woman they brought to Jesus, and to whom he said, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.' These beautiful pictures in the life of Jesus could be wrought out by even an amateur dramatist in such a realistic way as to bring them home to every heart. I would not feel by any means any necessity, however, to be restricted by any bounds, for wherever human need or human aspiration touches there would be a legitimate field for our work."

"Would you expect to bring out these dramatic representations by amateur talent alone?"

"As nearly as possible. This would be the work of the director of that department. At least three amateur dramatic societies will be organized; one consisting of the children, one of the young people and one of the men and women of the city. All these will be selected without any reference to creed or locality. This would make the most effective preaching possible, besides furnishing something elevating and inspiring for our people to do."

"But," the reporter asked, "do you not think the salaries rather small to command men of sufficient talent to take charge of this sort of work?"

"Well, so far as I am concerned the salary is large

enough. One thousand dollars a year is a larger salary than the average workman receives, and I would be ashamed to confess that I would not be able or willing to live on as small a salary as an honest working man. But suppose we are obliged to pay our musical director and social director $2,000 each a year, yet this would only bring the three salaries to the amount of $5,000 per year, exactly what they used to pay me alone. Then there would be nothing to prevent both of the directors from giving private lessons in music or elocution in addition to their regular work."

"How will you meet the running expenses of such a work?"

"Oh, in various ways; perhaps by small admission fees to some of the entertainments, or perhaps in the same way we used to when we were known as a church."

"Would the building be open every night?"

"I hope so, and every day, too, for that matter. We intend making it large enough to accommodate an ordinary convention, and everything of this sort would find a ready welcome. It will be our purpose to make the place just secular enough to admit any good thing, and just holy enough to shut out every sort of hypocrisy and pretence; a place where people, old and young, will love to come; a place where it will be the pleasure rather than the duty of all to gather; a place where sociability, not solemnity, is the regular order."

"Why do you object to calling this society a church?"

"The only objection I should have is the popular notion that the church is doing the work of Christian ministry. If we should call our society a church, then our work would be regarded as our idea of Christian discipleship. That any church has ever done or can ever be made to do the work of a Christian minister is exactly what I deny. That the church has done a good work and can be made to do a still greater work is doubtless true, and it is this greater work of the church we are aiming to do.

But this has only incidentally anything in common with the mission of Jesus, and I wish to avoid giving a wrong inference. That we are proposing to do the work that the church ought to be doing, I certainly believe.

Personally, I hope to be able to take a few feeble steps in the Master's work. My department of work will call me constantly to associate with the unfortunate classes. I will have no other business but to work among them. I shall come each Sunday to my reports with my heart full of the suffering and the injustice which they are enduring. I am simply to report my observations. All so-called literary work will be left to those who have the time. Then, I hope to do some of the Master's work at the same time I am assisting in the educational work, which the church has so long mistaken for the work of the Master."

DR. TALKWELL'S CONGREGATION.

"And when He Putteth Forth His Own Sheep, He goeth before them, and the Sheep Follow Him for they know His voice. And a Stranger will they not Follow, but will Flee from Him: For they know not the Voice of Strangers."

AS Dr. Talkwell rose to make his usual report last Sunday morning, he said:

I have been asked again and again how I accounted for the change that has occurred in my audience, since I have left off preaching and undertaken to make these services of some practical benefit. For instance, as you all know, my audiences have greatly increased, but what is a great deal better, at least one-half of my audience is made up of men and women that I could not possibly reach while I attended to the traditional duties of a regular pastor.

I see before me every Sunday morning a large multitude of people that I have tried to inveigle into this place by all the ecclesiastical tricks and theological jugglery that my conscience would allow me to resort to, but they would not come. I have tried to get them here with free suppers, free entertainments, by appointing invitation committees, by using printed invitations, by introducing lectures on popular subjects, by making them hurried visits. I spared neither printers' ink nor prayers. I spent my physical strength and exhausted my mental vigor with every sort of claptrap and indirect bribery to get them here, and still they have stayed away. But now that I have ceased all this worry and worldly anxiety and

gone about my Master's business without giving these services a single thought, they are coming in increasing numbers every Sunday.

As compared to the work of my old pastorate, how easy is the work of my Master; how light are his burdens. Oh, how vain, how exceedingly un-Christ-like, was the work of those days when I wore upon my neck the yoke of ecclesiasticism, and bore upon my shoulders the burden of denominational zeal. I have laid aside all personal ambition about what sort of congregations attend this place. I never think of asking anyone to come and hear me speak. This used to be my habit. I have reformed. To simply go in and out among those to whom I can be of the greatest service, is my only mission. I do not go among them to get them, but to help them. I bring to bear what learning and influence I may possess for their defense and encouragement. It is little or nothing whether they come to hear me speak or not.

But this seems to be the most effectual way to bring them to this place. I believe it was the reason the multitude followed Jesus. He went about doing good, instead of acting as the soliciting agent of some church enterprise. Think of Jesus going about Palestine trying to persuade the people to come to the temple to hear him preach! He had no time for such folly. He frequently sought to avoid the multitude. His was not the mission of a preacher. The world had already too much preaching. It needed some one to show them how to do. This is exactly what is needed today, even more than then.

I heard a preacher complaining the other day that the world is growing more and more wicked because the people do not attend church as they ought to. I asked him why he thought the people ought to attend church. He replied, so that he might teach them God's word. This is a very common mistake. The world does not need telling to be good; it needs showing how to be good. The world is saying to us preachers: "Show us the way; do not stand there and talk about it any longer. If you can do any better than we can, do it, so that we can see

you and learn how." Not even a trade can be taught by talk; how much less the way of life.

All sorts of plans are devised from time to time to get more people to attend church. Nearly every way but the right way has been tried. As soon as the preacher dares to cut loose from the burdens and proprieties of church customs, and spend his time among those who need him, he will not lack for a congregation, whether he has a good choir or not. Opportunities for magnificent service to humanity are more numerous now than ever before in the history of the world.

One of the judges in our city told me not long since of one of the many cases that occur under his notice every year. A man charged with an unnameable crime in his own family was thrown into prison to await his trial. He had many friends in the shops where he worked, but the peculiar atrocity of the crime with which he was charged caused his friends to shrink from him in horror. No one was willing to go his bail. No one even called to see him during the four months' imprisonment while he waited for his trial.

A man used to active life, accustomed to plenty of friends, had enjoyed the respect of every one, was suddenly plunged into solitary confinement, shut out from all human intercourse. Words can never discribe the suffering of those terrible months. When he entered that prison cell he was a strong man; when he appeared before the judge for his trial he was an emaciated, shrunken remnant of his former self. The abject defenselessness of the man excited the especial attention and pity of the judge, who appointed two young lawyers to investigate the case. They did so, and, to the surprise of every one, the suspicion against the man had not a particle of substantial foundation to rest upon. It was one of the most outrageous examples of misleading circumstantial evidence that could be imagined. As soon as it began to reach his friends that there was a possibility of innocence in his case, they rushed to his rescue. He was promptly acquitted. The day he returned to the shops an ovation awaited him from his

former associates that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Think of the wretchedness of those months of suspense. Think of the haggard weariness of the long days, and the awful anguish of the terrible nights—conscious of his own innocence; realizing fully the injustice of the charges against him, but utterly unable to do a single thing about it; caged like a wild beast, shunned by even his keepers, bearing the ignominy of one of the most dreadful crimes known to man; the victim of a curious combination of conspiracy and circumstances, but innocent of it all.

Never before in his life, perhaps never again, could a friend be of such value to him. But no one comes, and he can reach no one. Oh, for a chance to explain to some one who would listen and act. All this time within a short distance of his prison were over one hundred men who are called ministers of the gospel; men who are supposed to be spending their whole time and talent in following in the footsteps of Him who said: "I was in prison and ye visited me," and yet none of them went to him. What an opportunity for service! What a strange occasion for some man wishing to win new parishioners!

What would have been the effect upon that army of men who worked in the same shop with this poor fellow, had some preacher found him out and vindicated his honor, as it would have been so easy to have done. To have restored him to his family and place would have won more hearts to the cause of Christ than all the wishy-washy missionary work that could be done in ten years. It is this kind of work that will make congregations, not literary work. There is plenty of it. Not a day passes but some poor, defenseless person could be found and rescued if some one only had the time and desire. It is this kind of work that has wrought the change in my congregation. Not prison work exclusively, but all kinds of humanitarian work, exactly as the Master did. The multitude fol-

lowed him and they would follow any one else who does the work of a Christian minister. People will begin to go to church when they have something to go for. The sheep will follow the shepherd. They know his voice. It is not necessary to drive them, or coax them or bribe them. They will gladly follow the shepherd. As soon as we make ourselves really shepherds, the flocks will follow. I am sure of it, for Jesus said it would be so, and because my experience has confirmed it.

THE RICH MAN'S CHURCH.

Dr. Talkwell, the Reformed Preacher, Attends a Strange Church Convention.

"AND it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

It was midnight, May 13, 1900. There was a full moon flooding the earth with mellow light. It was the hour for the meeting of a strange convention that was to assemble in a grove of ancient trees southeast of the city. With a guide and interpreter I set out to visit this secret conference of curious creatures. It was to be the first time that a human being had ever been able to gain admission. I was nervous with expectation, and the still solemnity of the night produced in me a feeling of awe and foreboding. My guide walked rapidly, but seldom spoke.

We were already in the outskirts of the city, with only here and there a twinkling light to remind us of the existence of human habitation. Presently these vanished, and we stood alone among great, gaunt, spreading elms. In the center of the grove was a clear, circular place into which the moonlight poured, making everything wierdly distinct, contrasting sharply with the black shadows of the monster trees. Around the outer edge of the open space was a single row of huge seats of glistening white marble, resembling whited sepulchres.

The stillness was oppressive. Not a leaf moved. All animated creatures were asleep. "We will wait here," said my guide. "They will arrive soon. Ah, here comes some one now." Noiselessly an uncanny, uncouth creature emerged from the black shade and glided to one of the highest seats.

Such a strange creature! It resembled a miniature church building, and when standing was about ten feet high. Its hat appeared like a steeple. Its blinking red eyes looked like lighted windows. The square, wide mouth was so like a church door, that the illusion was complete. Other similar looking creatures began to rapidly fill the vacant seats, some with steeple hats, some with two. Some very large and pretentious, some small and shabby, but all bore an unmistakable resemblance to a church or chapel or cathedral.

"How is this?" I whispered to my guide, "these creatures look like churches. What joke or magic or optical illusion is this you are practicing on me?" "Keep still," he demanded. "You will soon discover that they are churches. This is the regular monthly convention of the churches of Columbus. Not church organizations, but church buildings. When this association was formed there were only ten of them; now there are over 100. They steal away at midnight once a month, always in the full of the moon, to this place, partly for business and partly for pleasure. Listen, now the president of the convention is speaking."

I listened, but heard nothing but the soft tolling of a distant church bell. This, I learned, was the only speech these curious creatures had. My interpreter could translate to me what was said. The president was saying:

"Since our last meeting nothing unusual has occurred. One new member has been added to our list. This new comer is of an aristocratic origin and is the most notable accession to our club for many years."

A clanging of bells indicated the applause of the members, especially of the smaller ones.

"We will now call upon our new member for a speech, as has been our custom so many years," said the president, with a profound bow toward an aristocratic group, which sat quite separate from the rest.

The small ones huddled closer together in mute admiration as the grey-stone, richly ornamented, newly-elected member rose to speak. After carefully wiping his stained-glass spectacles with a fine lace handkerchief, and arranging the costly bouquets that adorned his person, he deliberately smoothed down the grass-plat of his waistcoat, and began in silvery tones to chime a well worded speech.

"In the first place," remarked the new member with emphasis, "I am an orthodox of the orthodox." A clanging applause greeted this remark, from all except a lonesome little group at the far side of the circle, partly obscured by the shade of a giant tree. "I believe the old theology, and have no use for new-fangled creeds or speculations." (How the little churches rattled their unpainted clapboards in approval of this. Some of the large ones looked knowing, but kept still.) "I believe in the old-fashioned hell-fire, infallible Bible, and miraculous conversions. But there are some things which the churches of today pretend to believe, which I do not believe at all. I wish to be frank with you. It is time some of us were willing to speak the entire truth.

"As you know, when we were dedicated a good deal was said about the meek and lowly Master. It was inferred, at least, that we were to be sacred to the work which he did in Palestine, 1900 years ago. That the poor, the downtrodden, the lame, the blind, the publican, the sinner, the lost sheep, were to be the special object of all our ministrations. Our doors were to be open to the friendless stranger, our roofs were to shelter the homeless fugitive, our altars to be a refuge for the vilest sinner, our pews give rest to weary poverty struggling against the inevitable, our pulpits the place where injustice in high places was to be denounced and the helpless poor defended.

"All this was said, as you recall, that day when you were formally opened to the public. It was also said on the occasion of my debut a few days ago. But I am not going to take any part in such a farce. I know and you know, and we altogether know, that nothing of the kind has occurred or is likely to occur. (Consternation among the ortho-aristocrats, laughter and noisy clanging from the small heterodox group, shame and silence among the little ones.)

"I wish to be frank, at least. I was not intended for such classes. The location selected for me indicates that very clearly. The grandeur of my architecture, the elegance of my decorations and furniture, make as effectual a barrier against the poor and lost ones as a double row of bayonets or a small-pox quarantine. The services are unintelligible to the ignorant, irrelevant to the poor, and misleading to the vicious. Our plant is no more intended to attract the friendless and ragged than the Waldorf-Astoria hotel or Delmonico's. It is simply ridiculous to pretend anything else.

"In order to keep such an expensive plant moving, the patronage of many well-to-do people must be obtained and kept. Nothing must be done or said to drive them away or prevent others coming. The ragged and dirty cannot be included in such a congregation. One class or the other must go. Neither can many who are not wholly respectable be made welcome. No fashionable woman or pharisaical man cares to sit in the same pew with people of no respectability. There is no pay in the poor or influence in the downtrodden, no help in the publican, no reliability in the stranger and homeless. A church enterprise can no more be made successful with such material than a dry goods store or a summer resort. It takes money to run a church like ours. This talk about the poor and friendless is all bosh. Of course, as a side issue, if we are not too busy with our own affairs, we intend to do a little something in this line, but as a general thing, we'll neither have the time nor the facilities for such

work. Now, there you have the matter straight, and if my standing in this association is affected by my statements, I wish to withdraw at once."

Then he sat down and glared defiantly at the convention, when he discovered that they were all sound asleep. A dead silence prevailed for some minutes, when the president awoke with a start, and said that he would entertain a motion of a vote of thanks to the newly elected member for his scholarly and eloquent address, after which the convention would adjourn to the banquet room where an elaborate bill of fare awaited them in honor of the occasion.

Then I awoke and discovered I had been dreaming.

Notwithstanding I had been dreaming, I had been listening to some very solemn truths. I suppose my dream was occasioned by the presence of two new, magnificent churches, just completed, in the most fashionable quarter of our city.

These churches, with every modern improvement, palatial without, gorgeous within, are now bidding for patronage and support. Who are they asking to come? Their deeds speak louder than their words. The location which they have selected, the grandeur with which they have surrounded themselves, the expensive luxuries they have provided, all speak louder than words as to the kind of people they wish to attract. The location of the church is also exactly where the poor will not or cannot come. These churches must have rich men, else they cannot be maintained. These rich men must be toadied, and everything carefully guarded against which is calculated to offend them.

Therefore, the whole truth cannot be told. The poor will not be defended. The oppressed will have no advocate in this place. A preacher would be simply idiotic to step into such a pulpit and say anything offensive to the rich. After a church enterprise has gone to such enormous expense to invite the rich and fashionable, for the preacher to get up in his pulpit and say anything to drive them away again, would be asinine.

But there is no danger that he will do so. He will carefully guard the fastidiousness and the sensitiveness of his rich pew holders.

For shame! for shame! that we should call this sort of a performance Christian ministry. Such churches may be all right in the evolution of society, but why the doing of such things should be called following Jesus is an ever-growing mystery to me. When Jesus made a public announcement of his ministry to Nazareth he said: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Now how any man in his right senses, whose business it is to run one of these fashionable churches, can persuade himself that he has such a mission as Jesus proclaimed his mission to be, goes beyond any imagination that I am capable of. These churches are doubtless performing a good function in society, but it is not the function of gospel ministry.

THE DOCTRINE OF LAISSEZ FAIRE.

"While Ye Gather the Tares Ye Uproot the Wheat Also."

DR. TALKWELL said last Sunday morning:

If all the people, especially clergymen, would study the parables of Jesus with the same interest they do the metaphysics of Paul, there would be less confusion as to the teachings of Jesus. It is safe to say that ten sermons are preached from the controversies of Paul, where one is preached from the gentle, plain teachings of the Master. It is so much easier to find texts appropriate to the work of church organizations in the writings of Paul, who never saw Jesus (in the flesh) than to find such texts in the words of Jesus himself. The fact that the writings of Paul happened to be bound in the same book with the teachings of Jesus has done more to obscure and pervert the Gospel than all the other causes combined. Paul never spoke with Jesus, never saw the Gospels, and except by hearsay and tradition knew nothing whatever of the Master. The wonder is that he should ever have been regarded as a competent expositor of the teachings of Jesus.

But without pursuing this subject any further, allow me to call your attention to one of the beautiful parables of Jesus, this morning, as it gives better answer to many of the questions before me, than any words of mine could do. The parable which I quote from the 13th chapter of Matthew is as follows:

"The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man that sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy

came and sowed tares also among the wheat and went away. But when the blade sprang up and brought forth fruit then appeared the tares also. And the servants of the householder came and said unto him: Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it tares? And he said unto them: An enemy hath done this. And the servants say unto him: Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he saith: Nay; lest haply while ye gather up the tares ye root up the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn."

Now in this parable we have the world placed before us in a nutshell. The good seed of God's own planting, (the wheat), growing side by side with the bad seed which human greed and depravity has planted, (the tares). It is proposed by the servant to uproot the tares, but the Master objects on the ground that while they are endeavoring to uproot the tares they would also uproot the wheat. Let them both grow, and when the harvesters come, then will they be able to discern the tares and separate them from the wheat.

I wish I could paint this lesson on the sky and stamp it on the forehead of every fanatical bigot that infests the earth. What a rebuke this gentle parable contains for that numerous tribe of social busy-bodies and theologicial harpies who imagine they are doing God's will simply because they are making themselves disagreeable to every well-balanced mind.

This parable presents to the mind the whole world of human activities, good and bad; things that make for peace, and things that make for strife, growing side by side. Institutions that degrade and institutions that elevate. Enterprises that rob and ravage as well as enterprises that heal and succor. Organizations that enrich and beautify, closely imitated by organizations that destroy and deform. All these thriving, growing and working together, and yet so linked to

each other, so intimately entangled that to attempt to uproot one we are in danger of uprooting the other.

Narrow-minded zeal says, let us exterminate the wicked tares. But the wise householder says, let them grow together. Thin-headed egotism selects what he supposes to be tares and proposes in his blind fury to pull them up. But the lord of the harvest bids him stop, lest he uproot also the wheat. Presumptuous ignorance proposes a crusade of hostility and uncompromising warfare, but the wisdom of real knowledge hesitates before the problem of deciding whether this or that had best be uprooted or let alone. Let them alone. Here we find the origin of the doctrine of Laissez Faire.

Jesus did not pose as a reformer. He criticized nothing but the hypocritical pharisees and the rich. Neither did he pose as an organizer. He defended none but the poor, the outcast and the degraded. He warned the oppressor and consoled the oppressed, but he sought in no way to arbitrarily interfere with the order of things. All things must grow together until the harvest. If a thing is good it will bring forth wheat; if not it will be burned. Time will do it. God has so fixed it that He does not need any one to uproot the tares or to save the wheat. Let every man see to it that his own heart and life is what it should be, and God will do the rest. The mote in my own eye is my business, not the supposed beam in my neighbor's eye. All unholy things will perish by inherent defects.

No human institution or activity is wholly good or wholly bad. Each one has its blades of wheat and tares. The attempt to uproot the blades of tares will result in uprooting the wheat, and the whole thing must start over again, to go through the natural evolution step by step once more. Every institution is crude and faulty in the beginning. The tares of human imperfection appear in great numbers at first. Gradually, as time goes on, if they are allowed to grow with the wheat, their worthlessness or harmfulness is revealed. The harvester can then separate them safely.

Before any enterprise of human activity has passed through the natural evolution of its growth, no man can tell which of its elements are good, or which are bad. Something good will remain if allowed to grow after all the bad has been burned. There is some wheat in everything that God allows to come into existence.

History is God's word to man; the only inspired word. The world is making history every day. In this way God is teaching us what to do and what not to do. The good lives forever; the bad will finally be burned, but can not be prematurely uprooted. The good is God's guide-posts showing the way to go. The bad is God's light houses showing the dangerous places—the way not to go. Each kind has its function to perform, which no man can destroy or avert.

What, then, is the hope of the world? If the good and the bad are to grow together until the function of each be fulfilled, what shall we do to be saved? Educate, educate; that's all that can be done. Education is the only radical cure for evil. In the meantime palliatives must be used, perhaps, such as prisons, almshouses, asylums, and the like, but these only palliate; they can not cure. Education is the only specific treatment. Behind every evil is some kind or degree of ignorance. Education alone will avail.

The church is doing a portion of this work of education. To be sure it reaches directly only a few as yet. From the middle class the church mainly draws its support. The extremely prosperous and the extremely unprosperous are practically untouched by the church. Yet it is doing a greater educational work today than ever before. Its ethics are often faulty, its themes are often of no value, and its motives often selfish, yet as an institution of popular education it could not be spared. It has before it a tedious work, a long and difficult work in which it will be more and more assisted by the colleges, the press and the drama. The light is breaking slowly but surely. Before that light all evil will disappear. All this

has been going on many centuries. How long, oh Lord, how long?

In the meantime, while the millenium lingers, there are the lost sheep, the prodigal sons. These the church can not reach, can not touch. For these there is no church, no hope. To these the Christian minister is sent. To these he must go. He must, like Jesus, take upon himself their woes, their poverty, their suffering. He must leave no chasm of fortune or fame between himself and those he would succor. He must, like Jesus, become poorer than the birds, who have nests; poorer than the foxes, who have holes.

It was not the work of the Master to uproot the institutions of society, neither is it the work of the Christian minister. Society is working out its own salvation, according to inherent laws—God's laws. Not one jot or tittle of this law will be destroyed till all is fulfilled. To those under the law, to those upon whom the law rests most heavily, the minister is called to bind up the wounds, to defend the weak, to bring cheer to the hopeless.

IMPOTENCE OF THE CHURCH.

"But Woe Unto You, Scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites! For Ye Shut Up the Kingdom of Heaven Against Men; for Ye Neither Go In Yourselves, Neither Suffer Ye Them that are Entering to Go In."

WOE unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

Dr. Talkwell announced last Sunday that four of his former parishioners had followed his example and opened their homes to Christian hospitality. All superfluous and costly furniture had been replaced by such things as to "tempt no man to steal." No hungry or homeless man should ever be turned empty-handed away from these homes again. The doctor said: "This is what I call conversion. This is the 'new birth.' This is Christian work. I wait for more to follow. In the meantime I will continue to make my home what I wish my hearers to copy.

I have had occasion to state several times that the churches and pastors of the cities have neither the time nor the facilities for doing any real, practical Christian work. They are already staggering under burdens of their own,

burdens which in no way relate to the work which Jesus assigned to his followers. They are the burdens of building churches, the burdens of maintaining choirs, the burdens of raising the preacher's salary, the burdens of raising money for the various ecclesiastical societies. It is a heavy load that the churches are already bearing; it is an irksome task that the preachers are already performing.

To ask or expect of them to extend a hand to a fallen one, or rescue a perishing brother or sister, to give a cup of cold water to the thirsty or bread to the hungry; to go to the prisoner in his dingy cell, or visit the sick, to ask or expect them to do such things as these, in addition to the burdens they are already bearing, is too much. They must either give up the vexatious folly of pretending to do Christian work at all, or else continually disappoint those who expect any practical Christianity of them. They cannot do Christian work in addition to the work they are already doing. It is simply impossible.

One of the many proofs which I might cite that these statements are true, I am about to present. Before I gave up all hope that the church might be made to do practical Christian work, I conceived a plan by which each church could be given an opportunity to do a little of this kind of work. I had been for a long time visiting the city prison nearly every day. I found many truant boys and girls confined there simply because they were out of money, were strangers away from home and friends. I found these people many times penitent and piteously pleading for some one to help them out of the pit into which they had fallen. My attention was called to these creatures every day. I could dispose of a few of these people by my unaided effort, but the greater number of them had to go down because there was no friend to help them. My heart bled for them, but I had not the facilities to save them.

In my despair and extremity I appealed to the churches to help me. I accordingly addressed to them a letter which I

will read to you. The letters read as follows, and were addressed to the pastors:

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—We will agree, of course, that nothing is so much needed today as some scheme to help the fallen and degraded. This is your mission more distinctly than my own; hence I turn to you in my dilemma. I have for some time been visiting the city prison, with a view to befriending those who desire help. I try to find out from them what they expect to do when liberated. I try to put myself in their place and solve their problems for them. When liberated I act as a friend and adviser. The first thing they must have, of course, is a place to work. Some honest work sufficient to keep them from starving. Here is where my chief difficulty lies. No one wants them. They are jail-birds. They try, but not being able to find work, become discouraged and relapse. I have carried this matter in my heart for a long time, trying to devise some scheme to assist them. I will submit to you what seems to me to be the only solution possible. If you know among your parishioners one or more business men, who have some menial work to do, involving no trust or skill, who will take one of these persons for Christ's sake and give him one more trial for his life, will you not solicit his assistance? If so, will you arrange with him to take one of these persons?

I will first see to it that the person I send to you is clean, free from disease, desirous of becoming a Christian and willing to do any menial work whatever to earn a livelihood. I will then send the person to you, and if, after conversation with him, you find that all of these things are true of him, you will then take him to the employment you have provided and keep an oversight of him. If each preacher in this city would take one such person every six months I could dispose of all such people I can find by regularly visiting the city prison and low places. I will not send you to exceed two persons a year unless you desire it. This has the advantage of not

seeming to them charity or a society of criminals, but gives them the encouraging feeling that they are free from their old life.

I try not to let them know that I make a practice of doing this, but let each one feel that I have happened only to be his friend. Can you do this? If you will do so, please let me know. If you at least approve of this plan, let me know. Put your name on the back of this sheet, and mail it to a brother minister of this city, which will give him an opportunity of doing the same thing, and requesting him also to pass it on to the next one. This will save me the trouble and expense of addressing each minister a circular letter. I have no funds or assistance in this matter. A great many men and women have expressed a desire to become Christians who are so low down and so entirely without friends and money that it is indeed a problem what they are to do unless some such plan is brought to their assistance.

This would diffuse the burden of their oversight in such a way as to make it more helpful. Each minister could do as he pleased about receiving such persons into his church or societies. Please send this letter on and let me hear from each one on receiving this letter."

I started out three such letters as this with the request to pass them along. One of the letters was returned to me finally with indorsements on the back of it of about a dozen of the leading clergymen. They all spoke well of the plan, but no one offered me assistance. The other letters I never heard from. I received only one letter in reply, and that letter was from a prominent clergyman refusing point-blank to have anything to do with any person discharged from a prison.

What had I asked of these clergymen? Simply that they allow me to bring to their notice a boy or girl, friendless and destitute, who wanted to be a Christian, willing to do any work, to hold their place only during good behavior, guilty of no crime, a victim of cruel circumstances over which they had

no control. I simply asked the privilege of bringing such a boy or girl to the pastor's study that he might satisfy himself as to the merits of the case. I was simply trying to bring practical missionary work to the very doors of the church. Knowing that pastors are very busy men, I tried to bring them such work as would only cost them a few moments' time and a few words of recommendation. But no one responded to my letter. And yet they go right on raising money for foreign missionary work. They go right on accepting the widow's mite to send to China and will not raise one finger to help these perishing ones at home.

In my grief and disappointment at receiving no help from the pastors I visited one of the oldest pastors of the city, since retired from the pulpit, and explained to him my disappointment and discouragement. He said in substance:

"I have long been in the pastoral work. I know by experience that the preachers of this city, or any other city, can not do the kind of work you wish them to do. They have no time for such work. Their parishioners have no faith in such work. They dare not employ such men, even on the recommendation of their pastor. Everybody is too much absorbed in his own affairs to attend to such things. The pastor dare not upbraid his parishioners for their hard-heartedness lest they withdraw their support from his church."

I replied: "So then, it is your opinion, is it, that the church is unfitted to do this sort of work?"

"Yes, that is my opinion, although I know that many of them would be willing to if they knew how to do so. What we need is less theology and more practical Christian work in our pulpits. We need preachers who can show the people how to do this sort of work, both by precept and example. This is the work of the coming church. The church is carrying altogether too much dead wood membership, and dragging after it too much traditional nonsense to be able to do such work today."

Alas! I have found these words were the solemn truth. I have given up expecting anything of this sort from the church.

CALL NO MAN "REVEREND."

"The Disciple is not Above his Master, nor the Servant Above his Lord."

"IS THE Rev. Dr. Talkwell in?" said a gentleman who had called at the home of Dr. Talkwell on North Third street, one day last week.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Talkwell, who had opened the door to receive the visitor. "I suppose you mean my husband, Mr. Talkwell."

He was shown to the plain library of Dr. Talkwell, who was engaged in conversation with several people who evidently belonged to the lower classes.

"Is this the Rev. Dr. Talkwell?" the caller enquired.

"Yes, sir. My name is Talkwell. Be seated. What can I do for you?"

"Well, to come at once to the point, I have come to ask you what I ought to do to be a Christian. I have led a more or less careless and indifferent life, during which time I have accumulated quite a large property. I am getting along toward the middle of life and I should like to begin to lead a religious life. I have read much of you lately, and have concluded to come to you and ask you the question that has been so often asked: What shall I do to be saved?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "your errand this morning reminds me of a similar occasion on which a man came to Jesus with about the same question. As I take Jesus for my guide in all things, I will read it for you, and let us see if we can not get some light on your question.

"It is in the 19th chapter of Matthew, beginning with the 16th verse:

"'And behold, one came and said unto Him: Good Master, what good things shall I do that I may have eternal life?

"'And He said unto him: Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one. That is God. But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments.

"'He said unto Him: Which?

"'Jesus said: Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honor thy father and thy mother. And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"'And the young man said unto him: All these things have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?

"'Jesus said unto him: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And come and follow me.

"'But when the young man heard that saying he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.'

"You see," said Dr. Talkwell, "this is a very similar case to your own. You come to me inquiring the way of eternal life, or how to be a Christian, as you put it. You say you are a man of considerable property, and you want me to state in brief what you shall do to be saved.

"In the first place, I noticed when you addressed me you called me 'reverend.' Now, if I were to follow my Master I should object to your calling me reverend. Only one is entitled to reverence, and that is God. We should revere only that which is perfect, and no man is perfect. Even the Master would not allow the young man to call him good. There is only one who is good; that is God. All men are fallible. To call men 'reverend' is simply to perpetuate past superstitions and ignorance. The time was when priests were supposed to have divine powers, unlike other men.

Those times are nearly past, and the titles should pass away also. I should much prefer that you call me Mr. Talkwell, or, as I am generally known, Dr. Talkwell.

"But you came to ask me what you should do to be saved. My reply is, like the reply of the Master: Keep the law. Be a square and honest man. Deal with your neighbor uprightly. Treat men as you would like to be treated yourself. Honor your parents. Do nothing you are ashamed of. Give an honest equivalent for everything you get. If you will do these things, you will have eternal life.

"But," replied the caller, "do you mean to say that if I am simply a moral man, that I would be religious?"

"Certainly I mean to say that. Is this not what the Master said?"

"Well, I have done these things. I have conducted my business fairly. I have wronged no man that I know of. I have treated my neighbor exactly as I would be treated. I surely think that I have honored my father and mother, but I supposed in order to be religious I had to do something more than this. I always thought that in order to be religious a person had to be converted, join the church and be baptized; begin to read the Bible, and attend church; say prayers and take public part in religious meetings of various kinds. I thought at least some of these things were necessary in order to be religious."

"Well," replied Dr. Talkwell, "those are certainly the traditions of this generation. All things which you have enumerated are generally expected as evidences of religion. But with all these I have nothing to do. Jesus is my guide, and he said nothing whatever about these things. If you want to be a good man, a man entitled to eternal life, a man who would meet the approval of Jesus, you are to keep the law simply, be a good man.

"I do not say that these things you have enumerated will not help you to keep the law. Certainly, I believe that

prayer is absolutely essential to success in keeping the law, but according to Jesus, prayer should always be in private."

"Well, then," replied the caller, "according to your talk, it would seem that I am already a religious man without knowing it. I had received the impression from things I had heard of you, that you would have every man quit business and pay no attention to his own good, giving his whole life for the benefit of the poor and down-trodden."

"No," replied Dr. Talkwell, "you are entirely mistaken. I do not advise men to do any such things in order to be religious. I have never said so, nor have I any such thought in my mind. The honest, fair-dealing business man or the honest working man of today has the essentials of eternal life. I have nothing whatever to offer to such a man, except to repeat to him the law the same as my Master did.

"I always try to express my conviction that constant communion with God greatly assists such life. This communion may have the form of prayer, or even an honest wish to be good and true, a wish that is heartfelt and sincere. There can be no better prayer than such a wish, and God will answer such a prayer."

"But," replied the caller, "did not Jesus in the story you have read to me, advise the young man to sell his property and come and follow him?"

"Yes, he did. If you wish to become a follower of Jesus, that is what you will have to do," replied Dr. Talkwell.

"But you didn't ask me what you must do to become a follower of Jesus, you only asked me what you must do to inherit eternal life. If you have come here this morning to inquire of me what you must do to become a disciple of Jesus, I would give you exactly the same advice as Jesus did the young man. You cannot follow Jesus and own any property. You cannot follow Jesus and have any remunerative occupation of any sort. In order to become a follower of Jesus you

have got to do as Jesus did, throw yourself entirely upon providential protection.

"But I did not understand that you wished to become a follower of Jesus. You were merely inquiring the way of eternal life."

"Do you then make a distinction between the followers of Jesus and other religious men?" asked the caller.

"Certainly I do. Jesus called only a few men to follow him in the life he led. Surely you must recognize that Jesus expected different things of the twelve disciples he called about him than he expected from the multitudes he taught.

"If you have any idea of going into the Christian ministry, the first thing you must do is to put your possessions where the poor and the needy shall derive the greatest possible benefit from them. The only way you can show any confidence whatever in your calling as a Christian minister is to refuse to have any other income than Jesus had. He had not even a place to lay his head, although before entering upon his mission, we have every reason to suppose that he was a prosperous carpenter. Had he continued his vocation as a carpenter, he would probably never have been distinguished from any other good honest carpenter. But when he chose the mission of Christian ministry he became poor and homeless like those to whom he went.

"If you wish to do this work you must do likewise. Going to the poor means becoming like them—poor."

"Well," replied the caller, "it is very evident to me that I do not wish to become a Christian minister. I only want to insure my salvation."

"All right. You go right on, then, being a good man. Continue to do an honest business, according to business principles, and you need have no worry about the traditions of the church. Treat your employes exactly as you would wish to be treated if you were to change places. Pay decent wages. Be courteous and patient with all subordinates.

"If, according to your own best judgment, you believe that you can be a better man by joining the church, by getting baptized, or by following any of the other traditions of the church, you ought to do so. But if you do any such things because you think Jesus commanded them, you will be doing a very foolish thing.

"If the church helps you to be a good man, you ought by all means to help the church in return. It is an honest debt you owe the church, which is just as binding upon you as the debt you owe your grocer. But if, on the other hand, the church renders you no assistance, its ministrations are of no use to you; it is simply unmitigated foolishness and nonsense for you to have anything to do with it.

"There are a few things that I would like to say to you before you go, which may not be out of place. I wish you would take the gospel according to Matthew, and make it a study. Read it over and over again, and take Jesus for your guide. Try to forget all you have been taught about Jesus, and just take the gospel as it reads.

"If you will do this and practice according to it, you will find life growing happier every day. Never mind what other people say about Jesus; read for yourself what he said.

"But try to remember always the distinction between the duties of a Christian minister and the duties of the multitude.. Jesus did not come to bring a new law, but to reassert the old law. He did not come to bind new burdens upon the people, but to show them how to bear their old burdens, show them how to get rid of needless burdens. He called a few people about him to assist him in this work. To these few people he gave specific instructions not intended for the multitude.

"If you wish simply to be a religious man, keep the law. But if you wish to be a follower of Jesus, expect to do exactly as Jesus did, do not attempt to follow him with a bag of money like Judas. If you do, you will sooner or later betray him for money."

AN ORDINATION SERMON.

"Ye can not Serve Two Masters—Ye can not Serve God and Mammon."

DR. TALKWELL was invited to the ordination services of a young man about to be installed as a pastor of one of the Columbus churches. The doctor was selected to deliver the charge to the young man in a formal service intended to convey to the candidate an outline of the work before him. The doctor said among other things:

My dear young brother, I hardly know whether to congratulate or condole, but there are a few things you ought to bear well in mind before you attempt to enter the great work of Christian ministry. Your work is simply to follow Jesus. Make friends among those he made his friends. You are not a reformer, a missionary or a literary critic. Yours is the work of succor, of suffering with others.

I have always been inclined to the opinion, which has become a strong conviction, that all the forces that are at work in modern civilization, have a legitimate function to perform in working out the result that lies before us. Each one expresses, imperfectly as yet, some need of a human heart or brain. Arbitrary hindrance may delay their fulfillment, but not defeat. Artificial support may postpone the death of institutions that do not really minister to human needs, but at last they will die. All this is going on, in the main at least, by the aid of activities that are not self-conscious. Self-con-

scious action may try to hurry or hinder, but all such effort is absolutely futile.

The battle is on. Right will finally conquer. In the meantime the plan of the battle is under providential supervision. The rank and file are absolutely unconscious of the results they are working out. The leaders, even, are working under sealed orders, which they are only allowed to open from day to day. We can not stop this battle. We should not wish to. It will be the final salvation of the world. It is the Messiah that has come to deliver us. Churches, monopolies, prisons, factories, missions, saloons, temperance crusades, theaters, families, marriage, prostitution—all these conflicting, ceaseless forces are each one here to fight and to continue to fight until their contribution to human need is discovered and secured. Every conceivable wrong way to live will be tried and rejected by the experiences of men.

This will bring to some despair, wretchedness, poverty, degradation; to others, triumph, gain, luxury and sensuous surfeit. In the meantime, those who are called to be ministers, those who desire to follow Jesus like the corps of surgeons that follow the battle, must seek the wounded, the helpless, the outraged. While we know that the battle of civilization that is taking place before us, must and will settle the coming kingdom upon earth, yet our business is only with the ones who have fallen during the battle. With the battle we have little or nothing to do. We are not counted either with those who are profiting by this contention (and are therefore among those who are well fed and well provided for), nor among those who have fallen and need succor, but we are among those who are sent to minister to the ones that lie scattered on the battlefield in all conditions of helplessness and mutilation.

We can not do this work in some distant, luxurious, comfortable hospital. We have got to be on the field. Some of the after-effects of a wound may be treated in the institution far away from the scene of battle, but the main work, in order

to be effective, must be individual, instantaneous, and with a complete and intimate knowledge of the situation. We can not at once be directing this battle, or any portion of it, and attend to our duties in the ambulance corps. This fallen one at our side wants to know what he shall do to be saved. We can not tell him what he shall do. We can only show him.

If Christ could have told us what to do he need only to have written a book in some comfortable place, and not have subjected himself to the discomfort and vicissitudes of the depraved, of the sinners or the outcasts. If words could have conveyed his message, his crucifixion between two thieves would have been unnecessary. He could only show. What he said, others had said before, and have said many times since, without any knowledge of his words.

It isn't the saying of the gospel; it is the working out of it the world needs. The poor man in the alley with a large family, tyrannized over by employer and policeman, wants help, needs a savior. Words will not do it. Is there a Messiah to go to him and show him how to solve his problem, or at least to suffer with him? In order to do this the Messiah must subject himself to the same conditions that beset the one he ministers to. If we are the surgeons that follow the battle, if we are the ministers of Jesus, we will not hear the clash of arms and roar of cannon, but only the groans of the wounded, and the cries of those who need help.

We may comprehend that the battle is for right, and that right will finally win; we may respect and sympathize with those who are prominently engaged in this battle; we may take a keen interest in the details of the conflict; but it is to the sick and wounded and the dying that we are called. This is our business. To them we must go. In the banquet hall, where the victor is feted, in the triumphal parade where the conquering hosts are displayed and eulogized, we have no business. Our place is with the fallen one, if we follow Jesus.

There is no law in actual operation in this world but the

law of love. It is against this law that all the battle rages, but this law will finally triumph. Society will find that out at last. Not from the pulpit nor the ministerial conference nor the prayer meeting, but from the clash and crash of actual business, in which many will be wounded and killed, and it is to these and these only that the Christian minister is sent. Of course it would be more honorable from a worldly standpoint to help direct the battle, but our master has assigned us to the ambulance corps. It would be more pleasant and agreeable to choose only those who are well for ministrations, but Jesus has left us no choice. We must either go to the fallen or have no part in his mission. To pretend that we have the privilege to select for ourselves the class of people to whom we are to minister, is to rob the gospel of meaning and reduce it to a code of ethics of doubtful practicability.

When Jesus said, "If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also," he was talking to his ministers, not to merchants or mechanics. Such a procedure on the part of the business world would do more harm than good. But for the Christian minister who has voluntarily set out to suffer with those who do suffer such things, it is the only rational thing to do. There are those whose circumstances are such that they are obliged to turn the other cheek to those who smite them. It is your function to show these people how all these things can be suffered with dignity and self respect. Hundreds of men were crucified before Jesus was, and the cross was regarded as the greatest ignominy that could be ignored. It was only when Jesus voluntarily took up the cross that all the ignominy and shame connected with it disappeared, and in its place the cross has become the sacred emblem of sublime nobility.

As soon as you voluntarily place yourself among those who suffer, their sufferings will become a badge of honor instead of dishonor. You will put to shame those who practice injustice. You will demonstrate that the meek actually do

inherit the earth. If we, who call ourselves Christian ministers, will not do this, who will? Those engaged in actual business, such as merchants, artisans, professional and workingmen of all classes, these are the ones that are working out the details of the incoming kingdom of God. Greed, tyranny, competition, ambition, selfishness, pretense, must clash and contend until all the enemies of love are dead. Little by little will the discovery be made that love and business are compatible. Little by little will the fact be made known that hate and contention have no legitimate place in the world. But this must be discovered and worked out in actual business. Each victim of greed and duplicity that falls by the way is a martyr in a cause as holy as ever caused the death of any sainted martyr of old.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH DOING?

"Take Heed, Therefore, That the Light Which is in Thee, be Not Darkness."

AT DR. TALKWELL'S service last Sunday morning the most of the time was occupied in answering written questions from the people who attend these services. For want of space only a few of these questions can be given. To get any adequate notion of the interest that has been aroused on all the vital questions of Christianity, a person must attend these services. No report can do such a service justice. He said in part:

Some of the questions before me are better answered in a general way, while others require specific answers. I have selected this morning a few of the latter kind, to each of which I will try to make specific though brief answer.

First: Are we to infer that Dr. Talkwell is opposed to the church?

No, I am not opposed to the churches. I am simply ascribing to the churches a different function in society than the one commonly ascribed. They are doing, in some cases, at least, a good work, but in so far as they are doing anything it is a social and educational work, and not the work of Christian ministry.

Second: Do you consider the work of the church superfluous?

No, I believe the majority of the churches are still doing a necessary work. But I fear that a rapidly increasing num-

ber of them are not only superfluous, but a serious drag on the energies of the people for no real purpose.

Third: Do you think that the church in the past was of more use to society than at present?

Yes. This, however, is not saying that the church used to be better, or that it is becoming senile. But the educational facilities of the present, the abundant supply of cheap and wholesome literature, the many social privileges of this generation have robbed the church of much of its former field of work. The time was when the church was the center of the social and educational activities of society. The preacher was an oracle, and often the only educated man in the neighborhood. This has all passed. Except in a few progressive cases the theological function of the church is nearly a thing of the past.

Fourth: What, exactly, is the church doing today?

It aims to teach the law of God as found in the Bible, and in some cases it is trying to apply its teachings to the social relations of its members.

Fifth: Do you think the church is losing its hold on the masses of the people?

In the matter of teaching the law of God there is a fatal and rapidly progressing skepticism among the masses as to the authority of the church to decide what the law of God is. Each man is deciding such matters for himself, more today than ever before in the history of the world.

As to the function of the church as a social factor in society, its importance is growing at a rapid pace. He has made a great mistake who prophesies the decline of the church. It is growing, and undoubtedly will continue to grow, but not in the direction that many churchmen would like to have it. As an oracle of God's law or an expositor of Bible texts the church has, at least, seen its best days, but as a factor in the development of sociological problems and social experiments, the church is just entering upon a new era

of growth. Happy is that church that is able to lay down the old function, and take up the new, instead of trying to obstruct progress with obsolete customs and worthless theology.

Sixth: Do you regard the function of the church as an important one?

Certainly I do. The fact that the church has an existence is the evidence that it has a right to exist. No institution as virile and active as the church could have come into being except it had in some degree ministered to the wants of the people. Nothing can long continue after it has ceased to supply some human want. The people will turn away from anything that does not feed them. Success is today the best certificate anything can present to vindicate its right to be. In the evolution of society nothing comes into the field of activity that does not in some way meet a human want.

I do not wish to belittle or arraign the work of the modern church. But why the church should claim to be doing the work that Jesus did, or the work he called his followers to do, is one of the curiosities of history. Why they should try to quote Jesus to explain or justify their function in society is passing strange. I shall try some time to explain how this came about. But whatever may be the explanation of it, this unwarranted assumption on the part of the churches that they are doing the work that Jesus called his disciples to do, is what I deny. This is all the criticism I have to make on the work of the church. I have undertaken to say that they should either quit making any claim that they are doing the work of the Master, or else begin to do the work of the Master. For myself, I have quit making any such claim.

Before I understood what the Master expected his disciples to do, I had taken upon me domestic obligations incompatible with discipleship. Therefore, I have withdrawn all pretense of the sort. But while I have withdrawn all pretenses to being a Christian minister I am seriously trying,

both in my home life and public life, to discover how far a person may follow Jesus, who either cannot or will not renounce all domestic relations.

Seventh: Did Jesus and his disciples, after their ministry had begun, maintain any domestic relations?

No, they did not. No man can follow Jesus in the work of a Christian minister and recognize any other obligation, whatsoever. If anyone doubts this let him read Matthew, chapter XII, from the 46th verse to the end of the chapter:

"While He yet talked to the people, behold his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him.

Then one said unto him, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee."

But he answered and said unto him that told him, "Who is my mother? And who are my brethren?"

And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren!"

"For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

In fact this same thought appears many places in the gospel.

Eighth: What would you advise a pastor to do who wishes to follow Jesus without giving up his pastorate?

I have serious doubts whether this could be done at all, but as a step in this direction he might make his home a place where Christian hospitality is possible; he might locate his home in that part of the city where he is most needed, and if, in addition to this, his church would excuse him from sermon-making, social calls and all other superfluities of pastoral duties, he would have a great deal of time to devote to work that at present nobody is doing, and work that nobody will do, except by someone literally following the footsteps ef Jesus. He should be an example of frugality, economy and hopefulness to all who know him.

Such a man might still continue to speak to a regular con-

gregation for which, of course, if he had a family, he would be obliged to accept a small salary. If he had the courage to tell what he actually saw and to point out the only possible remedy, he would soon find himself surrounded by the people that he cannot now reach, and deserted by the people that now support him. But his work would be vastly nearer the work that Jesus did.

What such a course on the part of a pastor would lead to, I cannot say. Whether any semblance of church organization could be maintained where the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is proclaimed from the pulpit every Sunday, I am not quite sure. I am inclined to the opinion that it could be. If the spirit of love should actuate and control such a work I believe it would succeed. It is barely possible that in time this might develop a church which would assist rather than prevent, the work of a real gospel minister.

THE SUNDAY THEATRE.

"All Things Are Lawful Unto Me, But All Things Are Not Expedient; All Things Are Lawful For Me, But I Will Not Be Brought Under the Power of Any."

AFTER the regular report last Sunday, Dr. Talkwell said:

A number of questions have reached my desk concerning the Sunday theatre controversy and the subject of Sabbath observance generally. These are questions vitally related to the welfare of our city, and I feel sure that no public teacher or preacher could do better than to devote his time to such questions. In the short time which I devote to the question box each morning, I cannot more than touch this matter lightly in a single aspect.

Now, to begin with, there are at least 100,000 people in the city of Columbus who do not regularly attend church. The greater number of these do not attend church at all. They spend their Sundays here or there, as fancy or circumstances dictate. Now, if the question was whether it would be better for these people to attend church or to attend the theatre on Sundays, I think I should reply that the church, all things considered, would be the better. I certainly believe that the people of Columbus should attend church every Sunday, at least once. I believe the consideration of the subjects presented at the churches would do them all good.

But this is not the question. The question is, whether it is better for the large multitude of people who do not attend church at all to go idling around the city, with no definite

aim or purpose, or lazily lie abed reading a Sunday newspaper, or spend their time in the backroom of some saloon playing cards, or perhaps doing even worse, whether it is better that the people be allowed to continue doing these things, or whether a good, wholesome, interesting theatrical performance be provided for them Sunday afternoons and evenings. Now, this is the question, as I understand it.

Now, remember, I say in the beginning that I had rather the people would attend church on Sunday than to attend the theatre. But I had also rather that the people would attend a good, wholesome theatre on Sunday than to do other things which they will do if they do not attend the theatre.

I believe in Sunday rest. I believe, as far as possible, every person should be allowed one day in seven for rest and recreation. It is a pity that anyone should have to toil week after week, with no day for rest and recuperation. Sunday is the day fixed by law and church tradition, and I think that we should guard this day as a day of rest as carefully as possible. But, after all, rest is simply another name for change. A change of scene and thoughts and activities constitute rest. A large multitude of people have no other time for recreation except Sunday. They must work from morning until night, six days in the week. Now, if it is a fact, as I believe it is, that the majority of these people have no interest whatever in church services, why not attempt to furnish them some other services in which they will have an interest?

The theatre today comes nearer furnishing these people what they want than any other institution in modern civilization. If the theatre is not quite up to what it should be, the solution of the problem is not to oppose Sunday theatrical performances, but rather to make them all that they should be. The theatre is very attractive to the multitude. Its lessons are very forcibly taught. It is able to bring out pathos and sentiment, ethics and exhortation in a much more forcible manner than the pulpit can. There is no rational reason in

the world why the theatre should not be made auxiliary to the pulpit. There would be no hostility between these two institutions of modern civilization if the subject was treated with more thought and less fanaticism.

Shall we have Sunday afternoon and evening theatre at our parks? Shall our city theatres be opened on Sunday afternoon and evening? I am convinced that it would prevent no one from going to church. Every one who wished to, could attend church just the same. It would simply provide something for those who do not go to church. It is simply meeting a multitude of people, who have no shepherd, half way. It would be infinitely more effective on the part of the clergy to undertake to influence the character of the Sunday theatre, than to undertake to oppose it. Plays of an elevating, highly moral character would find as ready acceptance as plays of a degraded character.

It is a curious fact that the saloonkeepers and the preachers agree that Sunday attractions, like the public parks and base ball, ought to be closed. I say it is curious, but of easy explanation. Both the preachers and saloonkeepers are interested in keeping the people within the city. One wants them to attend church; the other wants them to attend the saloon. No set of men are more hostile to Sunday amusements than the saloonkeepers. It not only takes away their customers, but drains away the money that they would otherwise get.

I was struck very forcibly with this idea the other day. I was in a saloon where the proprietor had been raging and frothing at the mouth in his violent opposition to Sunday base ball, suburban parks, etc. He said that it killed the town dead; that Sunday had become the most unprofitable day of the week, whereas it used to be the most profitable one. He waxed eloquent in his arguments. He fumed and roared against those who would destroy our Sabbath day.

In less than half an hour business called me to the study of one of our city pastors. The subject of Sunday theatres

happened to come up, and I heard another man grow eloquent on the subject of Sunday desecration. He urged like the saloonkeeper, that these things should not be allowed; that they interfered with his business. Although, of course, his motives were entirely different from those of the saloonkeeper, yet the same one-sided view of the case was apparent. When the saloonkeeper and the preacher agree on plans of forcible Sunday keeping there must be something wrong somewhere. I know of no reason, scriptural or rational, secular or sacred, why we should not have elevating theatrical performances during the summer months at the park; why we should not have Sunday afternoon concerts at the park; why we should not have evening entertainments at the theatres within the city. I know of a great many good reasons why we should have these entertainments, but I have yet to hear of a single reason that appeals to my judgment why we should not have them.

If these things interfered with the churches in any way, if these things hindered people from attending churches who would otherwise go, then I should certainly be opposed to them. It is simply idiocy to try to force people to go to church by preventing them from enjoying any rational recreation or amusement. People cannot be Christianized in any such way as this. If we do not furnish them elevating, healthful recreation on Sunday, they will simply do worse, that's all.

I quite agree with the principle of periodic rest, that man needs such rest, and that such a day should be instituted, and I quite agree with the tradition of the church that Sunday is as good a day as any other, but it still remains true that to quote the fourth commandment as the reason why we should keep Sunday any different than any other day is either insincere on the part of the one who does so, or else evidence of his own ignorance.

Let me quote the fourth commandment; let us see what it is: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days

shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day (not the first day) is a Sabbath day unto the Lord, thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter (who keeps these things?), thy man servant, nor thy maid servant (I would like to consult the various servants in this city on this question), nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates."

Now I wish to say about this commandment that it is wholly impracticable in the present order of things; that it is simply stupendous folly to undertake to keep either the letter or the spirit of such a commandment.

Moses said still further, concerning the Sabbath, "Whosoever doeth any work therein (in the Sabbath day), he shall surely be put to death." Also, "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations on the Sabbath." I insist upon it that such talk as this has long since been relegated to past barbarism, and the interests of our modern Sunday are not enhanced by any such quotations.

I keep no such Sabbath day, and I am sure the so-called Christian keeps no such Sabbath day. I certainly work harder on Sunday than on any other day of the week. I have no maid servants, nor man servants, but my liveryman and my family work harder on Sunday than on any other day. So does my horse work harder on that day. The services at the workhouse, the mission Sunday school in the afternoon, and the numerous visits to places of destitution and degradation, make my Sunday a workday, not a rest day, except in the sense that it is somewhat of a change from the other days of the week.

To quote the fourth commandment to corroborate the general principle that one-seventh of the week should be devoted to rest is perfectly consistent, but to quote the fourth commandment in order to give the modern Sunday a divine origin implies either great ignorance of the history of Sunday, or a willingness to resort to anything to make a point. The first

day of the week was originally kept by Christians, not because they supposed it was Sabbath, but in commemoration of Christ's resurrection.

Even while Paul was yet preaching the question as to whether Gentiles were obliged to keep the Jewish Sabbath came up again and again. The Christians were comparatively unanimous in wishing to hold services on the first day of the week, in memory of the resurrection of their Master. But just what to do with the Sabbath day was a vexed question, and for five or six centuries there was more or less attempt on the part of Christians to keep the Sabbath day in addition to the first day of the week. But, finally, it was decided to set aside the fourth commandment, both in letter and spirit, and institute in its stead the first day of the week. Having thus deliberately set aside the fourth commandment as no longer binding upon Christians, to turn about in this day and age of the world and quote that the same commandment as a reason why the traditions of the church concerning Sunday should be kept, is either ignorance or duplicity. (See article on Sunday, Chambers' Encyclopedia, or the same, Encyclopedia Brittanica).

UP-TO-DATE THEOLOGY.

"Old Things are Passed Away, All Things are Become New."

DR. TALKWELL devoted most of the hour last Sunday morning to the many questions that had accumulated on his desk. He said in part:

A great many of the questions I receive are theological rather than practical. Discussing theological notions is no part of my business. I used to indulge in such mischievous pastime, but I have reformed. Yet there are a few questions before me which deserve attention, for in spite of the fact that they have been answered again and again, yet most people still cling to the older notions. As these are direct questions to myself, I will read them as I answer them.

What do you believe about the creation of the universe?

The creation has been believed to be an event that happened about 6,000 years ago; that God brought into being the universe by a command or fiat, piece by piece, out of nothing, taking Him in all just six days, after which He rested a whole day. Since the progress of the study of geology and allied sciences has made such a belief difficult, it has been discovered that the Scriptures will bear an interpretation less obnoxious than this, but it is still very difficult, even by the aid of expert exegesis, to avoid collisions between the scientist and theologian.

To conclude that the days of creation mentioned in Genesis meant periods of longer, or shorter duration according to the latest geological chronology, helps to reconcile the Bible

to science, but does not explain the use of such ambiguous language on the part of the inspired writer. It is worthy of note that these days were not discovered to mean periods until the demonstrations of geology could no longer be punished as crimes or sneered at as lunacies.

The creation of the modern thought is a continuous process, not an event. There came a time certainly in the gradual evolution of the universe when it became possible for animal life to be maintained on the planet, but that was hundreds of thousands, not 6,000 years ago. And that neither vegetable nor animal kingdom, nor man himself, was the result of any sudden or miraculous display of God's power, but the gradual and never ceasing evolution going on in nature at all times and places; that the physical universe came from pre-existing matter rather than nothing. Instead of fiats and commands we have processes and natural selections; that God not only was creating the world, but is creating it. Creation, according to the latter thought, is going on about us now in exactly the same sense it was in the Carboniferous age.

Neither thought raises a doubt as to the existence of God or His continued providences, but there is a rational difference in the conceptions, as to the means made use of, and the order and method of procedure.

What do you believe about Providence?

The older thought as to providence is something like this: That after God had finished the creation, the physical universe was able, by virtue of the laws or forces with which it was endowed, to go about its own mission without God's immediate attention. He is represented as being away somewhere. Up in heaven, for instance, on a throne. He makes only occasional visits to the earth, sometimes sends a prophet or an angel, less frequently comes in person to attend to some very important business. The ordinary operations of nature (so called) are thought to be incapable to accomplish all that

ought to be done, which requires more or less special or miraculous interference on God's part.

The records of the personal visits which God has thought necessary to make the earth from time to time, are supposed to be enumerated in the Jewish Scriptures, which show them to be attended with unusual phenomena.

The visits of God to earth, at first frequent and unmistakable, became less frequent and tangible as history develops until in these latter days if any special visitations occur at all they are attended by so much ambiguity that they fail to convince the majority.

The later thought as to Providence is that God is imminent in the physical universe. That is to say, the Spirit of God, or God the Spirit, animates, or is the life of all physical existence, that God cannot be conceived as separate from the universe; that in God we all live and move and have our being; that He never leaves us or specially visits the world, but He is always and ever about, around and within us; that all the forces of nature are but the direct expression of His will; that He has no special abiding place, but He fills the immensities of the whole universe; that if He were to withdraw His personal presence from the world, even for one instant, chaos and catastrophe would be the result.

There are no laws but God's free will; no forces at work in heaven or earth save God's special, personal agency (except the action of the free spirits like Himself, mankind, which He has created.) That God moved in the earth while it was yet a part of the nebula from which it was evolved, has never left, never will leave. Has no special messengers; but the winds do His bidding, and the seas carry His commands. That gravitation, cohesion, heat, electricity, are not blind forces, but are the premeditated volitions of God. That each rising sun is a miracle, each setting sun a burning bush. That nowhere and at no place, can anything occur more wonderful than everyday existence.

What do you believe about revelation?

The idea of revelation, now getting old, but not yet extinct, regards revelation as special and partial. God, wishing to reveal His will to man, is supposed to have selected certain men through whom the revelation was made. God is represented as speaking to men, or moving men to write certain things, upon which the eternal happiness of humanity depends, yet leaving the remainder of mankind to either find out what was revealed to the inspired ones or else remain in ignorance of it. These revelations of God's will were committed to writing and finally collected into a single volume known as the Bible. This book is regarded as the will or word of God, infallible in every page and letter, and there is no possible way open to man to know God's will except from this divine book.

The only hope entertained of the salvation of those who do not know of this book is, that they who do know of it tell the rest about it. If this very important work is neglected by anyone he is liable to be gently chided for his want of zeal, but the neglected ones suffer eternal loss on account of the omission. The revelation which God thought necessary to make to man closed about two thousand years ago, and during the subsequent centuries He has remained silent because no further revelation is required.

This revelation was made mostly through the medium of the ancient Hebrew language, and a dialect of the old Greek. These documents have since been subject to the inevitable exigencies of transcription, translation and interpretation, but have somehow retained their unsullied infallibility through it all. The knowledge of these Scriptures has necessarily been known to a comparatively small number of the human family, and yet, concealed in their pages, was the only way by which man could be saved.

Unlike the devout Jew, who saw the glory and handiwork of God in the heavens and firmament, to whom day unto day

uttered speech, and night unto night showed knowledge, whose voice was silent in no speech or language, this traditional theory of inspiration would confine God's word to the intricacies and obsolete forms of a dead language and retard its spread by the financial success of missionary corporations and Bible societies.

This view of revelation is rapidly giving way to conceptions which refuse to regard revelation as special or partial, but sets no limits or bounds to God's communion with man save the necessary limitations of man's comprehension. That in all places, and at all times, God has revealed just so much of His will to each man as he is capable of receiving, holding him responsible and only responsible for the measure of light he clearly comprehends. He is that "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." That men of olden times, the same as modern times, received more or less of God's will as their apprehension of truth was more or less.

That all truth, physical or metaphysical, secular or sacred, is God's will. That the Bible is a partial record of what men felt and thought to be true in ancient times, and is worthy of the most careful study and respectful consideration. That the Bible is the word of God in the same sense that our convictions of truth and duty are the word of God. That the records called the Holy Scriptures were written by men and are probably a fair representation of the doings and opinions of the ancient Jews, although they have not escaped the changes incident to human fallibility, carelessness and desire to improve. That just so much of the Bible should be held to be true as has stood the test of experience. That the intrinsic worth and beauty of the Bible can only be discovered by treating it precisely as any other book, by reading it critically without prejudice for or against its origin. This, briefly stated, is the later view of revelation.

THE YOUNG PEOPLES' MEETING.

"And Why Call Ye Me Lord, Lord, and Do Not the Things which I Say?"

NOT every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils? And in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."

As Dr. Talkwell arose last Sunday morning to begin his report he said:

I have begun to visit the churches of the city of Columbus, including the missions, Sunday schools and the young People's societies. It may sound strange to you, but in all the twelve years of my pastorate in this city I had learned next to nothing about these things.

I knew what my own church was doing, but I knew nothing about the other theological enterprises of the city except by hearsay. I have been visiting these places with the same interest and surprise as if I had been a total stranger to their practical workings I wish to speak a few minutes this morning about the Young People's (so-called) Christian societies. In order to let you know exactly what occurs at

one of these meetings, I employed a stenographer to attend a meeting selected by himself to take down every word that was said.

My instructions were carried out faithfully with such exceptions as will appear in the report. In reading this report one hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. The evident desire which these people express to follow their master, Jesus, together with the absolute futility of their misguided efforts, make a saddening picture, very distressing to me.

Only faith in God's overruling providences; only a vigorous belief that God will finally bring order out of chaos, save me from complete pessimism when I witness such pathetic waste of time that has before it no definite purpose or rational object. I will read to you the report exactly as furnished to me by the stenographer.

Meeting at 7:00 P. M., sun time. At this time no one was present except two girls and one man standing outside of door. Meeting commenced at 7:15. Ssixteen ladies and three men were present when meeting commenced. Others came later. Young man led meeting. Leader — Sing No. 14, "Showers of Blessing." Leader—Sing 173, "Must Jesus bear the Cross?"

Leader—Let us have three voluntary prayers. Young man prayed. (Could not hear what was said.) Lady prayed. (Could not hear what was said.) Leader prayed: "Heavenly Father, we feel tonight that we need more of thy love. Be with us during our worship. Bless every one that has come here. We know each one has come to receive the blessing he is in need of. Grant that they may not go away without it. Lord, it is not only a duty, but it is a privilege to testify and pray and uphold thy name and cause.

Leader—Have you any selection? Girl—No. 46, "The Mind of Jesus." Leader—Our lesson is found in Luke X (read portion about good Samaritan.) Our subject is, "A Friend in Need." This man fell among thieves and was in a

place where he needed help. And so people get into places where they need help, but are we so willing to help them? Sometimes it is a cross and a burden to do anything for them. But if we engage in doing these things Christ is willing to help us. The three passed by on the other side, but when the good Samaritan came he had compassion on the man and sent him where he would be taken care of, and we can do likewise if we have Jesus with us. The meeting is now in your hands, and I hope you will have something to say on this subject, or on any subject that you wish to speak upon.

Girl—Sing second verse of 67, "Anywhere with Jesus."
Lady—We are taught by Christ that we are to have charity and love for our fellow beings, for those who are discouraged and in need. It seems that prosperity deserts some people; they continually meet with reverses; and they become disheartened and discouraged. If we can go to them in the right spirit we can do a great deal for them, even with a smile or a kind word, more than we have any idea of. We may minister to their physical and their spiritual needs as well. But first we must have the spirit of the Holy Ghost in our hearts.
Girl—Please sing 213, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

Leader—I am sure that everyone can say something for Jesus.

Lady—In thinking of this subject today, "A Friend in Need," and reading over the text, I wondered if I would have reached out a helping hand if I was passing. We condemn those who passed by, but are we doing any better? was the thought that came to me today.

Lady—There are many ways of showing mercy—in kind acts. Sometimes we go where we would expect kind words, or some kind treatment, but we get nothing of the kind, but something that it takes us a long time to forget, and I have often prayed, in these trying circumstances, for the God of all to have mercy upon them; that he will open the eyes of all those who do these things to what they are doing, and I pray

God that if I ever do such a thing that he will have mercy upon me and show me my error and give me the right understanding.

Young man—Song 84, "Only a Beam of Sunshine."

Young man—This topic we have tonight is certainly a great one. Maybe there is some person, or some young lady, who is going from the church to some place that she should not go to, and maybe she falls into temptation. Some of the people pass her by, and others stop and talk to her. Each one of us can become a good Samaritan. Let us try to help each one to live a Christian life, for we know that the Christian life is the right life for each one of us.

Girl—Sing the third verse of No. —. (Commenced with "Only a Word for Jesus.")

Man and girl started to speak.

Girl—About three sentences, but did not hear.

Man—We all appreciate the good Samaritan act if it is done for us. We appreciate anyone who is neighborly to us, but the reason that we fall short—and I think that we should pray a great deal more about this matter. We ought to pray to be neighborly. There are some people who we cannot tolerate, and this is human nature, but it is not the good Samaritan spirit. This is my failing, and I always recognize that failing, but we need more of the grace of God to help us.

Man—Sing verse of 264 "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

Lady—I find that this thought sometimes comes to us, that these people bring a great many things on themselves, as this man did in going down to Jericho. The way that he took was a bad way; it was full of wickedness, but the good Samaritan did not ask why he went that road, he just stopped and helped him.

Every day of my life I feel that I want to help some one; I want to do some good to somebody. Even if it is only the tramp that comes to the back door, it seems to me that if we

looked at him with a cheerful countenance, instead of slamming the door, that it would help him. It is often a bother to go from the back of the house to the front door when an agent comes, but if we speak to him pleasantly it may be an encouragement and a help to him. And the many little places where we can, even by just a look, encourage some one. I want to help someone every day; I crave to be of help to those that are depressed and are in need. We cannot know in this world, but some one will be surprised in eternity to know the result of just these little acts of kindness.

Leader—One verse of 54, "The Song of the Soul."

Middle-aged woman—I know that the greatest desire of my life is to be more like Christ; that I may be able at all times to speak words of kindnes and do something that will be of help to some one. Ever since I was twelve years old I have been trying to love Jesus, and I will say that I am not weary in so doing. And, Oh, it gladdens my heart to see young people in the service of Christ. Pray for me that I may be more faithful.

Man—Sing a verse of No. 60, "Meet Me There."

Girl—Reading this lesson brought to my mind the motto, "Look Up and Lift Up." I like the point brought out that if young people go astray that we do not pass by on the other side, and do not say a word to them. I hope I may help them. We often think if we had money, but if we give what we have we can do a great deal.

Girl—Sing 263, "I'll Live for Him." Leader said, "Sing the third verse."

Old man—The thought that most interests me is this, to do what we have opportunity. We cannot all go to the islands of the sea, but there is work to do by the waters where we are, and we know that he will surely bless what we do in his name.

Leader—One verse of 262, "Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy."

Leader—We have time for a number of testimonials. About six minutes of eight. Pause of about two minutes, the only interval to speak of in the meeting.

Lady—Sing verse of 162.

Leader—We shall stand and sing.

At the close of the song repeated benediction in concert: "The Lord watch between thee and me, while we are absent one from another." Dismissed at 8 o'clock. Five men and twenty one women were present.

My experience in this sort of meetings teaches me that this particular meeting was much above the average, and yet how futile, how far-fetched from everything that Jesus regarded as essential, the whole affair seems. These young people are taught that to get together and say over and over again these trite homilies is Christian work. They are led to believe that when they have done this they have done their Christian duty. Instead of doing as Jesus wished them to do, visit the sick, visit those in prison, to give a cup of cold water to the thirsty and bread to the hungry, instead of doing these things in the name of the Master, they get together and spend an hour in this semi-solemn and semi-ridiculous manner.

Oh, how these well meaning people need a leader! Some one to show them the way. Some one to go ahead and do what Jesus did, and show them how to follow. Some one to show them how to make their homes places where Christian hospitality is possible; some one to show them how to take the first feeble steps in the direction of a lost sheep of Israel. Some one to show them how to break down the barriers that separate them from the prodigal sons and daughters.

As a means to an end, these meetings might be made very useful, but as an end they are worse than nothing, since they lead those who attend them to believe they have done something for Jesus, when in reality they have done nothing but talk, talk, talk.

MISSIONARY HERETICS.

Dr. Talkwell and the City Missionary—A Visit to the Mission Tent.

BEFORE beginning his regular report last Sunday morning, Dr. Talkwell said: While I was still pastor of a prosperous church, associated only with prosperous and well behaved people, I was all the while conscious that I was not living the life of a Christian minister. The poor and the outcast were not touched by my ministration. I felt sure that this was not the life that Jesus lived. But I used to pacify myself with the belief that the so-called lower classes were being ministered to properly by that class of people known as missionaries, and that kind of public ministration known as missions. I supposed these people were having the gospel preached to them, and lulled my conscience by assuring myself that no one was neglected.

To be sure, I had never attended these missions, and knew little or nothing of the character of the gospel preached. I personally contributed to such enterprises, and my church was liberal in its donations, but as a matter of fact I knew by inference only what kind of gospel was being propagated at these places.

Since throwing off the ridiculous burdens of a regular pastorate, and beginning to mingle with the people, I have found out a great many things that I did not know before. Among many other things I have made myself acquainted with missions and missionaries. I have had frequent conversations with the missionary and listened to his sermons, and

have made myself somewhat familiar with the peculiar doctrines which he tries to disseminate.

I feel sure that the average minister does not know exactly what is being taught at these places, or he would not be able to make himself so perfectly content in his polite and agreeable vocation. The most pernicious and demoralizing notions concerning God, sin and righteousness are being promulgated among the masses in this way. In order to be specific in what I have to say I will report, as nearly as I can recollect, the substance of a sermon I heard in a mission tent the other evening.

The audience was composed, apparently, of people who do not often attend church. The preacher said that "it was the fashion, nowadays, for the pulpit to dwell upon the love of God, and not upon His wrath." He thought that the love had been held up too much, and that the pulpit had become afraid to teach the old-fashioned doctrine of hell fire. "But," said he, "if the Bible does not teach that there is a literal lake of fire and brimstone, a seething, burning fire, where the wicked are tortured forever and ever, if the Bible does not teach this, then it does not teach anything else. Just as sure as the Bible teaches that there is a heaven where the saints are at rest, it teaches that there is a hell of burning fire where the wicked are tormented forever and ever."

He went on to say, further, that by wicked he did not mean simply men who got drunk, or steal, or lie, or break any of the moral laws, he meant all the people who had not been saved (converted). He was very careful to explain to his audience that a man might live a very immoral life, and yet be saved, or, on the other hand, a man might live a very moral life, and not be saved. "Therefore," he said, "whether a man is moral or immoral, has nothing whatever to do with the question. The question is whether the man has been saved."

Then the preacher went on to describe what he meant by being saved. I listened carefully to his exposition of this

subject, and while he was not at all clear in his definitions, I gathered the impression that salvation was a sort of hysterical or miraculous experience, which could be obtained in the following way:

First, the candidate was to come forward to be prayed for. He was then to make various other public display of his wish to become converted. If he did not succeed at the first meeting he was to come to another, and keep coming until he was converted. This conversion was liable to come upon him suddenly, at any time, anywhere, but it was only to be had by his making some public demonstration of his feelings.

The speaker emphasized again and again the fact that it was just as easy for the most hardened wretch and vilest sinner to become converted as it was for the man who had led an upright and moral life; that God could convert one just as quickly and easily as he could the other; that one was just as much in danger of going to hell, and being burnt forever, as the other; that in the sight of God there was no difference whatever between unconverted men; whether they were men of strict morality or of the lowest degradation, in the sight of God they were exactly alike; that it was just as easy to escape from a life of debauchery and debasing habits, as from a life of good behavior and right living.

I confess that I was astonished beyond measure to hear such doctrines as these preached in our city. I really did not know that any one was preaching such stuff; I supposed that such horrible notions had passed away a half century ago. I am sure our city preachers do not know that this is the kind of stuff that the average missionary is teaching.

Such sentiments as these are certainly opposed to the work of the church. No church can wish to have the people believe such things. To hold up God as a monster of injustice who will, as soon as this short and uncertain life is over, condemn people to everlasting punishment, simply because they have not passed through that peculiar phase of hysteria

known as conversion, is monstrous. To hold up before the public such an idea of God as this is the most deliberate and horrible blasphemy that could be possibly imagined.

Why are the churches willing to support such places? Why are the preachers willing to indorse such enterprises? I can conceive no other reason than that they are anxious to shirk the responsibility of this kind of work on anyone who will volunteer to do it. To give money to such an enterprise and then stay away from it, and remain in entire ignorance of what is being preached, is what I used to do, and I fear many are doing so yet.

Such doctrines are not being preached in the churches any more, with rare exceptions. The preacher who has been to college knows better than to talk such stuff. And yet we are willing to turn loose among that class of people who need the gospel most a set of uneducated, irresponsible, loud-mouthed, longwinded, professional mountebacks, known as revivalists and missionaries, to blaspheme God, to undermine morality, and to mislead the people as to the gravity of sin and degradation. This metaphysical figment called "conversion" is being held up in the place of right living and moral integrity. Sin is cheapened by teaching people that it may be put aside in a moment.

I feel sure that if the preachers could spend more time in finding out what is going on at these places, they would no longer content themselves by collecting hard-earned dollars for this kind of work.

The fact of the matter is that the very best kind of preaching is necessary for this kind of work. If any public speaker should be an educated man, it is the one who attempts to do mission work. It is much easier for a sentimental goody-goody to successfully fill a fashionable pulpit than to speak to the audience that usually gathers at such places.

When will the churches come to realize that they have not discharged their responsibility in this matter? They train

missionaries carefully to send to China or India, but the missionaries they send to the alleys and by-places of their own city are not only, as a rule, ignorant men, but men who are on the borderland of emotional insanity.

Here we confront the same old difficulty to which I have been trying to call attention, namely, that those who profess to be followers and ministers of Jesus are not doing the Master's work. They keep themselves apart from the very ones to whom they were sent. They know nothing of the lost sheep. They are willing to permit any irresponsible person to undertake the work which they were sent to do.

If the college-bred clergyman was spending his time among the classes that the city missionary is allowed to exploit, a great change would occur. The problems of sociology would then be studied at their very fountain heads. We have here in our city all the data needed for any practical study of society. All that is lacking is strong, intelligent ministers of the gospel to do as Jesus did; to go to the lost ones and stay with them, become their companions, guides and defenders. Defend them from the wolves of the law and the wolves in sheep's clothing that pretend to bring the gospel. Jesus is being crucified over and over again on our street corners and in our mission halls, and we who call ourselves Christian ministers do not know or do not care. If God will forgive me for my negligence in the past, I will try to do better in the future.

FAITH IN WORKS.

Dr. Talkwell Answers the Question, "What is Christian Work?"

AS DR TALKWELL was about to close his service last Sunday morning a man arose and asked the privilege to propound a question. The doctor consented and the following question was asked: "What do you mean by Christian work?" The doctor answered as follows:

Nearly every day I am consulted by some one with reference to practical Christian work. A great many people want to know what can be done, in a practical way, towards doing the work which the Master expected his followers to do.

In attempting to give advice in this direction the peculiar surroundings of each person have to be considered. What one man or woman can do easily would be very difficult for another one to attempt. I am not, at this time, speaking of Christian ministers. As I have so frequently stated before, a Christian minister is one who turns his back on all remunerative vocations and loses himself among the poor and outcast, for Christ's sake; becomes poorer than the poorest of them, and finds himself without reputation, without home, and without any organized support; in short, finds himself where Jesus predicted he would find himself, where Jesus found himself.

But all people can, in a partial way, do this sort of work. The merchant, the law maker, the artist, the artisan, the preacher, the teacher, the day laborer, each and all can, in spite of their worldly vocations, do a great deal of the Master's work, if they would.

Since I have made a move in this direction myself, I have been frequently consulted by those wishing to do something in this line. No man can, in a public way, give this sort of advice. Each man's case must be considered separately and judged according to its special conditions. But I wish to give you, briefly, this morning, the work of one man, in an adjoining city, who, in addition to his vocation by which he supports himself, does a great deal of the Master's work. This man is only one of many that I know doing similar work, but he serves to illustrate what may be done.

The work that he does in this direction has no salary attached whatever, and is a means of constant expense rather than income. The work must be done between the hours devoted to his regular employment.

He is a member of the county visiting committee where he belongs, appointed by the judges of his county, for the purpose of visiting all of the public institutions supported by the county, in whole or in part. The visits in these institutions are made in behalf of the inmates, to see that they are properly housed, properly treated and properly cared for. The institutions to which these visits are made include the workhouse, the city prison, the county jail, the orphans' home, the infirmary, and many other similar institutions of the county where he lives.

This committee is expected to make an annual report to the judges of the county, in which the condition of these institutions is set forth. Thus, in a very practical way, he is able to bring a strong influence to bear in behalf of the criminal, the pauper, the sick and the demented. He visits these institutions clothed with sufficient authority to command attention and respectful consideration. It will be, of course, impossible to measure the amount of good that a wise and willing man could effect in this way, but it must be very great. These visits are made at odd intervals, which are used by the average man in the pursuit of pleasure, and yet it is doubtful whether

anyone could find greater satisfaction and recreation than the subject of our sketch finds in this very business.

The acquaintances made in these institutions open to him the doors of other institutions and enterprises, to which he could not, otherwise, find a welcome. This man is also a member and director of the Humane Society of the city where he lives, which gives him easy and ample opportunity to wield a powerful influence in the protection of defenseless human and brute creatures.

I am not saying that he is able to use all of these opportunities to their fullest extent, or that any one man could be able to do so, but by seeking these relations to society he has put himself in a way to make the most of the spare time at his disposal, and so related himself to the forces of organized society as to be able to accomplish more good in an hour than an isolated man could accomplish in a week.

Again, this man is a director of the workhouse of his city, where the most of the city offenders are confined; has charge of the Sunday services, has a keen interest in the welfare of the prisoners, becomes personally acquainted with large numbers of them, with whom he remains friends after their discharge, is alive to the benefits of the system of paroles by which prisoners are allowed their freedom under certain moral restrictions, and through this institution he can, in countless ways, set in motion forces that work toward righteousness, which ramify into every nook and cranny of the city where he resides.

The prestige and authority which these official relations give him enable him many times to accomplish in a single moment what would cost another man many days of patient endeavor. All this is done without any remuneration, save the satisfaction of doing it. All this is done at times ordinarily spent in the pursuit of pleasure. Instead of base-ball, the horse race, theatre, bowling alley, excursion rides, summer vacations, instead of these things, he prefers to spend the in-

tervals between business hours in this way. Whether he gets more or less pleasure out of life by this course we cannot know until we have tried it for ourselves, but if I were to judge from his appearance and conversation, I should say that the life of the average sporting man falls far, far, below in point of pleasure that which this man enjoys.

In addition to these things, the subject of our sketch has a little fund of money which he loans, without interest, to worthy people personally known to him, who are in sore distress. It happens, many times, that a poor widow has been obliged to borrow a small sum of money, for which she is paying an exorbitant rate of interest to some money lender, who holds a chattel mortgage on all she possesses. After he has bled her to the extent of her ability he forecloses his mortgage, selling everything she has, practically setting her out of doors.

It is in these cases that this man steps in, and is generally able to settle the matter for a few dollars, which are loaned to the distressed one without interest. He has never yet lost a cent of money in this way, and he has assisted a great many such cases. By the aid of lawyers who give their services in such cases for nothing, he generally finds that the victim has already paid on this mortgage all that the money lender is entitled to, but in some cases a few dollars remain to be paid, which is done. The small fund which he devotes to this purpose might have been spent in pew rents, or a fast horse, or a summer vacation, or some other personal indulgence, but whether it would have brought him such satisfaction in that way, as it does in the way in which he uses it, is very doubtful, indeed.

Another thing which the subject of this sketch does, his house is open to the friendless at all times. He has no other social relations except people who are in distress, who need counsel or temporary assistance. These are his chosen companions. At any time, day or night, his doors are open to them. No one is ever turned away hungry or friendless.

Every one is made welcome, and his attic rooms have been the haven where numberless poor, stranded, defenseless creatures have found that temporary rest and recuperation needed to keep them from sinking beneath the waves of despair and oppression.

His social relations are absolutely limited to this class of people. It is this class that surround his table on Thanksgiving day and Christmas dinner. It is this class that gather around his fireside on long winter evenings and spend the time in song and conversation. It is upon this class he calls, when driving about the city. It is to this class he talks and writes, and it is to the defense of this class that he uses what influence and ability he may possess.

Now, in this hasty sketch, I have only hinted at the real life which I have tried to hold up before you. This is what I call Christian work. What this man's devotional habits are I do not know; but he spends little or no time in the public service of the church. It is my impression that he is not very popular in the church to which he belongs, and is more or less of an enigma, if not a positive annoyance, to his pastor. He has tried to use the church in many ways to forward his practical schemes for righteousness, and while he has found individual members of the church willing, yet the church as an institution, he tells me, is nearly or quite useless to render assistance in any practical way. The time and money spent in ecclesiastical institutions only render him less able to carry on the work of the Master.

It may be that I have given some of you the impression that the man whom I have been describing is a sour visaged, ascetic, useless old fogy, who has no relish of life, or interest in the joys of modern civilization. This is not true. A more genial, humorous, fun-loving, unconventional, exuberant, rollicking fellow, I have never known. With his family it is a perpetual picnic. They play and sing and talk together like children of the same age, and their home life is simply

ideal in its unstinted happiness and absolute freedom, both mental and physical. At their house there is no conventional Sunday, nor family altar, nor mechanical observance. Everything is spontaneous, and each one is a law for himself.

I believe all this is as it should be. And while I do not doubt that a closer acquaintance would reveal many imperfect things, and disclose many things that could be improved, yet I think that the life that I have tried to hold up before you is in the direction of that life which Jesus came to bring to the world.

Everybody can do more or less of this kind of work if they wish. If the churches were holding up this kind of life as Christian work and this kind of character as evidence of a genuine Christian experience, there would, no doubt, be more such work done. But so long as miraculous conversion is proclaimed as the only genuine evidence of Christian character, so long the teachings of the church will render little or no assistance to practical Christian work.

In short, my idea of Christian work exactly accords with Jesus when he said as recorded in Matthew, Chap. XXV, 31st to 37th verse:

"But when the son of man shall come in his glory, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all the nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherds separateth the sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on the left.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

OBSESSION (DEMONOLOGY).

Jesus "Called Unto Him the Twelve and Gave Them Power Over Unclean Spirits."

AS DR. TALKWELL was about to begin his report last Sunday morning, a prominent Spiritualist of the city arose and requested permission to ask the doctor a question. He was given the permission and put the question as follows:

"In some remarks of yours a few Sundays ago, you stated that it was your belief that the spirits of the dead were able to affect the living for good or ill. You did not elaborate this statement, and what I would like to ask you this morning is in what way do the spirits of those who are dead affect us for ill?"

The doctor replied: "Well, my friend, you have raised a very serious question. The subject of demonology is a subject which the doctors of divinity very wisely let alone today. I remember, while I was still counted as an orthodox clergyman, I was appointed to read a paper at a ministerial conference on the subject of 'Demonology.' As I had learned nothing of this subject in my theological studies, I was anxious to read it up a little before I attempted to write the paper.

"Where was I to find some good authority who had written up this subject? This was the first question before me. Accordingly I wrote a letter to several clergymen of national reputation, asking them if they knew of a good work, by a recognized authority, on the subject of 'Demonology.' I

received several replies, which informed me that there was no such work as that worth anyone's reading; that the subject of demons, or devils, or evil spirits, was a subject about which the theologian of today professes to know nothing.

"Now, you see, my friend, your question has raised this subject, 'Can the spirits of the departed do us, who remain in the flesh, any ill?' If you had lived in the time of Jesus you would not have asked such a question. Everybody then believed that evil spirits could affect people. Jesus met this belief every day; on every page of the Gospel are to be found conversations or occurrences in which Jesus engaged concerning evil spirits.

The word, "devil," as we read it in the Testament, should have been translated demon, or spirit, in order to convey the meaning intended. This word does not mean Satan, or a fallen angel, at all. The word translated "devil" as it was used in the time of Jesus, meant simply spirit—an unclean spirit. Whence came these spirits that plagued the people then? What was the origin of the spirits that Jesus cast out from the people? To show you that they used the words devil and spirit as synonyms, let me read you a paragraph from the Testament:

First, from Luke IV, beginning with the thirty-first verse: "And he came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee. And he was teaching them on the Sabbath day; and they were astonished at his teaching; for his word was with authority. And in the synagogue there was a man who had a spirit of an unclean devil; and he cried out with a loud voice, Ah! what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know who thou art, the Holy One of God. And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him. And when the devil had thrown him down in the midst, he came out of him, having done him no hurt. And amazement came upon all, and they spake together one with another, saying, What is this word? For

with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out. And there went forth a rumor concerning him into every place of the region round about."

And again, in Luke IX, beginning with the thirty-seventh verse: "And it came to pass, on the next day, when they were come down from the mountains, a great multitude met him. And behold a man from the multitude cried, saying, Master I beseech thee to look upon my son; for he is mine only child; and behold, a spirit taketh him, and he suddenly crieth out; and it teareth him that he foameth; and it hardly departeth from him bruising him sorely. And I besought thy disciples to cast it out; and they could not. And Jesus answered and said, O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you, and bear with you? Bring hither thy son. And as he was yet a coming, the devil dashed him down and tore him grieviously. But Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit, and healed the boy, and gave him back to his father. And they were all astonished at the majesty of God."

Thus you see, in the language of the New Testament, that the words devil and unclean spirit, mean exactly the same thing. Sometimes, in referring to the same affliction, the word devil was used, and then again the word spirit.

It is certain that the writers of the New Testament believed that the unclean spirits were able to take possession of men and women, causing them to do and say things they would not otherwise have done or said; that these writers believed that Jesus and his disciples were able sometimes to cause these unclean spirits to leave the afflicted ones; that their ability to cast out the unclean spirits depended in part on the faith of the one attempting to cast them out, and in part upon the faith of the afflicted one. At first the disciples were unable to cast out these spirits because of their faithlessness. It is beyond dispute that the writers of the Gospel believed these things.

I am well aware that these things have been explained

away. I used to myself belong to a class of theologians whose business it is to explain away nearly everything that Jesus said or did, in order to reconcile the Gospel to my own views. I used to say that the writers of the New Testament recorded the facts as they understood them; that these people supposed they had evil spirits when they really had epilepsy, or some other nervous disorder; that Jesus accommodated himself to their mistake, and allowed them to think he was casting out unclean spirits, when in fact he was doing nothing of the kind, but was operating upon the imagination of his subjects entirely. Such a man would be called a charlatan, today, by the medical profession.

But if we are able to take the Gospel as it reads we cannot escape one of two conclusions; either that the Gospels are gross misrepresentations of what occurred, or else Jesus himself believed that he was calling out unclean spirits.

While most people are willing to accept the doctrine that the spirits of good people continue to minister to our good after they have departed from the flesh, there is a natural repugnance to the doctrine that the spirits of bad people are able to continue their mischievous work after their departure. Surely one is as logical as the other, and it is very difficult to escape one conclusion if we admit the other.

The objections that arise in the mind against the doctrine of evil spirits are not so formidable on close examination. It will be asked, "Are we then at the mercy of evil spirits, who can enter our hearts at any moment, pervert our lives at any time or place they choose?"

No; this does not necessarily follow. The spirits of the departed are like the spirits of those who remain in the flesh—they seek their own. They desire to associate with those who are like them. Evil spirits would not disturb us if we were not evil ourselves. We will invite to ourselves precisely such spirits as we have made welcome by the lives we lead. No bad spirit could control the life of a good man.

Our spiritual environment corresponds to our physical environment. If we surround ourselves with evil suggestions or dissipation, we attract to ourselves just such spirits, and their ministrations to us affect our lives for ill in precisely the same way that the ministrations of good spirits affect our lives for good. We are not at their mercy at all. Jesus can today cast out the spirits the same as he could when he walked and talked in Palestine. We can, by faith in the words of Jesus, find ourselves ministered to by good spirits. If we look closely at this doctrine we do not find it so horrible after all. At least, those who are trying to live good lives need not be disturbed by it.

I have come to that state of mind in which I am willing to believe almost any theory which makes unrighteousness more hateful and undesirable, and makes righteousness more desirable. If my life is what it ought to be I shall be glad to be surrounded by the good spirits of my departed friends, and I shall not at all fear the evil spirits of those misguided, headstrong ones we call bad. There is nothing in the ministry of good spirits or in the evil machinations of bad spirits, that ought to disturb a good man.

But on the other hand, if I am a bad man, consciously bad, I should not desire the presence of my departed friends, either good or bad ones. I would not like the good ones to witness my degradation and uncleanness. I should be anxious to escape their knowledge of my evil ways. At the same time I should fear the presence of evil spirits. They would haunt me in my dreams, and make me fearful in my waking moments. The whole doctrine of the ministration of good and evil spirits is hateful only to those who are evil, and has no terrors for the righteous man.

But we must not judge of the badness of spirits by the apparent badness of people while in the flesh. People are not so bad as they seem. Most ill doing depends upon some obscure physical infirmity or mental defect. Once liberated

from the body the spirit loses all its physical hindrances and retains only its mistaken notions. Thus, much of the badness disappears. Its ignorance only, remains, but liberated from the hindrances of the body it rapidly grows in spirit and in truth. During its different stages of growth, however, it seeks the association of those who are in the same stage of growth. Even the bad spirit may imagine he is helping those he is hurting. He would naturally help those who hold the same mistaken notion with himself.

At any rate, the New Testament is hopelessly committed to this doctrine. If we wish to escape this doctrine we must throw away our Testaments. No height of pious evasion; no length of theological quibbling; no breadth of elastic imagination; no depth of deliberate duplicity, can escape the fact that from end to end the Gospels are saturated with the doctrine of evil spirits. He who holds the New Testament in his hands and pretends to love it as a revelation of God, and yet professes not to believe in the presence of spirits about us, both good and bad, has managed to execute a mental back double somersault very difficult to explain; much more difficult, indeed, than to reconcile the demonology of Jesus with the latest revelations of modern science.

DIVORCE AND ADULTERY.

"Whosoever Shall Marry Her that is Divorced, Committeth Adultery."

AT THE close of his regular Sunday morning report Dr. Talkwell said: I have been asked again and again for my opinion as to marriage and divorce. All sorts of questions have been asked me indicating unsettled convictions and a variety of opinions on this subject. I should pay no attention to these questions were it not for the fact that it gives me an opportunity to illustrate how completely the teachings of Jesus are ignored by those people who call themselves Christians.

The teachings of Jesus on this subject are so plain, so emphatic, as to leave no room for query or uncertainty. It seems almost incredible that people will go on calling Jesus their Master, pretending to be guided by his teachings, compassing earth and sea to make proselytes in the name of Jesus, and all the time deliberately and persistently violating the plainest and most reasonable of his teachings. After reading the words of Jesus on the subject of divorce it is the most shameless cavil to pretend to be a follower of Jesus and hold prevalent notions on divorce.

Jesus said: "It has been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement; but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."

In other words, Jesus taught that there was only one transgression which the wife could commit which warrants a man in obtaining a divorce. In order to be sure that they should not misunderstand him he named that transgression openly, fornication. Again, a divorced wife cannot remarry, according to Jesus, without committing adultery. Now, Jesus said these things plainly; there is no possibility of misunderstanding his words; nowhere did he say anything different or modify in any degree this simple and emphatic teaching.

The Catholic church, be it said to her credit, has observed the teachings of Jesus in this respect, but what about the Protestant churches? Every church seems to be a law unto itself concerning the subject of divorce. Whatever the law of the church happens to be, that the church follows, without any reference whatever to what Jesus taught.

If Jesus was right, every divorced woman who remarries is guilty of adultery and every preacher who remarries or consents to the remarriage of such a woman is a participant in her crime. There is no way to cavil around this plain truth. So far as I am aware there has never been any attempt, either with subterfuge or sophistry, to explain away this daring violation of the Master's teaching. It is simply a case of disobedience for which no excuse is possible.

After all that has been said about following Jesus, after all that has been sung about walking in his footsteps, yet as soon as any single command of his comes in conflict with the selfish interests of the church organization, a complete back down is the inevitable result.

I am not at present discussing whether a divorce ought to be granted for any other reason than fornication, or whether a woman divorced has a right to marry again. I am not discussing these questions from my own standpoint. I am simply stating that Jesus said these things, and that the Protestant church is openly and flagrantly practicing to the contrary,

with here and there an exception. And now let me explain why they are doing so.

It is one of the inevitable evils that follow in the wake of the ecclesiastical competition which began with the Reformation. Let us say, a prominent supporter of the church wished a divorce. If he could not get a divorce and remain in the church where he belonged, he would withdraw his support and go to a church where he could get his divorce. The secular authorities, for various reasons, wishing to grant divorces on un-Scriptural grounds, thus gained the sanction of the church. With this encouragement, secular authorities have continued to develop and multiply the divorce laws until now, with plenty of money and influence, a man or a woman may marry or remarry with little or no restraint.

If the teachings of Jesus upon this subject are not practicable, why does not the church come out and say so plainly? If Jesus can no longer be trusted to lead, why do they pretend to continue following him?

The subject of marriage and divorce is a very sacred subject. It is a subject that touches society, the home, and all that is sacred to domestic ties, at a most vital point. If there be any sacred institution in this world, it is the institution of marriage; and if Jesus is not obeyed on this most important subject, why should we pay any attention whatever to anything else he says? If he did not know what ought to constitute a just ground for divorce, and then did not know whether such people ought to remarry or not, what did he know? It is simply a howling farce for people, who are setting aside Jesus' teachings in these particulars, to pretend to be his followers. Every song sung by such a church in the name of Jesus Christ is a hollow mockery. It is passing strange that people can practice in cold blood, day after day, such deliberate and unprovoked contempt of the master they profess to follow.

Remember, I am not discussing the subject of marriage and divorce from my own standpoint, nor am I pretending to

give a theory of my own. I am simply giving what Jesus said about it, and am calling attention to the fact that people can profess to follow Jesus as their Master, and then deliberately strike out from among his teachings all those that do not please them.

Of course I am aware that there are ministers who follow Jesus' teachings to the letter in regard to divorce, but this is the exception rather than the rule. The Protestant churches of today are not taught to obey Jesus in this respect. There are so many of the Master's teachings that the church has deliberately set aside that it is an ever increasing wonder to me that they call themselves Christians at all.

Jesus said that alms-giving should be practiced in secret. The church practices it in public. Jesus said that fasting should always be done in secret, and carefully concealed from the public. So far as the church observes fasting at all it does not do so. Jesus said prayer should be in secret, and I defy anyone to quote a single word from Jesus concerning a public prayer, and yet the practice of public prayer is so common that no church service would be considered complete without a public prayer. Jesus said: "Swear not at all;" that is, take no oath, but let your answers be simply yes or no: for "whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil," and yet, with rare exceptions, the church pays no attention to it. Jesus washed his disciples' feet and commanded those who profess to be Christian ministers to do the same. In fact, this was the only ordinance that he established at all, but it has been quietly ignored by the rank and file of the church.

This list of omissions might be continued, but time forbids. Suffice it to say that not only have we departed from following Jesus in his daily habits and example, but we have departed from his teachings until there is little or no resemblance between our practices and the teachings of Jesus.

The reason for this is that Jesus did not have in view a church organization. He was not making a creed or philoso-

phy to support an ecclesiastical machine. He was simply showing people how to live. He expected his gospel to be propagated from man to man. He gave his life to his disciples, and expected them to give their lives to other followers, and so the life of Christ would be handed down from generation to generation.

Indeed, this is exactly what has occurred in spite of the church. The church, as an organization, has rendered little or no assistance about this matter. It has often hindered propagation of the real gospel, but it is not clear to my mind that it has ever helped it.

This is not saying that the church is bad; that it has no function in society, but it is saying that, in the development of the church, little or no regard has been given to the teachings of the Master they profess to follow. Many people within the church, as well as outside the church, are following Jesus according to their best light and opportunity, but to say that the church renders any direct assistance to such people, or furnishes them any special opportunities for such work, any more than any other institution of modern civilization, is, I believe, saying too much.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

The Scientist and the Theologian, as Contrasted by Dr. Talkwell.

AS DR. TALKWELL stood up before the large audience that greeted him last Sunday morning, instead of beginning his report as usual, he spoke as follows:

The meeting in our city of the convention of scientists has brought to us a large number of very distinguished men for whom I entertain the most profound respect. These men, I believe, are the hope of the world. It is to these men that we must look for our saviours, our deliverers, our redeemers. Science is the real Messiah for which the world has been looking so long. Theology has always been talking about a Messiah, while science has been quietly preparing his way and making his paths straight. The scientist has always been a man of action; the theologian a man of talk.

What is the difference between a scientist and a theologian? Both are trying to account for the universe. Both are attempting to give us something of the past history of the earth, and to peer into the future destiny of the earth that lies before us. Both the scientist and the theologian, each in his own way, are trying to give us an explanation of this wonderful universe in which we find ourselves.

What, then, is the difference between a scientist and a theologian? These men are alike in one more particular, at least, namely, that they are not content to eat and sleep, work and play, live and die with no interest in such great questions

as: Who are we? Whence did we come? Whither are we going?

But in attempting to answer these questions there is a radical difference between them. The theologian assumes that he has a revelation from God which fully answers all these questions. This naturally leads him to confine his inquiries mainly, if not wholly, to this revelation. The scientist, on the other hand, either denies or ignores such revelation, and turns to the universe itself to learn what he can from study of its laws and forces. The theologian studies a book. The scientist studies a universe.

With the Bible in his hand the theologian feels sure he has the key that will unlock all mysteries, answer all questions. The scientist makes no such use of the Bible. He may use the Bible as a devotional book or imagine that he finds in its pages good ethics, but when he really wishes to discover any truth concerning the great problems about us he appeals to some source of scientific investigation.

What the theologian hopes to find by Scriptural exegesis, the scientist seeks in the rocks. The theologian tries to learn of heavenly mansions by burying his face in a musty volume, while the scientist really discovers innumerable heavenly mansions with the telescope and spectroscope.

The theologian feeds on speculations and inferences. The scientist weighs and measures. The theologian withdraws from nature and becomes encysted from the real world by the walls of his study, but the scientist gathers truth from fields and woods and mountains. When the theologian wishes to know more about his fellow-man he fills his soul with the fantastic sayings of the church fathers or the fables of John Bunyan. The scientist seeks this same information by the methods of modern sociology. The theologian makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to pull over again the straw and chaff of ancient tradition and myth. The scientist makes a

pilgrimage to Arctic seas or to tropic forests to gather fauna and flora to enrich the museums and libraries of the world.

The theologian poisons his lungs and brain by breathing the noxious air of an unventilated study, thus making himself the easy victim of morbid fancy and abnormal whim, while the scientist is laying the foundation for right thinking by inhaling the oxygenated air of the glacial regions, or tramping over plain and hillside in search of fossil and boulder.

The golden age of the theologian is in the past. According to him the world reached the zenith of its revelation nineteen hundred years ago. If we wish to know the truth we must look backwards, not forwards. Revelation closed centuries ago, since when the heavens have been dumb. The eye of the aspiring theologian is turned longingly toward the Orient. The dead languages, the mouldering stone heaps of the East are to him of greater import than the restless discovery and revolutionary invention of the west. He decides everything by defunct diatribes and confirms everything by canting canons.

The golden age of the scientist is the future. According to him the world is yet only on the threshold of revelation. If we wish to know the truth we must look forward, not backward. The books of God's revelation are just beginning to open, and the heavens are whispering secrets which they refused to tell the ancient peoples. The eyes of the tireless scientist are turned with faith toward the Occident. He leaves the dead to bury the dead, and continues to harness his chariot of progress to wave, and wind, and electricity. He decides everything by experience and confirms everything by experiment.

Among scientists there is a practical agreement the world over; but the theologians are in a constant state of violent disagreement. The scientist welcomes every new theory, and gives willing place to unexpected discoveries. The theologian frowns at new things, and fights to the last against

new light. The scientist regards truth as something that is unfolding, unfinished, in a state of evolution. The theologian tenaciously clings to his last dogma as something finished, incapable of improvement, infallible, unquestionable. In the mind of the scientist God is creating the world now. In the mind of the theologian, God has created the world and is resting.

The study of science engenders no schism, creates no enemies, fosters no persecutions. The history of theology is the history of schism, war and persecution. The scientist beholds the universe as a stable thing, governed by unchangeable laws, absolutely indifferent to petition, coercion or bribe. The theologian conceives of the universe as governed by a Being whom petition can change, importunity can modify, and sacrifice can placate. The scientist sees no room in the universe for caprice or pity or patronage. The theologian seeks to clothe the Father of the Universe with the vacillating likes and dislikes of an earthly parent.

The theologian essays to discover the attributes of God by syllogism and metaphysical distinctions. The scientist acquaints himself with the attributes of God by looking calmly and squarely into the facts of nature. When the theologian wishes to prove anything he cites authorities, quotes dignitaries. When the scientist wishes to prove anything, he turns to the indubitable facts of the universe.

The assumptions of theology can be learned by the lazy and the arrogant. But science has no royal road; all its devotees must be humble, sincere workers. The deductive method of the theologian finds its choicest tid-bit in the ambiguities of the Apocalypse and the Prophet Daniel. But the inductive method of science prefers the homely diet of every day facts and tangible evidences.

I do not wish to ignore the fact that the trend of modern theology is in the direction of science, and away from ancient tradition and church form. I very gratefully

remember this while I am saying all these things, and yet I wish to drop this caution, that so far as theology influences any man's thought, it is in the direction above indicated. Neither do I wish to infer that all preachers are theologians, and therefore come under the opprobrium of theology. Many preachers, by instinct and education, are scientists, rather than theologians. They constantly appeal to the natural facts of religion, rather than the historic or traditional facts. No doubt the tendency of the pulpit is rapidly in this direction.

Perhaps the day is near at hand when the preacher's library will be mainly a scientific one. I sincerely hope so. For whatever else may be said of the church, it stands today as the most potential institution for popular education of which modern society can boast. It has the machinery and facility for doing a great work in dispelling the darkness of ignorance and bringing in the light of scientific truth. The work the church has before it is a double one. First, to eradicate the poison weeds that theology has so faithfully planted and cultivated, and second to prepare the ground and sow the seed of scientific truth, which will bring forth an abundant harvest.

But I do not allow my anticipations to shut out the ugly fact that it is only a small minority of the churches that has laid aside the useless task of perpetuating theology; that has taken up the healthful, constructive one of teaching the people the facts revealed by science. The day is rapidly approaching when the savant and the philosopher will take the place of the preacher of theology.

Our preachers will then, indeed, be prophets. Then, indeed, will the pulpit be a watch-tower and its occupant a watchman foretelling real dangers, predicting actual calamities, saving the people, not from an angry God, but from the outraged laws of nature; saving them not from an omnipresent

devil, but from the omnipresent, irrevocable forces of the universe.

Jesus said on one occasion, while speaking on this same subject:

"But woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men, for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer them that are entering in to enter.

"Woe, unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves.

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

DR. TALKWELL'S SECULAR CHURCH.

A Creedless Religion at Work.

IT IS Monday morning, and Dr. Talkwell is seated in the little study which forms a part of the vast church building over which he presides. It is the same study, where, a little over a year ago, the doctor formally presented his resignation to the official board of his church. It was here in this little room where his church brethren met him and listened with astonishment to his reasons for resigning as their pastor; that according to his later reading of the New Testament, he was not a Christian minister, and was unwilling to be posed as such any longer: that their so-called church was only an institution of public instruction; that there was no parallel between the life he was leading and the life Jesus outlined for his disciples.

There was no attempt on the part of Dr. Talkwell to deny that he had been doing a good and useful work, but he was fully satisfied that the work he had been doing was not the work of a Christian minister. Therefore, he had resigned, in order to escape the inconsistency of pretending to be doing what he was not doing. He was even willing to continue speaking from their pulpit, if they were willing to lay aside the notion that they were making any pretense of doing the work of a Christian minister.

After some talk it was finally agreed that he was to spend his time visiting about the city, doing as nearly as he could the work of a Christian minister, and reporting every Sunday

morning from his old pulpit the things he had seen and heard during the week. They were to drop the title "Christian church" and assume the title of Board of Popular Instruction.

All this happened a little more than twelve months ago. An eventful year has passed. Many changes have been wrought, the most of which were not anticipated or expected by the doctor. One of the changes was in the doctor himself. He had lost that effeminate, clerical, scholarly look, and in its place he had acquired a virile, sun-burned, muscular appearance. In place of the affected smile, and the over-anxious effort to be pleasant, of other days, was a frank, straightforward look of honest interest and sympathy. All this had been brought about unconsciously by his daily contact with the world of real facts.

Although it was Monday morning it was not a blue Monday, as it used to be in the old days of his sermon making. His Sundays, nowadays, were indeed days of rest, days of sweet communion and quiet intercourse. After making his Sunday morning report of his week's experiences, which was entirely extemporaneous, he was free to spend the rest of the day at home, at the parks, or at some place of popular amusement, as he chose. Thus it was that Monday morning found him fresh and vigorous, ready for another week's investigation and service.

He had finished reading the letters brought by the morning mail, and was about to leave his office, when he was detained by a visit from the same committee that had visited him in this same place over a year ago. A spectator to both of these visits must have been struck with the change in them, as well as the doctor. The off-hand, hearty, familiar greetings were in strange contrast to the obsequious, differential, stilted manner of the committee one year ago.

Between these men there had sprung up a comradeship, a real, honest human friendship, the fruits of a year's close partnership in hard, practical work that commended itself not

to their hearts but to their heads as well. No one would have suspected any of them of being pious. Their manner and talk was like men who were on terms of absolute equality and had some real business to perform, of which they were neither ashamed nor proud.

"Before we begin the business that brought us here this morning," said the spokesman of the committee, "we wish to congratulate you, doctor, on the services in our church last evening. Never, in the history of the church, has there been such an impressive service, in the presence of such a large and varied audience. It is simply gratifying and surprising beyond words. The change that has been coming over our whole work is something that has been as unexpected as it is inspiring. When you first proposed to introduce the amateur drama into our church I am free to confess that I was somewhat shocked and puzzled, but the outcome fully justifies your judgment and sagacity. When I saw the drama last evening, in which the ancient Prophet Jeremiah and his mission to the generation in which he lived was brought out with such startling reality and force, it seemed to me I never heard a sermon before; and when I looked around upon the vast audience of new faces, and saw on the stage the earnestness and dramatic ability of the young people who presented the play, I could scarcely keep from shouting 'Hallelujah!' as the old evangelical revivalists used to."

"Well," replied the doctor, "I do not think you ought to give me credit for all this, or even a small portion of it. I had no idea, when I resigned as pastor of your church, what our work was coming to. I simply was forced by my conscience to take the step that I took then. I had no idea where it would lead to. I supposed, of course, that it would lead to the abandonment of our church work and to my own obscurity. But little by little this thing has forced itself upon us and we have under our charge today a church work one hundred times larger than it would have been had I continued in my

old way. The people flock to our church in large numbers, people who could not have been persuaded on any pretext to have attended our church before. And then the people who are earnestly at work could not have been induced to take up any sort of church work before. This came to me as unexpectedly as it did to you."

"But," spoke up one of the committee, "the peculiar feature of the work that surprises me is this, the religious fervor of it all. It struck me at first that whatever success might attend our departure from the ordinary methods of church work, at least we would be likely to lose the religious spirit, but not so. Our church work, as it is now, divided into three departments, the department which consists of your reports; the musical department, in charge of a musical director, and the dramatic department, in charge of a dramatic director—all seem to be inspired by a real, genuine religious fervor. Never have I attended better meetings than have been given under the musical department, in their sacred oratorios, operettas and popular concerts.

"And the same is true of the sacred dramas that have been presented from time to time. And as for your Sunday morning reports, no more solemn, intensely religious meetings have I ever attended than some of these reports have produced, and it is all so unexpected, so unintentional. It seems as if the occasion itself furnished the religious zeal and devotional spirit, without any wish or premeditation on the part of anyone."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "I have noticed all that, and I assure you, brethren, that I am profoundly grateful to God for the way in which His spirit has led us in this work. The first few feeble steps I took in this direction I had very little faith. I was concerned not only for the welfare of myself and family, but for the future prospects of the church. But I could not do otherwise. My conscience would not allow me any longer to pose as a Christian minister, while all the time

I was nothing in the world but a well paid, well kept gentleman of fastidious tastes and luxurious habits. Why, brethren, I would not exchange one day of my present religious faith and happiness for all of the make-believe, sermon writing and book-reading religion that could be crowded into a year's experience. I have tried both, I know exactly what they are."

"And then," spoke up another member of the committee, "consider that we have been trying for years to get certain of the young people interested in our work, and how impossible it seemed to be, and even those few who did come, there seemed to be nothing for them to do. It was perfectly pathetic to attend one of their so-called young people's meetings, and hear them try their best to talk about nothing, try their best to have a meeting when there was no rational reason for their having one. But now the enthusiasm, the multitudes, the fervor, the activity, the exuberance of the young people's work connected with this church! Why, our church is the busiest place in this city. Scarcely a day or evening passes in which there is not something well worth anybody's time to attend, and it is not simply young people's work, either. Old people, middle-aged people, as well, find something to inspire, interest and console."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "all you say is true, but we should carefully guard against ascribing the paternity of our success to any individual. We, none of us, foresaw or contrived it. It is simply this, we have followed the leading of the Spirit. It has led us into a larger work than we knew of. There is a still larger work for us. If our success has only confirmed our faith in the leading of the Spirit, so that we shall be willing to go wherever it leads, then indeed, our success will be valuable to us. But as you came in you spoke of some business that you wished to transact this morning. To what did you refer?"

"It was about that saloon affair that we wished to consult

you. You know it was mentioned some time ago that if we could open, in some favorable locality in the city, a place resembling a saloon, and provide it with attractive features somewhat similar to a saloon, that it might lead to a good work. We have been talking the matter over, and investigating other enterprises along this line, and we have reached the conclusion that such a thing might be made to work. We thought we would consult you about it this morning."

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON.

The Proposed "Church Saloon" as Viewed by Dr. Talkwell.

WE LEFT Dr. Talkwell last week in his study in consultation with his executive committee. The committee had been congratulating him on the great revival of religious interest that had been awakened in the church during the past year as the result of its radical departure from ordinary church work. When we interrupted their conversation the committee had just reached the subject of their business, which related to the establishment of a saloon under the auspices of Dr. Talkwell's church. The committee went on to say:

"The lamentable failure which has followed all attempts to interest the floating population in any enterprise which the church has undertaken is too well known to need comment. The idea of establishing a saloon, or a place somewhat resembling a saloon, furnishing the good features of the saloon with an attempt to eliminate its harmful features, has been talked of in our society for some time, and it is our wish, this morning, if possible, to settle on some definite plan of procedure. Have you given this subject any thought?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "I have thought a good deal about it, and my thinking on this, as well as most other practical subjects, has undergone a complete revolution since I have begun to come in contact with the world. Of course you know the scheme to establish a sort of church saloon is not a new one. It has been tried over and over again in different cities."

"Yes," replied the committee, "the plan is not an original one with us, but we thought we might profit by the failures of other attempts, and also by your intimate acquaintance with the saloon question. In our dramatic and musical societies, to be sure, we are reaching a large number of young men and women which heretofore we were utterly unable to reach, but there are yet a multitude of young men which we shall never be able to reach in this way."

"Yes, I fully realize that," replied the doctor. "Every Sunday afternoon, as I go in and out of the first-class saloons located on High street, I am confronted with the fact that these saloons gather a larger number of young men than all the churches combined. Not bad young men, either. Bright, smart, intelligent fellows—who will soon become the backbone of our commercial world.

"These places are not altogether bad, they have some very good features, indeed. Upon some of them I have very little criticism to offer, but it does seem a pity that these places should be so entirely cut off from the influence of the church.

I fully realize that the church is chiefly to blame for this. The way the church has proceeded in its treatment of the saloon, no other result could have been expected. For one institution of society to attempt to exterminate another institution, nothing but harm can result.

The saloon is one of the legitimate institutions of modern society. It has sprung up in spite of ecclesiastical institutions. It is a movement that represents a human need, just as surely as the ecclesiastical movement. It is here to stay, in some form or other. It is simply fighting against Providence to expect to banish it. The only hope is to assist at its evolution, its development. The saloon has some features that the church will be obliged to adopt, in order to succeed in getting the multitudes of our very best young men.

But of course you know all this, without my repeating it

to you. Your business this morning, I suppose, is not so much to discuss the general subject as to fix on some definite arrangement."

"Yes, that is what we wish," replied one of the committee. "We feel that we have talked about this matter long enough, and we have about concluded to rent a suitable room and fit it up exactly like a first-class saloon, with billiards and other attractions, eliminating from the bar all alcoholic stimulants, but offering everything else in the way of drinks and refreshments. We feel sure that such a place would be patronized by a large number of young men that could not be induced to relate themselves in any way to a church."

"Well," replied the doctor, "I have no doubt that such a place would have a patronage, but I have no idea that it would reach the class you are aiming to reach. It would come much nearer to reaching them than the Y. M. C. A. does, or the mission work, but it would hardly break into the ranks of those that most need what the church wishes to bring.

Since I have become acquainted with the saloon and the class of people who frequent these places, I have reached quite different conclusions than I used to entertain. If you really wish to assist in the development of the saloon, so as to bring it into a more useful function in society, you must go about it in a business way. If I could persuade five good business men to become the proprietors of five saloons on High street, without advertising the fact that these saloons had changed hands, we might begin to do something.

Suppose, for instance, any of you gentlemen should buy out or lease a well established saloon. Now, you would thus be able to control that saloon entirely. You could hire your own bar tender, and put behind the bar just such a man as you wished. I would not change the saloon in any radical particular. I would furnish the same drinks and the same attractions that any other first-class saloon furnishes.

But yet there would be a radical difference. The man

behind the bar must be a clean man; a man who uses good language; a courteous, business-like man, who will be able to command the respect of every one who enters his place. He ought to be a man who understands human nature well enough to know that sudden, revolutionary changes do more harm than good. Gradually he should introduce into his place every improvement he can without driving away his customers.

In doing this he will not find himself alone, for there are already, a great many saloon keepers in this city doing this very thing. But no doubt the development of the saloon in this line would be greatly hastened if the church would begin to exert some direct influence in the matter in this way.

Now, if there are in our congregation five men who wish to take up the saloon in a business way, from a purely business standpoint, and try to make the saloon, as far as possible, what a saloon should be, I shall have very strong faith that the result will be gratifying.

"But if we undertake to imitate and thus serve notice on its patrons that it is a sort of a missionary scheme, or any kind of a goody-goody business, we will utterly fail to reach the class we wish to. Such a place would, as I said before, command a patronage, and perhaps sufficient patronage to warrant the attempt, but it will never reach the root of the matter."

"But, doctor, what will the other churches say of us if we become proprietors of saloons, and our young men become bar tenders? What sort of repute will our church get into if we embark in such an undertaking?"

"Well, if we care a fig for what the other churches think, then we had better not undertake it. Unless we are willing to follow conscience in this matter, without any reference to outside criticism, we had better throw the whole matter up. We have done so in the past, brethren, why can we not trust the future? Suppose we do become of no repute among the other

churches? Is not this exactly what the master had to bear? Was he not called a wine bibber, did he not become a friend of harlots? Was he not regarded as disreputable, and a friend of publicans and sinners?

Now, we must not shrink from the possibility of these things happening to us if we are going to do the work he wished us to do. If we are going to reform the saloon, we must become legitimate saloon keepers ourselves. We must get the saloon where we can control it, and little by little we must eradicate the objectionable features of the saloon, preserving only the social features, which it so admirably possesses today.

There are a large number of men who can take a drink of beer, or wine, or whiskey, without doing them apparently any harm. These men have done so many years, and have continued to be upright, useful citizens. In fact, the bulk of our best citizens do this very thing. Now, why can we not control the places where such men are furnished drinks? I know no reason why. Why is it that we should leave this very important function of society for irresponsible people to supply?

I know of no good place in this city where a good man could actually accomplish more good than behind a bar. At least, the saloon could be made a place where law is respected and obeyed. It could be closed on Sunday and at midnight, no drinks sold to habitual drunkards, or minors, and so on and so on.

All this could be done without any considerable shock to the business of any first-class saloon, and I know that a break of this kind would be followed by many other first-class saloons. At least one-third of the saloons in this city would be glad to close on Sunday, if the custom could become general. And with this beginning by the proprietor the gradual reformation and development of the saloon could be carried steadily on."

"Well, doctor," said the committee, "we are ready to

follow you wherever you lead. Our experience in the past has given us unbounded confidence in the future. We are willing to become all things to all men, and we are quite sure the experience you have gathered in the last year, by your constant association with these places, constitutes a much more valuable guide than all the colleges in the United States could have furnished us.

We believe in you because you are leading us. You are going ahead. When you used to stand in your pulpit and tell us what to do, without doing anything yourself, nothing was accomplished. But since you have taken off your broad cloth coat and kid gloves and gone to work among the people, our confidence in your leadership increases every day."

"But," interposed the doctor, "I do not disapprove of the plan of establishing an imitation saloon, where something like a saloon is maintained, and yet no alcoholic drinks are furnished. I have no doubt that this place would attract a great many people who do not now go to saloons, and simply have no such place to go to. I would, therefore, advise this move.

But I would repeat, if you really want to get at the heart of the matter, go to work quietly, buy a saloon, put a good man behind the bar, keep in constant touch with the place, introduce changes as rapidly as the business will allow, and we will become pioneers in the development of the saloon, which hundreds of saloons will be glad to imitate.

No class of men need a leader so much today as the saloon class. No class of men would be more willing to follow the leader than this very class. Many of them are ashamed of their business, and this very shame keeps them from mingling with other men as they would like to. All this hue and cry about the saloon keeper and the saloons has only made them worse. We have tried to put out a fire by smothering it with fuel. I tell you, brethren, I long to see the day when the leading saloons of the city will be conducted by men whose characters are above reproach, and whose aim and ambition is

to make them all that they ought to be. No greater work than this can be imagined.

But we must expect as our chief opponents those very people who profess to be followers of Jesus. Of course they will object. It was the church that caused Jesus to be crucified when he was on earth, and it is the church that would crucify him again if he came. Ecclesiasticism can never be reconciled to Jesus Christ. It has always been his enemy and probably always will be. We must be patient with these things, accept them as facts, and do the best we can to adjust ourselves to them, remembering the words of the Master to pray for those who despitefully use us, and to turn the other cheek to those who smite us.

In the meantime, look about you, and see if you cannot find some place to establish the place you spoke of. I would not call such a place a saloon at all, however. I would call it a "coffee house," or something like that. Let us not pretend anything. Not even pretend to have a saloon. If we go into the saloon business, let us go into it really. All pretenses are sure to fail sooner or later, and we will only succeed in making ourselves ridiculous, and, in addition, fail to accomplish our purpose.

But, brethren, if any of you have the courage to brave the lion in his den, I already know of a first-class saloon that can be bought at a very reasonable figure. However, we will talk this matter over in the future. In the meantime, think about the subject and whatever we do or do not do, let us determine to follow our consciences wherever they may lead."

A REVIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

I Was Sick and a Stranger and Ye Took Me Not In.

INASMUCH as ye did it not unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto Me." Since Dr. Talkwell quit preaching, and began to make a few feeble steps in the direction of following Jesus, he comes in contact with many pathetic scenes. For several years Dr. Talkwell has been a constant visitor at the city prison, and has taken the pains to uncover the facts of many a true story; stories that read more like novels than the naked facts of every day occurrences. Last Sunday morning Dr. Talkwell told one of these stories at the close of his regular report. The incident occurred two or three years ago, but it is the same in kind as has been occuring ever since. The title of the doctor's story was, "The Last Days of Chris Bergmann."

He lay curled up in the corner of an empty freight-car, stupid with broken sleep, stiff with cold, a sooty, ragged, aching fellow, when he was discovered by an angry brakeman. He was hustled off as fast as creaking joints and unsteady nerves would allow. He tried to pull himself together a little on the sunny side of a dingy warehouse, but it was a cold day; he wasn't well. If he had been a well-to-do man, he would probably have consulted a doctor and been told he was threatened with pneumonia. But he wasn't a well-to-do man. He was only a tramp. It mattered little to him whether he had pneumonia or not.

He smells coffee somewhere. He tries to locate it. He sees a frizzly girl emptying some ashes. He guesses she knows where the coffee is. He asks her for some breakfast. She tells him to be off, calls him harsh names, talks loudly. A policeman hears the row, and with free use of the mace and the assistance of the patrol, he succeeds (with great credit to himself) in landing his man in a damp, unventilated cell of our city prison. He is slated as a dangerous character and resisting the police.

At the turnkey's office he was searched, as is the custom. Nothing was found, however, save a few cigar stubs and a greasy, old remnant of a German Testament, which was taken away from him. He was tired; he was hungry. He had not slept well. Rigors were creeping up and down his back. Strange ringing sounds were in his head, and he felt a deathly faintness of the stomach. The sounds grow louder. He tumbles down on the iron slatted cot; the grates of his cell grow dim. He loses consciousness. If he had been a well-to-do man the doctor would have called it a swoon; but he was only a tramp. No one cared to call it anything.

When he came to consciousness he had a raging thirst. He tried to sit up several times before he was able to do so, because of a curious dizziness in the head. He called for water. No one heard. He called again, louder. One of his fellow prisoners in the next cell told him the water had just been passed. He'd get no water now for an hour. So he lay still. He was trying to think where he was. He felt for the greasy Testament. It was not there. Had it been there in its old place—for he had carried it a long time—he would have thought no more about it, for he did not want to read it; he only wanted to know if it was there.

It was the only thing left that connected him with that life which was his before he became a tramp. His mother gave him the book when he was young and strong and happy. He had carried it ever since. It was to him a fetish, a mascot.

Now that he had lost it, as he believed, he began to think about the other days. He was too tired to think much. Vague remembrances of a squalid boyhood, a dingy home, a drunken father, a haggard, fretful mother, of leaving home when a boy, a sea voyage, his return, where no trace of his former home could be found, his wanderings, fully expecting to some day find his mother, his gradual adjustment to the life of a tramp, his frequent imprisonments for vagrancy, passed hazily through his mind.

The last thing he distinctly remembers is being hustled out of the freight car a few hours before. He cannot remember where he is. He only knows he is in prison. What prison and for what offense he does not know. Luckily he does not care. The keeper puts a chunk of bread in the iron box attached to his cell. He asks for water, but he gets no reply nor water. He tries to eat the bread, and bites off a huge chunk, but his mouth is dry and parched and he cannot swallow it. The longer he chews the thicker it gets. He would like to have a drink, but no one will give him water.

He puts the bread on his cot, and lays his head upon it, wearily, and soon passes into a troubled sleep. He is rudely awakened next morning by the turnkey and is bundled into the Police court before the judge. He has a high fever, a thirst and a blinding headache. He is as a lamb, dumb before his shearers. He dimly comprehends what is going on about him. He neither asserts nor denies he only mutters unintelligible words when they speak to him. He knows not, he cares not what they will do with him. He is conscious only that he wants water and wants to lie down again. He gets ten days and costs. He is led away and put into a different cell. His coat was left in the other cell. He asks for it. No one pays attention. He asks for water again.

A fellow prisoner who is allowed in the corridor hears him and gets him some. He drinks long and eagerly. He sleeps all day and all night. Two chunks of bread lie un-

heeded in the iron box next morning. He is in a muttering delirium now. He talks in poor German and worse English, no one understands, no one cares. All day he talks on, sometimes asking for water. Sometimes he imagines he is talking to his mother. Towards night his condition is discovered. It is too late to get the doctor tonight. He talks on more and more feebly and indistinctly all night. Prisoners give him sips of water, but he does not seem to care any longer.

The doctor comes in and orders him taken to the hospital. He lives nearly twenty-four hours after he reaches the hospital. His body is turned over to the city and is soon stretched on the cold dissecting table of a medical college. There it lies in the glare of electric lights—that poor, tired body, yielding up the secrets of its wonderful mechanism to jesting, careless students, who see in the corpse before them only the means of reaching the profession which shall give them fame and wealth. His work is done, and let us hope that his last work, at least, has rendered a service to humanity which has been appreciated.

In all his dull, degraded, but gentle life, he has never heard a word of praise. He has left us all he had—his anatomy. Let us praise him now. He made a splendid pathological specimen; lobar pneumonia, both lungs, first stage, infiltration complete. Fortunately exhaustion set in to hasten termination, furnishing a rare exhibit. Splendid case, good fellow at last!

While these pathetic scenes were occurring several of our city churches were holding enthusiastic revival services. Professed followers of Jesus were added to the churches by the score. These comfortable, well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed people who never spent an hour in the city prison in their lives, met in large congregations, to sing hymns about following Jesus; about giving up the world to walk in the footsteps of their Master. Not one of them ever thought of connecting the work of the Master with prisons or hospitals or the hungry, or those that are naked. Nothing of the sort.

These people think they are following Jesus when they go to their churches to sing and pray, and tell each other how bad they have been and how good they are going to be. I used to be pastor of this sort of a church, of which I am heartily ashamed. The pathetic incident which I narrated has been repeated in this city many times, and yet those people who call themselves followers of Jesus are as unconscious of the fact, as if these scenes were in central Africa instead of being at their very door. I find such things every day, now that I have quit preaching and gone to practicing. Every preacher in this city ought to be leading his congregation in this sort of work. Nowhere on this wide earth is there more need of Christian teaching than in our churches, and yet these are the people who are raising money to send missionaries to foreign countries in order to instruct them in the teachings of Jesus.

THE IRREVERENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"Let All Things Be Done Decently, and in Order."

A PORTION of Dr. Talkwell's work in this city is to visit the various institutions, where he gathers information which constitutes his Sunday morning reports to his congregation. Lately Dr. Talkwell has been visiting the churches, Sunday schools and young people's church societies in various parts of the city. During Dr. Talkwell's report last Sunday, he said:

Before I close this report I wish to say a few things about the deportment which I have noticed in the Sunday schools. While I was pastor of a church myself I had no time to visit other churches. I had no idea what the condition of other churches was, except what I learned from the printed reports of their finances, etc. I had a vague idea that some of the vexatious details connected with my own Sunday school were not true of other Sunday schools. I partly blamed myself for it, and bewailed the fact that I had not the tact and natural qualifications to make it all that it ought to be.

In my own Sunday school I noticed with pain and disappointment a great deal of irreverence, among the boys and girls alike, especially the older ones. I was shocked beyond measure to discover that boys and girls brought up in the Sunday school could treat subjects which I had always considered sacred, with such levity, laughing and whispering during prayer, making doggerels on the hymns used, tearing up the lesson leaves and using them as paper wads, and other desecrations too numerous to mention. It seemed to me that we

were doing our children infinite harm by bringing them together under conditions which allowed them to convert reverent worship into fun and frolic.

But on visiting other Sunday schools lately I find that my own Sunday school was a little more than up to the average. I certainly believe that no well-bred person could tolerate the conduct which the average Sunday school teacher is obliged so see Sunday after Sunday, except they had become used to it gradually. No such conduct would be tolerated for a moment in our secular schools, nor would it be allowed in our homes, or theatres, or in any other public place that I know of. The inattention, the irreverence, the ill-mannered behavior, is simply shocking to an attentive visitor, and would not be endured for a moment by a Sunday school teacher if she or he were to meet the same scholars in any other place except the Sunday school.

Little by little the Sunday school teacher has grown accustomed to such behavior in the Sunday school, until at last, he takes it as a matter of course. Over and over again have I seen a modest, refined young lady making a vain endeavor to interest a class of impertinent, saucy boys in some Sunday school lesson. I have seen her go on ignoring their uncouth behaviour, apparently not noticing their contempt for her and her teachings, until my fingers have itched to take them one by one and fling them out of the nearest window. I had much rather my children would be in a respectable theatre, listening to a decent play, where pathos and humor are depicted by trained artists, than to have them take part, either as teacher or scholar, in any such farce as this.

One day I was asked to take charge of a class of young ladies in one of these Sunday schools. Something happened just before the lesson began which caused the young ladies to laugh. I waited a while for them to leave off laughing, and finally we began to read the lesson together. But the laughing occurred at intervals, and constantly interrupted the

reading of the lesson. I finally stopped and asked them if they would not tell me what they were laughing about, so that I might laugh with them. Their blushes soon convinced me that it was something which ordinary modesty would not allow them to repeat, and so I went on with the lesson, but the laughing continued by spells during the whole of the hour.

And what was the lesson about, do you ask? About the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The lesson was about that most pathetic scene in the last days of our master. I surely believe that if I could have introduced into that school room a heathen who had never heard of the gospel and could have made him understand what the lesson was about. I could have stirred his heart with pity and reverence with the story of the awful agony of the gentle Nazarene on Calvary.

But these young ladies, brought up in a Sunday school, reared, I suppose in Christian households, at no time during the lesson evinced the slightest interest or respect for this touching picture of the crucifixion. In any other place, upon any other subject, these interesting young ladies would have been tender, respectful and intelligent. I cannot believe that they could bring themselves to treat the sufferings of any other person as they did the sufferings of Jesus, whom they profess to follow.

This is the work of the Sunday school. To them the Sunday school had been a school of irreverence that had gradually hardened their hearts to the pathetic scenes of Christ's life. It had gradually accustomed their minds to the horrible incidents which occurred during the persecutions and trials of Jesus. Little by little they had become calloused until they had reached that hardness of heart in which the agony of the cross, the solemn and awful phenomena of the crucifixion had become to them matters of jest and merriment.

The parochial school is far ahead of the Sunday school in the particulars of reverence and decorum. In these schools

religious instruction is given the same as other instruction. The same order, the same studious attention and discipline is required. This is exactly as it should be. The idea of herding together a drove of children without the proper authority or means to maintain order and then pretend to give them religious instruction is not only a farce, but is positively sacreligious. Piety and paper wads, prayer and caterwauls, scriptural quotations and hair pulling, are all mixed up together in the average Sunday school, and I wish to put myself on record as saying that such things are not only ridiculous in the extreme but are doing far more harm to the cause of religion than skepticism and so-called infidelity ever did or can do.

I was in a barroom the other day, the resort of Italians and colored people. The keeper of this place does not allow the slightest disorder. I saw him correct a man who was sitting in one chair with his foot in another chair. The man was a stranger to the place or he would not have presumed to do it.

But in the Sunday school I have seen this thing done over and over again without exciting any attention whatever from superintendent or teacher. I am sorry to be obliged to say these things, but they are solemnly true. Our Sunday schools have much to learn of the parochial in these particulars, and I hope secular prejudice and ecclesiastical hostilities will be laid aside long enough for us to do so. As for myself I have given up the pretense entirely of having a Sunday school; I do not desecrate Sunday any longer in this particular.

At the same hour and in the same place that we used to hold Sunday school there is an illustrated lecture given for the children and young people of our church. The infant department, under the charge of a kindergarten teacher, continues much as before, with the exception that no attempt is made to teach them the miraculous stories of the Bible. Such stories to the immature mind do an injury very difficult to

overcome in after years. Two or three classes of adults for the critical study of the Bible and church history continue to do the same excellent work of former years. But in all other respects we have abandoned what we used to call our Sunday school, and I sincerely pray that God will forgive us for the mischief that we were unconsciously doing our children all these years, and assist us in our determination to do so no more.

LOTTERIES.

How They Are Exterminated.

AT THE close of Dr. Talkwell's report last Sunday morning, he said: There is an adage I have frequently heard, that "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." I do not know where this adage can be better applied than to the average reformer. The ignorance of this class of people is only equalled by their never-ceasing activity. Let me cite you a case in point.

I received a letter from a clergyman the other day, which is, in the main, a criticism on some things I have said about the saloon, and produces some arguments to which I wish to call your attention.

I am criticised for not being willing to join a crusade of extermination against the saloon. My position is, first, that the saloon cannot be exterminated, even if we wish to; and, second, that it ought not to be exterminated. Both of these positions are criticised in the letter referred to.

The writer goes on to say that he believes the saloon can be exterminated and refers me to the fact that the Louisiana lottery was exterminated, and has become one of the things of the past; that this extermination was brought about by the churches; that the crusade against the Louisiana lottery was in every particular, similar to the crusade against the saloon; that the Louisiana lottery is no more.

Now, this argument is a good illustration of the ignorance of this class of people. The writer appears to be utterly

unconscious of the fact that the Louisiana lottery was never in so flourishing a condition as it is today.

What was the effect of the crusade against this lottery? It had this effect, simply: It drove them out of the state of Louisiana into one of the South American republics, near our coast, Honduras, where today it has its headquarters. The general agent in the United States is located in Florida. Never were there so many tickets sold as today. Their business, being shut out of the mails, is conducted through the express companies, and is, in every way, strengthened by the change.

I have been acquainted with one of the agents in this city for several years, which has afforded me an opportunity to know of the gradual increase in their business. There are five agents of the Louisiana lottery in this city today, all of whom are doing a flourishing business. The agent with whom I am acquainted sold one month, 500 dollars' worth of these tickets, and, according to his statement, the other agents are doing as much, if not more, business than he is doing.

Men in all walks of life are buying these tickets. Two brothers I know in this city are running a grocery established with the money received as a prize from this lottery. Another instance is of a business man who was about to make an assignment, and was saved from failure by the accident of receiving a prize from this lottery.

Now, I am not saying these things in defense of the lottery, or with any wish to apologize for this sort of business. I am only saying them to show how ignorant some people are concerning the facts of society. I have no doubt there are a great many men in this city who believe that the Louisiana lottery was exterminated, while the efforts to exterminate it have only strengthened it and driven the revenues, which the state of Louisiana ought to receive, out of the country. We still have the lottery, minus the revenue it used to pay us. Instead of the money being collected and redistributed in

this country alone, it is collected, taken out of the country, and distributed all over the world. In other words, all that has been done is to make matters worse.

As long as people wish to do these things they will continue to do them; and all that can be accomplished by reformers in this line is to drive them into greater obscurity. The more mystery that surrounds any such enterprise the better it succeeds. The fact that this lottery is obliged to use the express companies, instead of the mails, throws a sort of glamour over the whole affair that is very attractive to the class of people who patronize such things. The further fact that it is located in Honduras, instead of Louisiana, gives it a more romantic air, which is a great help to business.

Now, this is the kind of thing that happens when an attempt is made to up-root any institution of modern society. It reminds me of a farmer I knew once, who tried to destroy a bed of Canada thistles by plowing them up. It was a small bed, covering only a few square rods, but he decided to plow the field, in order to exterminate them. He certainly plowed very deeply, and there were no Canada thistles to be seen for a while. But a few weeks afterwards he discovered what he had done. He had simply scattered the root of these Canada thistles all over his field, and the next year he had an abundant crop of thistles, a thousand times as many as he had ever had before.

Something like this happens when we attack an institution of society. We may scatter it, drive it into places of seclusion, compel it to adjust its activities to new relations, but we will find, if we try to, that we have not exterminated it. The same thing happens when the saloons are closed on Sunday. Some people wish to drink on Sunday, and to try to compel them to do otherwise is only to make them worse. We have our choice between the saloon, with its front door open, where anyone may enter, or a club room above or behind the saloon, with locked doors.

It may be that the Sunday saloon is bad, and only bad; but what I claim is this: That the Sunday club room is worse, far worse; and if I must choose between the two give me the open saloon, where the authorities of the city may enter at any time they choose.

We have had two years' experience in this city of closed saloons. In spite of the fact that these saloons were watched by as brave and efficient chief of police as ever lived, everybody who knows anything of the matter admits that Sunday drinking was increased, and the lawless element made worse by the change. The saloon proper was really closed, and the police often exceeded their authority in trying to exterminate the club room, but were utterly powerless to do so. Yet the average reformer seems to be quite ignorant of all this.

Here we are again confronting the difficulty to which I have so often alluded. Those who would reform society know so little about the society they are trying to reform. First, they do not know, by personal observation, what it is they are trying to reform. Second, they do not know what they are really accomplishing when they succeed in effecting any change. If those who would reform society would really become acquainted with the facts they are trying to deal with, a great deal of pernicious meddling would be averted.

Suppose, instead of trying to exterminate the Louisiana lottery, they had proceeded in the matter as Germany is doing. Germany allows the lottery to exist, under the inspection of the authorities, who carefully regulate every detail of the matter, so as to prevent any fraud of any kind. About fifteen per cent. of the proceeds are used to pay salaries and governmental privileges. The rest of the money is strictly and honestly returned to the people in the form of prizes.

Now, if the people persist in buying lottery tickets, these are the ones to buy, instead of purchasing of the lottery that has been dealt with according to our methods. We fight them just enough to make them mad, they lose all respect for

the authorities, and the whole affair degenerates into a sort of a dog fight. Then they seek to justify themselves in their crooked methods by the fact that they have not been fairly dealt with. Instead of stopping them, we have only demoralized them, given them an excuse for trying to get even with us.

By driving the Louisiana lottery outside of the United States, we have added greatly to its revenue and success. This has tempted two other lotteries to begin operations, the Pan-American and the Mexican, both of which have agents in this city selling their tickets. It is well-known that these lotteries pay back again to the people only a small per cent. of the money they collect.

All this mischief has arisen as a direct result of trying to exterminate the Louisiana lottery, and yet the average reformer supposes this lottery has been exterminated, and boasts of the good he has been able to accomplish. I used to do these foolish things myself, and I can see now very plainly how ridiculous I was. I meant well, but I was unsophisticated. My intentions were good, but I was ignorant. I wanted to fix things without knowing what was wrong.

Jesus warned his disciples against trying to uproot the tares that grow with the wheat, lest the wheat be also uprooted. He said, "Let them grow together, and when the harvest comes, the reapers will then be able to separate the tares from the wheat."

Reformers seem to have forgotten this. They are not willing to wait and allow the different institutions of society to grow until the harvester comes. They want to begin to uproot.

Sooner or later, every institution that does not contribute to the good of society will be buried. Nothing but good has eternal life. The way to reform things is to let them grow. Their own worth or worthlessness will soon appear if let alone, but under persecution they are sure to thrive. The function of law is to protect people from harm, not to prescribe rules of moral conduct.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

Dr. Talkwell Explains Some Points of Difference.

AT THE close of his regular report last Sunday morning, Dr. Talkwell said:

Over a year ago, when I began to mingle with the people instead of writing sermons; and visiting the poor and outcast instead of visiting my wealthy parishioners, I thought it would be an excellent thing to open a question box every Sunday morning in this pulpit. I solicited written questions, but I had no idea that so many questions would be asked. In spite of every attempt I have made to answer them, they accumulate on my hands much more rapidly than I can dispose of them. I had no idea the people were interested in so many vital subjects.

I shall never be able to answer all the questions I receive. I can only attempt to select from them the ones I consider the most important. Each one of these questions deserves a more complete answer, but I shall have to content myself with a few words. The first question I select is:

"What is the first essential of religion?"

There is only one essential of religion. That is prayer. The religious man is one who believes in the efficacy of prayer. The man who believes in God, the Father of all Spirits, believes Him to be near and willing to help all those who ask Him; that man is religious. He may never have said a formal prayer; he may never have joined a church; he may never have subscribed to a creed, or made a public profession

of religion; but if he has learned to pray, and is well assured that his prayers do avail something, he is religious. It makes no difference whether he is called a Christian, a Mohammedan or a pagan. Religion is one the world over. It is a realization of the Fatherhood of God, and a personal, vital experience of His protecting care.

The religious instinct is as natural to man as any other instinct. It does not have to be taught to him. It is natural to him. Creeds and theologies, and ecclesiastical institutions have done more to destroy the natural religious instincts of men than they have to help them. As a class, the theologian is no more religious than any other class, and I have sometimes doubted if they were as much so.

He who knows by experience that God is, and is able and willing to help His children in answer to prayer, has all that there is essential in religion, even though he may never have seen that book we call the Bible, or heard of that ecclesiastical institution we call the church."

The next question is, "What do you consider essential in theology?"

"All there is essential about theology can be stated in a very few words, i. e., the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man. God is my Father, and every man my brother, every woman my sister. This is my theology. This is all there is of theology that amounts to anything. All the haggle and wrangle and bandy of words about plans of salvation, about probation, about inspiration, about sanctification, is sheer waste of time and consists of scholastic figments. All these things were invented by men, and used by men as implements of warfare. They have never been of any use to the world. People who believe them are the worse for believing them, as a rule.

That man who believes that God is the Father of all mankind, soon comes to believe that every man is his brother, and

every woman his sister. He soon begins to shape his conduct in accordance with this belief.

This is the only creed that has ever been of a particle of use in the world; every man my brother, every woman my sister. No matter how high or low, how aesthetic or vulgar, how learned or ignorant, every man my brother, every woman my sister. This is all there is of my creed. I fall short of living up to this creed, but it is my ideal, towards which I am striving.

Here is another question. I ought not to try to answer it in a few words, I suppose, but I must either do this, or neglect to answer it at all. The question is:

"What is meant by the term, Christian religion?"

I used to think I knew how to answer this question, but I confess to you that the more I think about it the less it means. I believe in Jesus. I believe his words, I believe in his example, and try to follow it as far as I can. I place the name of Jesus above all other names. I am sure no man prizes his teachings more than I do, or sets a higher value upon the influence he has had upon this world.

Jesus was a religious man. So far as I am able to learn, Jesus was the most religious man that ever lived, yet he did not found a religion. He did not seek to become the author of a new religion. We have no right to call religion by his name. Religion was in the world before Jesus came. Religion is a natural instinct of the human soul. To say "Christian religion" implies that Jesus either inaugurated religion, or else founded a new one. This is ascribing to Jesus something he did not claim or desire.

The example and words of Jesus have led many men to believe and become religious, and in their gratitude to him they have attached his name to their religious experience; but strictly speaking, there is no such thing as Mohammedan religion, Jewish religion, Christian religion, Mormon religion, etc. All of these terms are misleading.

Religion is religion. What we mean when we say Christian religion, is Christian theology. What we mean when we say Jewish religion, is Jewish theology. Religion is one. There are many theologies, but there is only one religion. I never use the term Christian religion myself. Jesus Christ did more than all other men to stimulate the religious instinct of man, but he did not found a religion.

I must content myself today by answeriug just one more question. It relates to what I said a few Sundays ago about the scientist and the theologian. The question is this, and it comes from a clergyman for whom I entertain the highest respect:

"I read your recent comparison of the theologian and scientist. I wish to ask you if the unfavorable light in which you put the theologian does not bear too hard on some of the more advanced theologians, such as Fiske, Drummond and Gladden?"

My answer to this question is that neither Fiske, Drummond nor Gladden are theologians in the sense in which I used the term. The theologian is a man who is trying to account for the universe, its past, present and future, by the study of the Bible. As I explained in the article, a theologian thinks the Bible contains all that is necessary to know of these subjects, and he confines his studies to the explanation of Scriptural texts.

Fiske is not a theologian. he is a philosopher. Drummond was not a theologian, he was a scientist. No one would have ever thought of his being a theologian, had he not taken up some of the questions of natural theology and discussed them by the use of scientific methods. Gladden is a philosopher, not a theologian. To be sure, he uses the Bible, not so much to discover truth, or prove his assertions, as he does to reconcile the Bible to other sources of truth. Such a man is not a theologian. A full-fledged theologian has an abhorrence of such men. Dr. Briggs, by simply daring to assume that there

were any other sources of revelation than the Bible, has got himself into hot water.

I used the word theologian to mean that man who does not recognize any other authoritative source of theological truth than the Bible. I do not think I dealt unjustly with this man. I think he is entitled to all the opprobrium the comparison gave him.

Neither of the three men above mentioned can fairly be included among the class I aimed at. Indeed, I am indebted for much that I have been saying to these men. I have little or no difference with either of them, and consider any man fortunate who has the privilege of profiting by their teachings.

As I said before, when treating this subject, not all preachers are theologians, and, fortunately, not all theologians are preachers. A great many men are in the pulpit today who are philosophers and scientists. The theologian has little or nothing in common with these men. He believes that God revealed to the world all that he wants any one to know, through his series of revelations which we call the Bible; that all we know of God or morality is learned from the Bible, and to attempt to learn anything of these things from any other source is sacrilege. These men hate science and scientists. They despise philosophy and philosophers, and are doing more harm to real religion than any other class of men."

A SERMON ON CLEANLINESS.

Microbe a Messenger of God to Make Us Clean.

AND God said, let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth, after its kind, and it was so. And God made the beasts of the earth after its kind, and the cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the ground after its kind. And God saw that it was good.... And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat, and it was so. And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good."

These words are found in the second chapter of Genesis, and they thoroughly commit the Bible to the goodness of all created things. If the writer of Genesis knew what he was talking about, there was nothing created in vain. Behind every creation there was a good purpose, a beneficent aim.

If this be true, then those creatures which seem to be of no use on earth, whose function seems to be an evil one, are simply misunderstood. If we knew a little more about them we would discover why the goodness of God brought them into being.

Every creature has its own check against over-reproduction. In their struggle against each other they rise and fall alternately, overcoming and being overcome, ever and ever striving to find that balance which a perfect order of things necessitates. The battle is on. We are witnesses of only some very

small details, here and there. The main struggle is incomprehensible to most of us. Only an abiding faith in God can reconcile us to many things we are obliged to see.

Out of the multitude of God's creatures let us select those little foreigners with whom we have become so recently acquainted, known as bacteria, or disease germs. We are reading a great deal about disease germs in these days. Microbes are on the lips of everybody, literally and figuratively. We seldom read anything about these creatures except to their disadvantage, to their disparagement.

What are they, anyway? Are they simply pests to human life, invisible angels of death that come to destroy without any compensation of good? Let us see if we can answer this question in a few words.

Bacteria constitute a very low order of the vegetable world. They belong to the order way down in the scale of life, known as protophyta. They are very infinitesimal, and their spores are so small and light that they are capable of dancing in the sunbeam, and existing in great numbers in the clearest water. They are everywhere. We cannot avoid them. There is a great variety of them, only a few of which seem harmful to the human race.

A few of these creatures have been selected by the microscopist and have been charged with very serious misdemeanors. One of them is associated with typhoid fever; another seems to be mixed up with the cause of anthrax; and still another has gotten into bad reputation in consequence of his relations to the disease known as tuberculosis. So we might go on enumerating disease after disease, which, it is asserted, that some particular one of these very small creatures has caused. Whether these accusations rest upon the best of evidence or not, we will not now stop to discuss, further than to say that there is some ground yet for suspecting that their association with disease is incidental rather than causative.

But just now we will lay this question aside, and ask our-

selves what function have these creatures other than to vex the bacteriologist, and to create a disturbance in the human system? Are they of any use? Have they a wholesome function in the universe? Have they been created in vain? Are they evil, and only evil? When God made them, did He have any good purpose in view? Have we discovered in them something that is useless, superfluous, always bad and only bad? Is their existence a blot upon the fair face of nature and a stigma upon the work of the Creator of the universe?

It is, indeed, a very grave charge to bring against a universe created by a good and wise God, to admit that He has put into this creation billions and billions of invisible organisms from which there is no rescue, which are capable of spreading disease and creating havoc to the uttermost ends of the earth. Sword and famine cannot compete with their destructiveness.

Thus far the complainant against this microscopical creature seems to have made a very strong case. Let us rest the case of the plaintiff for a moment, and see what can be said in the defense of the accused.

The lawyer for the defense arises and begs to say that these creatures were created for a beneficent purpose. That even their destructive work could not be spared from the universe, and that never, at any time, have they done anything except good.

Did we ever stop to think what becomes of the thousands and millions of bodies of beasts and men after they are dead? Just consider the immense number of beings that die every day, leaving their bodies lifeless and useless. What becomes of these bodies? To say that they decompose and pass back into the elements from which they were derived is to say the truth. But how do they decompose, why do they decompose?

Without these bacteria, of which we have been speaking, they could not decompose. Every body would lie exactly as it was left at death and never change either in bulk or form.

To protect the body of any dead creature from decomposition we only have to protect it from bacteria. Each one of these dead bodies has extracted from the physical universe a part of its valuable material. Were it not for the microbes who decompose these bodies, and change them back into their elements, the resources of the earth, particularly in nitrogen, would soon be exhausted. As soon as anything is dead, thousands of bacteria swarm to the spot and begin the work of disintegration, and never quit until it is entirely dissipated into its original elements again.

The bacteria are God's scavengers, keeping the face of creation clean. The bacteria are God's sanitary department, who go about in creation hunting for dead things, and by their magic touch changing them into living elements. The bacteria are God's ministering angels, compelling us, incidentally, to habits of absolute cleanliness. The microbes would not disturb us if we were perfectly clean. It is only because we have particles of dead matter adhering to us that they visit us. They find their way into the apertures of our body; they lodge in the ear, the eye, the mouth, the nostrils; they cling to various portions of the body simply because they have found there some dead material that ought to be decomposed.

Their presence in large numbers within our bodies appears to be deleterious to health. Whether they cause disease or not, at least certain kinds of them are present in great numbers in certain diseases; but they would not be there had they not found some dead material upon which to feed.

Every epidemic that sweeps across our land is a scourge of God calling our attention to some dirtiness or filthiness on the part of the people. It is useless to kneel in our filth and ask God to stay the hand of the plague. Our only hope is to rise on our feet and make ourselves clean. If man would keep himself clean, externally and internally, by habits of cleanliness and frugality the microbes would be ministering angels of peace rather than death.

As soon as anything dies, be it great or small, the sanitary police of God's universe immediately come to the spot and begin the work of taking the organism to pieces, and giving it back to the elemental storehouse of the universe from which it was originally taken. Bacteria are like wreckers of a railroad company; they rush to the scene of every disaster to remove the dèbris and clean up the tangled wreck of broken cars and mangled bodies.

But, unlike human wreckers, they are very economical. They are able to save every atom of the wreck and give it back again to the treasury of nature, exactly as good as it was when it was taken. Nothing is wasted. Every atom of oxygen, or nitrogen, or carbon, or hydrogen, is given back new, clean and as fit for use as ever before.

This is the work of the microbes. Certainly a beneficent work, a work which the universe could not spare even a single day. The only thing necessary to avoid the ill effects of these munificent creatures is to keep clean. They would not visit us at all had they not scented or discovered, lurking somewhere about our anatomy, some dead thing. They are so very economical they cannot spare anything. The smallest speck of organic matter which escapes our utmost vigilance is sufficient to set God's sanitary forces astir and bring them to the rescue, armed with their delicate chemistry and invisible instruments of disintegration. They will even enter the juices of our body and ferret out any extraneous material they find in chyme, or chyle, or blood. A clean, unbroken skin is an absolute external armor against them; but once let this armor be broken by scratch or punctnre or ulcer, then these microscopic rag-pickers and junk-gatherers rush to the spot like sneak thieves and pick-pockets to a fire. And the microbes are there for exactly the same purpose that the thieves are, to pilfer or pick up misplaced goods or stray property.

As the skin protects the outside of the body, so the mucous membrane does the inside of the body. So long as this mem-

brane is flawless and its epithelial covering intact, no microbe can enter the sacred precincts of the human system, although they may swarm in inconceivable multitudes on the tesselated pavement which nature has so carefully laid on every square millimeter of its delicate membrane. A flaw anywhere, a pin-point abrasion, a postule, a slight erosion, a miniature ulcer, brings dirt and misplaced matter which immediately attracts an army of nature's street-sweepers, armed with brooms and bag and cremating furnaces. A drop of pus is to these creatures what a dirty alley is to an effective sanitary force; an oozing ulcer is an uncovered cess-pool in a dirty back yard.

These people complain when the rigors of sanitary law insist upon making them clean whether they wish it or not. So do we complain when God, in His infinite wisdom, makes us clean, even though He must kill us to accomplish it. Every flood of epidemic that gathers its festering powers in the crowded plague spots of Europe or Asia and sweeps westward, leaving in its wake a dreadful trail of human sacrifice, is the chastening of a perfectly just God, trying to make his world clean. Every festering bog and miasmatic swamp that is pouring into our health-giving atmosphere zymotic poisons, is a dirty back court which God bids us clean up or die. Because, if we do not clean up, He will send His sanitary force to do it for us, and they will come at his bidding, myriads of millions of unseen workers.

This prodigious army of infallible chemists, though engaged in good work, will, like the crusaders of old, who, with the holy purpose of rescuing the sacred sepulchre from pagan sacrilege, spread rapine, outrage and devastation over the countries through which they passed, so these infinitesimal crusaders against the sacrilege of filth, when marshalled in unusual and abnormal numbers, in a limited area, will become an incidental scourge, though moved by the holy zeal of rescuing fair nature from the foul grasp of dirt.

Once let our earth become clean, and the inhabitants thereof present their bodies a pure and living sacrifice, so soon will the function of this vast horde be changed from pestiferousness to purification.

The law of cleanliness, like all other of God's laws, is an angel of peace to those who obey, but a ministering angel of wrath to the disobedient or heedless. The microbe, like the prophet of old, threatens only those who defy God or forget His laws. To the clean the microbe is a welcome visitor, "for he is the minister of God to them for good. But if thou do that which is evil" (either through ignorance or negligence) "be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God, the avenger, to execute the wrath upon him that doeth evil," upon him who will not keep himself clean.

CITY OF INFERNO.

Being a Straightforward Confession of its Mayor, Ho Diavolos,

DR. TALKWELL has spent much time in investigating the mischief done in society every four years by our national elections. Each quadrennial our cities are stirred from top to bottom and the worst elements brought to the front by contests which have little or no meaning except the triumph of some political party.

Last Sunday morning Dr. Talkwell delivered to a large audience a satire which set forth in a unique manner the periodical destruction to society of our presidential election. His satire is delivered as if it were a complaint made by his satanic majesty, the devil, and is couched in that quaint style of old English peculiar to the older theological writers.

CITY OF INFERNO, November, 1896.

To The Inhabitants of the Earth, Greeting!

In these latter days, because of the indifference of a perverse generation, little is known or written of the Kingdom of Darkness, either of its habitations or inhabitants. Worldly interests so far outweigh in the minds of the people of this skeptical age, matters pertaining to the under-world of demons, that a large number of the people are reared even from childhood, with no instruction concerning it. It is sometimes hinted by those who stand in high places that there be no such world, and even my existence is denied. But more commonly, my existence is simply ignored, and neither the good things nor the bad things that hath formerly been said of me, have been faithfully taught to this generation.

It is loosely thought by the multitude that I and my kingdom hath a place somewhere; yet very remote and indistinct. Where and how my forces doth touch or plague the world, has been relegated to that shadowy field of knowledge which belongeth to the superstitions, fables and old wives' tales. It hath been many times reported to me that there is a belief common among men that my kingdom is a sinecure, and that my subjects are passive instruments to my behests. That all who come to me are bad and only bad, and for that reason, become willing messengers of evil design. That since we are all agreed to do evil and evil only, that we have therefore, one purpose, out of which arises the most complete, but Satanic order.

To correct this, and many other misrepresentations, which prevail concerning me and my kingdom which Medieval theologians, and even latter day spiritualists have failed to clear up, I have deemed it expedient to declare somewhat in detail the exact state of my affairs. It is thought that my sway in my dominions is supreme; that my will is law, and that my wish subdues everything. That all this is accomplished without those necessary and inevitable tribulations that doth beset rulers of the sons of men. In what measure these things be true of me and my dominion, I shall endeavor to make appear.

In the first place, it is well known that the materials with which I have to keep the forces of Perdition at work, are furnished me from the earth. The city of Inferno, in which I am expected to keep alive the horrors of pandemonium, includes within itself no intrinsic evil. It, like other localities, depends for any evil it may possess, on its inhabitants. If Inferno contains any fire or brimstone or any other undesirable ingredients, it is because they were brought to it by those who have been consigned to its domains. Our city is justly reputed to be a bad one, but its badness in no wise depends on its locality or scenery or unwholesomeness of climate, as may have been alleged; but on the moral condition of its dwellers. It is

called hell, but it is only so because each newcomer brings a bit of the unholy presence along. Because of the ungodly reputation of my rule and subjects, our city hath become famous throughout the length and breadth of the earth, and as yet we have been able to maintain our precedence over all other cities of the universe; although it cannot be denied that there be others whose disquietude is in a measure like ours.

In the early Inferno, it did appear as if it would always be no large task to keep its citizens in manifest disquiet and wretchedness. Two circumstances combined to make it thus. First, only those who were denominated impious are sent to us, who as a matter of fact, do include persons of strong individuality, otherwise headstrong, not easily brought under any form of discipline, or made willing subjects to fixed rules, good or bad.

Second, Inferno, having no government, but everyone doing whatever seemeth good in his own mind, it was confidently expected that an intensified sort of anarchy would continually ensue. This indeed, was the case for many ages, which state was rendered more certain by the disposition of those who continually found their way to our precincts. In those good old days, Inferno was verily all that its name implieth. Suddenly freed from all restraint of the arbitrary laws of men, the wretched multitude of lost souls came tumbling into perdition, a wrangling, worrying, contentious horde of demons. Jealousies, lying, hatred and envy prevailed for many ages, and hell was the pride of all demondom; and included in its borders every species of discord and misery.

But as time waxed old and ages multiplied, I discovered to my consternation, a growing tendency toward a better state of things. There were two circumstances, which, taken together, were silently working an overthrow of the demoniacal spirit of my dominions.

First, the indefinite duration of existence to which all mankind is subjected in the life beyond the grave, tends

toward convincing them of the folly of every sort of unrighteousness. During the short period of earthly existence, many mortals do not make this discovery, but end their terrestrial careers in the belief that well-doing is not as profitable, on the whole, as evil devices. Most of those who come here have this faith well grounded, and begin at once a course of life in strict keeping with such faith, much to my satisfaction. As time passes, and centuries of strife drag their weary length along, the conviction gradually begins to steal into the minds of all, that no good and much pain can only come from such a course. Hence it is that many do, of their own accord, leave off the turmoil of strife and contention, settling themselves down in relations of peace and fraternity. Their case is rendered hopeless of reformation by the fact that each one becomes convinced by his own experience that much more happiness is obtained by gentle and decorous behaviour than by anarchy or conquest. When this idea once got foothold in our city, it began to spread very rapidly, and many became convinced that peacefulness and virtue were, after all, only other names for satisfaction; and since satisfaction was the very thing for which all had been striving through the weary centuries we had passed, it required no argument to cause them to give heed to the idea that had been so long in finding its way into their minds.

Second, there being no arbitrary restraints or compulsions in our city, which is devoid of any sort of government, whatsoever, when once a tendency on the part of our society began to manifest itself, it was sure to spread through the whole community. This seems to be true because of the fact that no one is commanded to obey or not to obey, and hence none but natural antipathies and preferences are aroused. Having neither proselytes nor policemen, our people are left to select the action which pleases them most. Hence, ideas spread naturally without any abnormal check or assistance.

These two circumstances, it was easy for me to foresee,

would finally overthrow the perpetual discontent of my regions and gradually convert it into that very paradise which we originally set out to oppose.

It became manifest to me that something must be done. The heresy that righteousness is a more desirable thing than lawlessness, must be put down. At first I merely ignored the matter, knowing full well by experience that opposition is the best sort of atmosphere in which any sort of heresy can thrive. I thought perchance it would soon tire itself out, and, after a season of quietude, the monotony of rest would cause them to relapse into their original pandemonium. But not so. The heresy spread. Vast territories of my dominions seemed entirely under its sway. The solemnity and peace of the Sabbath day began to appear, mocking my power, and giving the lie to my pretentions of satanic rule. I could no longer hide from myself the fact that active interference with this peace must be made.

Accordingly a council was called, in which all of my cohorts and vicegerents took part. There being among my hosts of imps, many who had visited the remotest parts of the universe on errands of satanic mischief, much information was brought into our council, concerning the ways of men in all parts of the created universe. I found by questioning some of these that they were acquainted with the customs of many cities in terrestrial regions, which, if properly introduced into my domains, would be likely to restore to me the old reign of devastation and disorder so becoming to my city. For it must not be forgotten that, like as the reputation of Paradise depends upon its heavenly conditions, so also the reputation of hell depends upon the hellishness of its inhabitants. It seemed to myself, and the council, certain that if we could but introduce into the under-world of demons certain usages which had been adopted in many cities of the earth, and more especially, in the cities of that particular domain known as the United States of America, the glory of our ancient pande-

monium would soon return to us. We therefore decided to found, in the place of our time honored anarchy, a government in hell, which should be copied faithfully after some one of the many municipal governments of earth, that the quietude of pleasant fraternities should be driven from our shores, nevermore to return.

It will no doubt, appear trite and tedious to the inhabitants of any earthly city for me to recite here the details of the government which we decided to adopt, as all who read the papers, or in any wise inform themselves concerning the affairs of men, are already familiar with what seems to us in hell as being new. But, nevertheless, it seems expedient to me that I should depict in detail exactly the methods which we adopted, even though it may seem dull to the reader, since it worked so effectually and promptly to restore to us that bitterness of spirit and general suspicion one of another which all men have a right to expect of those that dwell in Hades.

First, we divided our inhabitants into two companies. We called one company Republicans, and the other company we called Democrats. Then we said to the company that we called Democrats: "Bestir thyself, now, and elect of thy company a goodly number of persons to rule over hell. Appoint some persons to make laws, and other persons to execute them, and still other persons to judge of the correctness of these laws. Leave no natural fraternity or activity of our inhabitants untouched. Prescribe arbitrary rules for everything. Indicate no faith whatever in the natural tendency of things, for this has already destroyed our pandemonium and reduced us to that sickly and saddening condition known as peace. Make laws, make laws, make plenty of them! Provide people with guns and clubs to execute them. Select the people to carry these guns and clubs from among those who are strong and brutal, if, indeed, there be any such left in hell."

Then, we called to us the other company of people, named

Republicans, and repeated to them the same things that we had said to the Democrats, and we sent the two companies abroad to begin their work of devastation.

After many months of turmoil, agitation, slander, vituperation, and every species of unholy feeling, the Democrats succeeded in gathering the largest number of votes, by which means their company of law-makers and rulers were elected. The nature of the conflict was such that only the worst people constituting the victorious company succeeded in obtaining an office. Those who were inclined to be fair, and reasonable, and peaceful, would not consent to do those things which are required of those who receive such offices.

The rule of the Democrats began. Their whole thought was to so rule the people as to insure their re-election, while the behavior of the other company was entirely actuated by the desire to, in some way, defeat their re-election. It afforded us great pleasure to note that quietude and order had been banished from among us, and hostility and hatred had become commonplace.

Knowing the capacity of human nature, however, to adjust itself to any condition, we feared to leave the Democrats in power too long, because even brutal men become humanized after the novelty of brutality has passed, and the natural tendency to be kind to all men begins to assert itself. In order to avert this calamity, as soon as the slightest tendency to peace began to manifest itself we caused the Republicans to win an election, and thus stirred up again, in their original fury, the scorching flames of wrath and the suffocating fumes of envy and disappointment.

We noted with glee that the new order of things was always a little worse than the old order; that newly invested authority always brought its rich crop of arrogance and insolence. But such is human nature that to leave either company in power too long was sure to produce symptoms of content and apathy in our society. Greed, after a time becomes satiated; lust becomes surfeited; anger becomes appeased; cruelty satisfied; then to let loose another hungry horde who had been long kept back from enjoying these felicities, acted

as an unfailing panacea against every semblance of fraternity and good will. Thus, when the fires of hell begin to languish, and its inhabitants begin to forget their misery and wretchedness, we have only to change our administration. We have only to put the "ins" out and the "outs" in, to fully realize the ancient glory of hell, where fire and fumes do burn and suffocate, night and day, without end.

These companies differ in nothing concerning any important subject. Their only wish is to beat each other. Like as a stoker doth stir the fires in order that flame and fuel may be properly commingled, so doth hell, today, stoke its fires periodically, by having an election, by which those in power are put out, and those that have no power are put in.

Oh, thou cities of the United States, receive the blessing of thy erstwhile master, Diavolos. Call me no longer master, but call me, rather, humble pupil and beneficiary. Thou hast taught me the secret of perpetual and everlasting discord. Thou hast shown me the way to keep ever alive hatred and envy in the hearts of creatures who are naturally inclined to love each other.

The methods that thou hast taught me are ample and multitudinous. We have adopted them all. We have our national elections, once in four years, in which hell is set in motion from center to circumference. We have our state elections. We have our city elections. We have commissions, and boards, and councils, numberless, so that a continual turmoil doth happen, ever repeating itself, making quietude impossible and good cheer impracticable.

Only those few incorrigible ones who turn from this whole governmental scene in disgust have anything resembling happiness. To those we are sending missionaries, continually exhorting them to bestir themselves and take part in governmental affairs, and thus it is we keep their company to be a small one and have little or no influence in our affairs.

Thus hell has become hell again, and pandemonium is once more pandemonium. To thee, Oh, Earth, be all the praise, forevermore, Amen.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

"Come Unto Me All Ye that are Weary and Heavy laden, and I Will Give You Rest."

DR. TALKWELL'S work takes him among the followers of the Salvation Army. He has become considerably acquainted with these boisterous evangels of the common people. On the last night of every year, they have what is known as a "Watch meeting." To watch the old year out and the new year in with shout and song, with prayer and exhortation, is their program. The Doctor attended one of these meetings recently and gave a description of this experience last Sunday morning. He spoke as follows:

Every seat taken at Salvation Army headquarters. Standing room growing scarce. Temperature 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Ventilation villainous. Air thickening every moment. A crazy, crashing, oft-repeated chorus, accompanied by drums, tambourines, clapping of hands and an irregular volley of hallelujahs, glorys and amens, make the thick air of the many-scented room tremulous with an indescribable din. An atmosphere so stifling, a confusion so complete, that the caterwaul of the grimy street urchin, the guffaw of the uncouth soldier and the ribald jeer of the "tough," entirely escape notice.

The master of ceremonies, by the aid of a fierce looking drum-stick, quickly cleared a place on the front seat large enough for the spectator, who hereafter enjoys the dubious

privilege of sitting close to the orchestra, between two sooty, smoking "brands from the burning," whose dose of salvation has been so large and frequent as to produce a mental condition closely resembling intoxication.

There was no theme, no plot, no text, no logical sequence, no program, no order of services; just one continuous, spontaneous, variegated hubbub. About two dozen Salvationists, of assorted sizes and sexes, occupy a raised platform, some sitting, some standing, some kneeling; all shouting or praying or laughing or crying or singing, with faces toward the audience, whose presence they seemed entirely to ignore. The captain, who acted as interlocutor, trainer, ring-master and drum-major, divided his attention between stirring up the enthusiasm of his cohorts, and harangueing the audience for "just one more nickel."

Pale, haggard, bedraggled mothers were there, with puny babes in arms; mothers who looked with eager but sad eyes toward the platform, as if they expected somehow or someway out of this frantic powwow would come something to relieve their weary, dragging lives. Fathers were there, whose brutal, unwashed faces were creased with lines of a fixed despair; who, cowed by want and bullied by hard labor, were vaguely hoping that the God of the poor and the ragged might at last be cajoled by this tornado of petition to bring relief to the poor and confusion to the rich. Maidens were there, to ogle and titter; young men to swagger and swear; children played about, conscious only that they were warm and happy. Ignorance and low cunning, self-conceit and abasement mingled and moved together, unmindful of everything, each wrapped in his own mood.

Still they shout on, although long since hoarse and sleepy. Still they drum; still they clap; still they try to laugh, although midnight draws near. Like debauchees who have already passed the stage of hilarious stimulation and begin to succumb to the inevitable drowsiness that comes when the

night is far spent, yet determined to keep up the pretense of having a good time—so these poor fellows, loyal to their banner, true to their convictions, whip and prod their tired bodies until midnight comes, when they at last, perhaps for the first time, really do hear the voice of God calling them to sleep, saying: "Come, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

They begin to file out now; those who have comfortable homes first, boisterously, with rude jest, jostling each other noisily as they come down the steps; those who have no homes, or cold homes, reluctantly, lingeringly, as if to catch one more grateful breath from the huge, red-hot stove that warms the room, the remembrance of which must warm them through the long, cold night that follows.

The Salvationists linger for awhile for a short, informal conference before parting, when follow hearty handshakes, "God bless you," "Brother, good night," "A happy new year, Sister," "Bless the Lord," etc., etc., and the last foot-fall has ceased to reverberate through the empty halls and dirty stairways.

Only one remains in the now gloomy, dark room, which so short a time ago was full of light and life and warmth. The captain is alone in the far corner, across which he stretches a shabby curtain, improvising for himself a bedroom, for his collections have been meagre lately; he cannot afford to hire a room. His smoking lamp partly dispels the dusty gloom for a few feet around. He has counted the few pennies of the evening's "offering," and is eagerly munching a sandwich which one of his faithful, known on the street as "Silly George," had contributed to his good cheer for the coming holiday. He has earned a good appetite and fortunately his feast is not marred by the knowledge that the soft bun covers and the delicious, liberal slice within, were put together in a saloon hard by, one of the places he had only a moment before been so sincerely denominating "the gateway to hell," "the

devil's palace." It was a good sandwich, saloon scripture measure, "pressed down and shaken together and running over," and in scriptural thankfulness was it eaten, followed by a drink of hydrant water from a tin cup.

As the clocks in the church towers are striking one, he prepares his bunk of blankets on the floor. His devotions are not forgotten, but kneeling beside his humble bed, he begins. From force of habit, he prays aloud — not merely aloud, but loudly, vociferously. He pleads, he argues, he petitions, he expostulates, he flatters, he confesses, he bewails. He reminds God of His promises, he quotes to Him the Scriptures, and puts his case violently, convincingly. He takes the kingdom by force.

He prays: "Here I am, oh Lord; in the midst of a wicked city, preaching thy word, because thou hast sent me. I, a weak and unworthy worm of the dust, even I have dared in thy strength to lift up my voice against the iniquity of a perverse generation. I have proclaimed thy message by the wayside, and on the street corner I have not withheld thy gospel. But the people heed not thy word, nor listen to thy precepts. The rulers of the city seem only inclined to plunder, the people wag their heads as I pass by, and the churches of Mammon look on in haughty silence. Even the poor and downtrodden to whom I have been sent, are taught to distrust my message, because my words are the words of an unlettered man. Many false prophets have arisen, who teach the people a strange gospel, even the words of the devil, who did tempt my Master.

"These lying prophets teach the people of the glories of the kingdom of this world; they teach words of cheer and comfort to the rich and arrogant, and the poor have no place in their synagogues. These lying prophets build high temples filled with costly furniture into which the poor and dirty are afraid to enter. They say in mockery to the poor 'Come!' and rail at them because they dare not come. The rich have bought high

places in the houses of these lying prophets, and they say to the poor: 'Sit thou here at my feet.' They teach not the words of the Master: 'Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, ye make clean the outside, while within is all uncleanness; ye make long prayers for pretense, then ye devour widows' houses and oppress the poor.'

"They no longer say, as thou has taught me to say: 'Ye compass earth and sea to make one proselyte and when ye have made him, he is twofold more child of hell than yourselves.' They have no message for the rich and mighty, except words of cheer. They reprove only the poor, the degraded. They preach of soap and water; they talk of ambition and education. They speak of culture and better fitting raiment. They say not as thou hast taught me: 'Come unto me, all ye who are weary and I will give you rest.' They say instead 'I will give you other burdens — more burdens.' They would take from the poor the meagre pleasures they now have, and give instead a task, a lesson. If the poor ask for the bread of the gospel, they give them a stone from Sinai.

"Into the midst of these iniquities in high places, and degradation of the low places, thou hast sent me to proclaim thy word. I am like the prophet of old, under the juniper tree. I am oppressed with my loneliness. Like Moses before the burning bush, my speech faileth me. Like Jonah beside the withered gourd, my message seemeth a vain one.

"But thou, friend of the poor, thou who didst choose the lowly and the degraded ones, thou who lovest the sinner and rebukest the rich, come thou to my assistance. I have deserted all for thee. I have suffered hunger and cold, my name has become a byword and they have cast me out of their synagogues, because I carry neither purse nor scrip as thou didst bid me. To whom can I go but thee. in my distress and discouragement? Touch the heart of some one of thy professed ministers in this Babylon of iniquity, that I may at least have

one brother to speak cheering words when my soul is overwhelmed."

At last his weary body yields, his importunities flag, his vigils cease. In sheer exhaustion he stretches himself on the coarse blanket without undressing, and is received at once into the embrace of the great restorative and healer of all woes — sleep. Here his troubles have a temporary end. The disappointments of the day have yielded to the soothing sense of oblivion. No harassing dreams of an outraged conscience disturb him. No haggard spectres of wrongs committed touch him with clammy fingers; but peacefully, with long-drawn breaths, in the regalia of his chosen people, he is answered at last, trouble has vanished, peace and calm and God's benediction are his—a benediction He never gives to the undeserving — sweet, rejuvenating sleep. The scripture is fulfilled: "He giveth His beloved sleep."

The cold moon-beams make more hideous the desolation of the deserted room. The scamper of the rats with scavenger intent, as they ravenously sort the litter left by the departed congregation, sounds strangely loud in the hollow room. The unsteady step of some belated roisterer outside, finding his way home, is scarcely audible. The steeple clocks are striking. The new year is already three hours old.

Three hundred and sixty-five days of hopeless, useless, pathetic toil await the unconscious sleeper in the new year. Three hundred and sixty-five nights of frantic, unheeded appeal to motley multitudes, lie before him. It is well that Futurity guards safely her secrets from him. It is well Hope weaves her magic spell about him. Poor fellow! an unconscious martyr to the ever-recurring belief that some time or other, God will reveal Himself to man by a great, strong wind, an earthquake or a fire, rather than by the still, small voice within.

A DEBTOR TO GRACE.

By Martha Talkwell (Marion Carr.)

JOHN FLETCHER sat huddled in a disconsolate bundle of second hand clothing and unkempt despair on the stone floor of corridor A, in the city prison. He was slated vagrancy and suspicion. His sentence was ten days and costs, and he had yet a week to serve.

It was the same old story of out of work that we hear so often. Some one had recommended Columbus; he had come, had applied at place after place in vain, and wandered about the streets until almost every policeman in the city had spotted him as a likely candidate for the city prison. In short, he was typical of the class of men who get into corridor A of the city prison. If a man has done anything really deserving imprisonment, he is sent to the workhouse, for a period of from twenty days to three years. But when a man is shabby and out of work and a stranger, and has stood about the street corners for a certain length of time, when it becomes fairly probable that his next move will be either theft or train-jumping, he is run in for loitering, vagrancy or suspicion.

Such men are generally arrested in squads of three or four, brought into the court room together, and lumped off in their sentences. This had been John's experience. There were three other men standing on the same corner, whose clothes were in practically the same condition, whose haggard, dirty faces were covered with the stubble of a week, whose last meal dated anywhere from three to ten hours back, and whose breaths were scented variously from onions to straight whiskey.

John had never seen any of them before; but the four men were run in as a gang. They slept in the north corridor that night, and were brought before the judge next morning. They straggled out into the court room, as only tramps can shuffle, with an uneven, sidewise gait, and ranged themselves before the prosecutor. They had no defense, and the policeman who made the arrest testified against them—ragged, slouching, heads down, the little manhood that yet remained cowed into submission, the target for sly jeering and stage whispered remarks from the mob of men and boys gazing at them across the railing of the lobby.

"Loitering and suspicion," said the policeman.

John Fletcher felt an almost irrepressible desire to cry out, to demand a chance as a man of honor and strong muscles and willing hands. His three companions had pled guilty and he was standing silent, distraught, unheeding. The prosecutor rapped on his desk.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" he asked in the resigned monotone that comes of frequent repetition. John's head ached, he was tired from a sleepless night, everything seemed so hopeless. He drew a long breath, and straightened up for an instant.

"Guilty, your honor," he said wearily; and was hustled off the quicker for his tardy response.

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And now he was sitting in corridor A, on the stone floor, wishing he had never been born. The reflection of the sun-dappled river quivered on the ceiling. It would not take long, John thought, to walk from the door to the bridge, when he was released, and jump over. It was a cowardly thought, no doubt, but he had had nothing but bread and water and salt for a week, and was dirty and bilious, which conditions do not tend to raise a fellow's spirits.

There were voices at the door, and the turning of a key in its lock.

"Another poor devil," said John to himself, with a vague stirring of pity.

He looked up carelessly enough, but his attention was arrested as soon as he saw the people who had entered. A man, of perhaps fifty, slightly gray, with a keen, yet kindly expression in his sensitive, refined face; a gentleman in dress and manner. His companion was a young woman, whose almost childishly slim figure was gowned as became a lady, simply, but in faultless taste. The turnkey brought a couple of chairs for them, then withdrew and locked the door. John heard some one say, "Dr. Talkwell," in an undertone. He remembered having heard the name before, but could not recollect where.

The gentleman carried a basketful of fruit of various kinds.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said genially. "I thought perhaps you might like some fruit. If one of you will carry this basket my daughter will distribute it among you."

The girl stood close to John Fletcher, who had risen as she entered, and she glanced up at him, smiling:

"You will carry it, won't you?" she asked gently, touched by the mute despair in his face.

John flushed at her words, and said, "Thank you," scarcely realizing why he did so.

The men formed in line, and the young girl, as John passed each one, gave him a liberal portion of the fruit, pausing now and then, with a question as to preference, or a word of recognition. The men followed her with their eyes, some in surprise, some in reverence, others with a conscious pride in their eyes, because she had remembered them from some previous visit.

When each had had a share, she told John that what remained was his, adding archly:

"Unless you will give me one tiny apple?" making him feel by her delicate tact that he was the donor, instead of herself.

"Did someone say that your father's name is Dr. Talkwell?" asked John presently.

"Yes," answered the girl, "and I am his second daughter, Ruth. Did you never see him before?"

Dr. Talkwell, hearing his name spoken, turned toward them, with a question, and Ruth, nodding brightly, walked down the corridor to speak to an old acquaintance.

In five minutes John Fletcher had told the doctor all his heartache in broken, bitter words, and his genial, sympathetic listener had cheered him more than he could have imagined possible an hour before.

"Perhaps we will be in again before you leave," said Dr. Talkwell at parting. "But if I am not, be sure to visit me before you leave the city."

He gave John his card, and, calling to Ruth, passed out of the corridor, leaving a brightness and cheer behind him which only honest good feeling can inspire.

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During the next week John often thought of his new friends, and when he was released, made up his mind that he would go immediately to Dr. Talkwell for advice. He was somewhat surprised at the location of the doctor's residence. He had supposed that he must live in an exclusive neighborhood from his appearance, and the class of people he met on his way to Dr. Talkwell's house almost astonished him. The house itself was a great, rambling brick structure, with only a bit of lawn before it. For a moment he thought he had mistaken the street, but as he neared, he saw on the door plate in bold letters, "Dr. Talkwell," and mounting the steps, rang for admission.

The door was opened by a young woman of about twenty, with a serious, kindly expression in her gray eyes.

"Good morning," she said, smiling. "Did you wish to see my father? Come in."

John Fletcher followed her into a large, square room, rather barely furnished, but warm and cheery enough to John. There was a writing desk, a broad lounge, a table covered with books, and a reading lamp, several plain chairs, and a number of rugs on the bare floor. The bright wall paper gave a cheerful aspect to the room, and there were a great many pictures —unframed illustrations from magazines and papers—grouped about not inartistically, which spoke mutely of the presence of women.

"My father is not here just now," said his guide, drawing up a chair for him, close to the open fire. "He is in Police court this morning—there is a trial which interested him. But I am sure it will not be long. Are you in a great hurry?"

"Not particularly," said John grimly. "I just came from there myself. By the way, if I may be so bold, are you Miss Ruth Talkwell's sister?"

"Yes," answered the girl, "I am Martha Talkwell. Where did you meet Ruth—down there?"

"Yes; she and your father brought some fruit to the prison a few days ago, and I carried the basket for Miss Ruth. Is she at home?"

As he spoke, there was a rustle of skirts in the hall, and Ruth entered. Her dark hair hung in a heavy braid over the scarlet blouse she wore, and she was playing with a tiny white kitten. Seeing the stranger, she recognized him at once, and coming toward him, held out her hand unaffectedly.

"Good morning," she exclaimed. "I am very glad to see you. Have you been out long?"

"About three hours," answered John, laughingly.

Martha had taken a bit of sewing from a basket near her, and Ruth close by continued to play with her kitten as they talked. It was perhaps an hour before Dr. Talkwell returned bringing in a little rush of the chilly November air with him.

"You remember Mr. Fletcher, papa," said Ruth, as he came into the room. "He wants to talk to you, and I'll go and see how dinner is progressing."

"Father," said Martha, as she rose to follow Ruth, "how did Pearl's trial come out?" She pushed back a heavy lock of hair from his forehead, as she spoke, caressingly.

"Three months in the workhouse," answered her father.

"Oh, I am glad," said the girl. "Perhaps that is long enough for her to realize what danger she is in. I must go over tomorrow and see her."

She smiled and nodded to John, as she passed out.

"Glad," echoed John wonderingly. "Glad to see a woman sentenced to three months in the workhouse?"

"Martha has an impulsive way of speaking," answered Dr. Talkwell. "She means that she is glad to see this woman removed from evil influences and companions, and placed among good ones for a time. It is often the salvation of a bad man or woman to be sent to the workhouse for awhile. This woman we were speaking of, for instance, is a young girl who is scarcely started in a bad life. She has had no guidance in her youth, and is cursed with a pretty face and some vanity. While she is imprisoned, she will be kept clean in person, clothing and conversation. She will see every day pure women—those in authority at the workhouse. She will hear inspiring words every Sunday; and often during the week some good woman makes it her duty to spend an hour or two with the women confined there. If a woman is truly repentant and really desires to lead a better life, it is made comparatively easy for her to do so. There are two women in my house now who have served terms in the workhouse."

"And do you let those creatures associate with your daughters?" exclaimed John Fletcher.

"Why should I not?" answered the doctor. "Is there anything in the life of a miserable outcast that could possibly

tempt or contaminate my daughters? And is there not much in the purity and gentleness of their lives to inspire and help a sinning sister? But let us consider yourself. Have you any prospect of work?"

"No," said John bitterly. "That was my offense against the community. I had no work."

"What is your trade?" asked Dr. Talkwell, ignoring his last words.

"I am a cook by trade, sir, but I can do anything that requires a strong arm and a willing hand."

"A cook? Is that so? I believe I heard my wife saying at the breakfast table that our last cook had got a position. Would you care to stay here and work for your board, until you find another place?"

"Would I care to! Oh, Dr. Talkwell, what can I say to thank you? I had actually contemplated suicide before I saw you; I was penniless, without a prospect of work, no place to stay, no way even to leave without stealing a ride — would I care to stay?"

"There, there! Don't excite yourself," said Dr. Talkwell kindly, and half laughingly. "Now, would you like to bathe before dinner, and brush your clothes a little?"

Stepping to the door he called Ruth, and bade her show Mr. Fletcher to a room. "Dinner will be ready as the clock strikes twelve," he called after them.

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When John Fletcher came down stairs into the dining room half an hour later the long table offered only one vacant place, which Dr. Talkwell told him to take. The doctor sat at one end of the table, and Mrs. Talkwell, a matronly, sunny-faced woman of forty, opposite him. There were four places laid at either side, for this meal; although, as Mrs. Talkwell said laughingly to John, the number of the family varied at almost every meal.

Dr. Talkwell introduced him to the two women and three

men, who were his companion guests. As the doctor had said the women had both served sentences in the workhouse, but they were earnestly trying to do better, and their plain, tired faces bore witness that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

One of the men had just been released from the penitentiary. Another was an ordinary tramp who had that morning asked for something to eat, and had been doing some odd jobs of cleaning during the forenoon. The third was a young fellow who was trying to get started, with no money but a great deal of ambition. He had made his home with the Talkwells almost ever since they took their new "parsonage," and took care of the doctor's horse for his board, having plenty of leisure for his own work.

Such were the guests of the Talkwells. An onlooker would have supposed them to be a single family, so unconstrained and lively was the conversation. To John, it was a revelation. He had never seen anything like it in his life, and he longed to ask Dr. Talkwell many questions regarding this new philanthropy.

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The dining room was a large, square room, with no carpet save a mat of oil cloth under the long table. There was an open fire here also, and the walls were covered with warm hued paper, with groups of unframed pictures here and there. The table looked very cosy and inviting with its red cloth. Martha had always insisted on having either a growing plant or a bowl of flowers as a center piece, and the scarlet blossoms of the homely geranium made a vivid spot of color among the plain, but substantially filled dishes.

As John looked from the bright, refined faces of the two sisters to the haggard, sallow countenances of the two women next them, and from the matronly gentleness of Mrs. Talkwell and genial good fellowship of her husband to the rough faces of the men, something of the divine truth of the brotherhood of all men crept into his mind that could never afterward leave it. And when a man has comprehended that men are brothers, does not the thought of a common fatherhood follow speedily?

Dr. Talkwell had several errands during the afternoon, and as John wished to talk with him, the two men drove away in the doctor's buggy shortly after two. A little way from the house, a tall young lad, in his early teens, with an armful of school books under his arm, hailed them to ask the doctor a question.

"That is my son," said Dr. Talkwell, as they drove on. "He is just returning from school. If you are interested in African explorers, or Arctic expeditions, get Mark started this evening. He will amuse you."

John Fletcher will never forget the conversation he had with Dr. Talkwell as they drove through the busy street. The ready sympathy, fatherly counsel and quick suggestion were so unusual and welcome that his heart warmed with gratitude toward his new friend.

And the nature of his errands was a continual surprise and wonder to John. He stopped at a cheap music hall to invite the family of a second-rate "variety artist" to dinner on Thanksgiving. He went to a high-toned saloon and held an earnest conversation with the bartender. From a call at an aristocratic residence, he turned into an alley to leave a bottle of medicine for an old colored washer woman, and finally finished his errands by stopping at the City Hall for a conversation with the Mayor.

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It was five o'clock when they reached home again.

"Now, John," said Dr. Talkwell, as they sat before the study fire again, "When you are warm, I will turn you over to my wife and let her see what sort of a supper you can fix up."

"Very well, sir. But what would you advise me to do about getting a job? Do you have any system about that?"

"No," said the doctor. "But if I were you, I think I should not try to stay here. It will be very hard to get a foothold, because your prison record will follow you as long as you stay. Have you anybody you could write to who could help you? Some friend or relative out of the city?"

John pondered for awhile. "I know a steamboat captain on Lake Superior, who used to be a chum of mine in school," he said at last. "You see, doctor," he added, "most of my friends are employees themselves. I have no very aristocratic friends."

"The bone and sinew of society are the working classes," said the doctor. "Suppose you write to your captain, anyhow,

and see what he can do for you. Here, turn around to the desk now, you will have time if you hurry, and there's a post-box close by. Get it done with."

The letter was soon written and despatched, and in half an hour John Fletcher, in linen coat and big, white apron was bustling about the Talkwell kitchen as if he had been one of them for a month instead of a day.

There were two new guests for supper, and one of the dinner guests had gone. One of the women helped him with the supper and the Talkwell sisters came in a few moments before it was served to add the finishing touches to the table.

Ruth had a new picture, and as she stood on a chair fastening it in place, said over her shoulder:

"Martha, see here! This bit of wall has been starving for my picture. Can't you remember back now, and see how lonely it looked before?"

"Yes," said Martha, "and I can make a simile," turning to John who had entered with a dish, as Ruth was speaking. "Doesn't John fit in as if we had been waiting for him? Can you imagine how we managed before he came?"

John flushed with pleasure. "Thank you, Miss Martha," he said, "I am glad if I can be of any use. I had almost come to the conclusion that I was of no more use than a dead tree —simply a blot on the landscape."

"Ah, but we can use even a dead tree for fire-wood, and so it is useful," said Ruth, laughing.

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After supper, when everything was tidy for the night, the big family gathered about the study fire.

"Martha, did you say you had a story to read?" asked Dr. Talkwell.

"Yes, father," replied the girl. "It is not very long—I do not think it will be tiresome. Shall I read it?"

Every one was willing, so drawing her chair close to the lamp, she began to read. It was a simple story with a touch of pathos and a bit of quaint humor, and she read it well. Ruth was curled up on the sofa with her kitten. Mrs. Talkwell had her mending basket. The doctor sat with closed eyes in his deep arm chair, with his son's head against his knee. The guests sat, some in shadow, others in the glow of the firelight. And John, who had a liberal dash of the artistic in his nature, looked at the scene with a keen sense of its beauty and uniqueness.

After the story, John remembered what Dr. Talkwell had

said and "started" Mark on Arctic explorers, and the remainder of the evening was spent in conversation.

John Fletcher remained at the Talkwell's for a week. He received a letter promptly from his friend, the steamboat captain, telling him to come on immediately, as the boat was without a cook, and John gladly and yet reluctantly prepared to leave his new friends. Dr. Talkwell procured him free transportation to the city where his friend was to meet him, and went with him to the station.

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John's parting with Mrs. Talkwell and her daughters was very affectionate. These three good women seemed almost to take the place of the mother and sisters he had never known.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Talkwell. "God bless you, John. Let us hear from you sometime—and be a good boy." There was a tender earnestness in her voice that made the simple words a benediction.

"Good-bye," said Martha, holding out her hand. "Do not forget us. We hope great things for you."

And then John Fletcher turned to Ruth, and something that was almost a sob rose in his throat.

"Little Ruth!" he said, and caught her hands closely—"Little Ruth— I shall never forget you. God bless you—good-bye!" He suddenly raised both little hands to his lips, and was gone, before she could frame a reply.

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At the station, as the two men paced up and down the long corridor, John spoke suddenly.

"There is no use trying to thank you, Dr. Talkwell," he said fervently. "There is nothing I can do, but remember, and pray that sometime I may be able to repay you somehow, for what you have done for me."

"You can thank me, John," said Dr. Talkwell. "You can repay me."

"Tell me how, sir; I will do any thing in my power."

"You must pass it along," said Dr. Talkwell. "The next time an opportunity occurs to help somebody out, do it. You are under obligations to humanity. You must pay back in like coin that which you owe. Some day a poor, struggling brother will need you, as you needed me. He may not even ask you to help him, but you must do it. Remember you not only can, but must repay."

With this strange warning in his ears, John Fletcher

boarded the train, wondering in what guise his opportunity would come.

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Several months later, Dr. Talkwell was speaking in a mission. As he left the rostrum after the services, an eager faced young man approached him.

"Are you Dr. Talkwell, sir?" he asked.

"I am," replied the doctor.

"Then sir," exclaimed the young man, "It is to you that I owe my life." He grasped the doctor's hand, his eyes shining with tears.

"How can that be," asked the doctor, "when you have never seen me before?"

"I will tell you. Have you time for a story?"

"Walk home with me, and tell me on the way," replied Dr. Talkwell. After he had spoken to several waiting people, and they were on the street, the young man began:

"About three months ago, I was a deck hand on a freight steamer on Lake Superior, penniless, almost friendless, unknown. I was taken sick en route. They thought it a malignant fever, and the captain was to put me off at the next logging camp. For some reason the cook on the steamer interceded for me. 'It would be murder,' he said. 'The man is delirious, almost dying.' The captain replied that it was better one man should die than the whole crew. 'If you put him off, I will stay with him, said the cook. The captain, who seemed to be a friend of his, tried to reason with him, but the cook was firm.

"We were put off at a practically deserted logging camp. There was a big saw mill and a few cabins for the hands, but it was not the logging season, and only a handful of men remained. Of course they were afraid of me, and I was put in a tumble-down cabin, removed from the rest. The cook stayed with me constantly, waiting on me like a mother.

"It was bitterly cold, but he bundled me up as well as he could, kindled a fire in the rickety fire-place, and tried to make the room comfortable. The first night we were there, the cabin burned to the ground. He carried me senseless and muttering in delirium to a sheltered place, and helped the men put out the fire, before it spread to the trees.

"He stayed with me all through the fever and the convalescence, patient and gentle as a woman. When I had got nearly well again, I said to him one day:

"'John, why did you do all this for me? You never saw me before. I am a poor useless tramp, and yet you threw up

your job, endangered your life and health to nurse me. Why did you do it? There must be a reason.'

"'There was a reason, Jim,' he said, 'I didn't dare do anything else. I had a debt to pay, and I knew the opportunity had come.'

"He told me then of you, and how you had befriended him, and of your last words. 'It was Dr. Talkwell, Jim,' he said, 'who nursed you, who saved your life. I was only his tool, and if ever you see him, I want you to tell him my debt is paid. But in paying it I have learned the joy of helping, of giving, and I shall always feel that I have a debt to pay whenever an opportunity comes.'

"And so, sir," exclaimed the young man, "you see it was really you who saved my life."

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When Dr. Talkwell retold the story to his family, they were all pleased and interested, but a glad light came into Ruth Talkwell's eyes—"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed fervently, "I always knew he was one of God's noblemen." She turned to the window, and pressing her forehead against the cool pane, looked up into the calm spring sky with its myriads of stars. "God bless you John," she whispered. "May His angels watch over you, and keep you!"

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So spread the influences from this Christian household—as surely and naturally as sunshine. Perhaps it is a youth discouraged by his first failure, who is given a fresh start that changes the course of his whole life. Perhaps it is a young girl dazzled by her own youth and flattered to the brink of destruction. Perhaps an old man tottering toward the unknown with no loving hand to guide him. Or, one like John, in the flush of manhood, brow-beaten and cowed by repeated failures.

Each goes forth with that message in his ear, "Pass it along!" Many forget it, many disregard it; the wheat is sowed often among rocks or thorns. But when it does fall upon good soil, its influence is far-reaching and it is multiplied a hundred fold.

No institution can take the place of friendly sympathy and communion. No church is so helpful as a Christian household. The influence of happy lives and warm hearts is the influence of love—and love is God.

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